

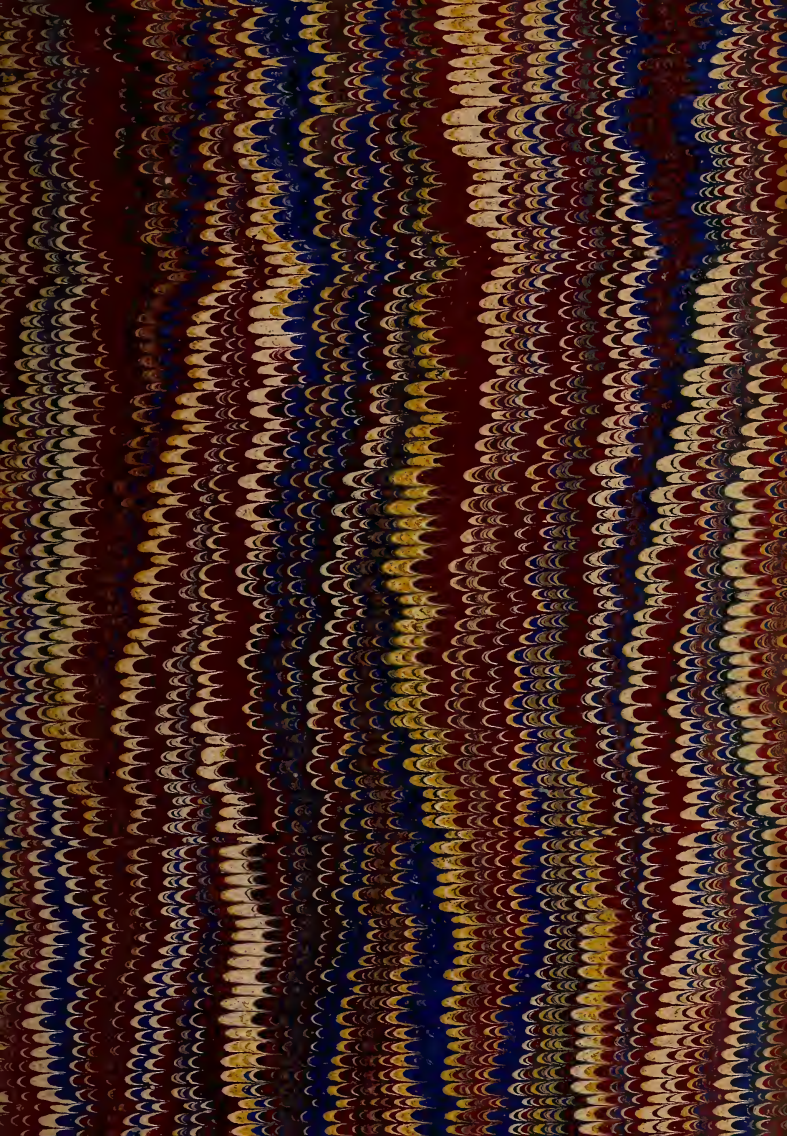


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A

# HANDBOOK OF POETRY.

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A  
HANDBOOK OF POETRY;

BEING

A CLEAR AND EASY GUIDE,

DIVESTED OF TECHNICALITIES, TO THE

Art of Making English Verse.

BY

J. E. CARPENTER,

EDITOR OF "PENNY READINGS IN PROSE AND VERSE," "POPULAR READINGS," ETC.

AUTHOR OF TWO THOUSAND SONGS AND BALLADS, ETC. ETC.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A NEW POETICAL ANTHOLOGY,

AND

A CONCISE DICTIONARY OF PROPER RHYMES,

WITH LISTS OF DOUBLE AND SINGLE RHYMES, AND

TERMS USED IN POETRY.

✓  
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## PREFACE.

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AT a time when "Handbooks of History," "Handbooks of Chemistry," "Handy Books of the Law," and other short cuts to general knowledge or useful information, find a ready acceptance on the part of the public, the little treatise contained in the following pages may not be without its utility, or unacceptable to that large class who now, in the thousand-and-one periodicals of the day, cultivate the Muses for pleasure and recreation, if with no higher aim and object.

So totally devoid of anything like even an approach to "inspired verse" are most of the effusions admitted by too willing editors, so faulty in construction and false in rhyme are most of the verses of "The Poets' Corner" and the magazine column, that the authors themselves must not unfrequently be cognizant of their deformity, when they see them reflected in the light and glare of leaded or double-leaded print.

And yet, with a little care and study, how easily might



this be avoided. Not that *any* treatise on Poetry can make an Inspired Bard, any more than could the mere perusal of a few books make an individual of feeble mind a deep thinker; but it can, at least, do this—it can make him write correctly, if not forcibly; and a careful study of the following pages, it is to be hoped, will enable all but the wilfully ignorant to judge of their own writings, and so to remodel and correct them as, at least, to render them free from those objections so offensive to a fine ear and a cultivated taste.



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# HANDBOOK OF POETRY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

**P**OETRY is the art of expressing our ideas in verse, or musical cadences. It is formed by dividing the language employed into lengths, called measures or rhythm, which lengths (except in blank verse) are terminated by a word having the same sound as the word which concludes its corresponding line. This is called Rhyme.

Nothing is easier than to rhyme correctly; yet in nothing has this first principle of the art of poetry been so frequently departed from, and this even by many of our standard poets. To a great extent this is no doubt to be accounted for by an auscultatory defect on the part of the rhymers; the same individual who could not detect when he, or another, was singing out of tune, would not detect a false rhyme if he made or read it; and this remark will apply with equal force to rhythm. It is not always necessary that a line and its corresponding line

should contain precisely the same number of words or syllables; but it is necessary that there should be the same accent in both, the same rise and fall, the same musical flow, so to speak; and this is determined by what is called "scanning."

I shall not in this treatise, which is intended for the purely uninitiated, adopt many of the old technical terms in accordance with which our fathers built up their poems and formed their versification: most of these have long since been exploded. Poetry is no longer confined to any arbitrary form of verse; she may take a hundred varied shapes, as in Southey, or the poet may invent new measures if he can; but there are first principles from which he can never depart. Like the musician, he must know how and when to resolve his discords, for in both cases perfect harmony must pervade the whole.

That there are exceptions to the rules for making verse, I am not prepared to deny; but if I am asked why these exceptions are not pointed out, I must reply that the strictest rules that can be obtained are the best by which to study any art. The exceptions will present themselves as difficulties occur: to point out an easy means of getting over them would be to make the student careless, and cause him to avail himself of them habitually, rather than to face and overcome them.

No one, not even an inspired poet, a born one, can commence without some knowledge of what rhythm is capable of, of what others have done before him. Burns,

who sought for his inspirations in natural objects, could not have written if he had not previously heard the peasant songs of his native land. To one less inspired than he, a long course of study, and that of the best writers, would be necessary to inform him what rhymed and measured language is capable of achieving; hence, to those who would draw music from the mystic lyre, I would say, read the best poetry you can procure, and read every style, before you attempt to form one for yourself. When you think you can do so, write directly from your own feelings; work after the best models if you will, but let the material be your own.

By these means, and by avoiding those solecisms upon which others have blundered, and which I shall endeavour to point out, you will be able to write correctly. In choosing your subject, avoid, if possible, those that have been treated of by others: life is so full of variety, and natural objects are so abundant, that there can never be a dearth of subjects for poetry. Of course there are subjects upon which all poets have exercised their talents, and which are common property; with such it is not so much the object, as the method of treating it, that constitutes the poem. The thought it inspires, the association it awakes, must be your own; and the language in which you clothe it must spring from within, and not be, as is too frequently the case, a mere paraphrase of what others have thought and written upon the same subject.

The various kinds of poetry have their distinct appellations, but they are sometimes run into and blended with each other, so as to render their classification difficult. They may be said, generally, to be:—

**DRAMATIC POETRY.** That which is capable of being represented on the stage, and divided into acts and scenes; and also poetry written in the dramatic form, but not intended for representation. Blank verse is the medium usually employed in forming the language of the persons represented.

**THE EPIC**, or long narrative poem, generally heroic in its nature, but sometimes purely imaginary. Incident, scenery, action, and the reflections of the author, form the whole, which may be in blank verse, couplets, or irregular rhythm.

**LYRIC POETRY**, which includes the ode, the song, the ballad, and the sonnet, as well as those trifles in verse in which the author gives expression to his thoughts and feelings.

**DIDACTIC POETRY** is that upon which the perceptive powers of the poet are brought to bear, and in which a moral precept is inculcated.

**PASTORALS**, peculiar to the older writers, were idyls, or short poems, devoted to pastoral objects, sometimes called *Eclogues*.

**NARRATIVE POEMS**, imaginary tales, and historical ballads, differ from each other only as their designation implies.

The student, having made choice of a subject, will determine under which of these classes he proposes to carry it out, and direct his studies accordingly.

Never be deterred from writing on a subject because it does not, at the first blush, appear to be a poetical one: there are objects which are poetical in themselves from their own innate simple beauty, as a star, a snow-flake, a rose, a waterfall, a bird, a flower, or a rivulet. Others from their grandeur, as a storm, a mountain, the sun, the ocean, or a battle; but, on the other hand, the most common-place objects have afforded scope for poetry of a very high order. An oak table, a walking-stick, a shilling, a bucket, a lamp, a bundle of rags, an old horse, all have been treated of successfully; but it must be remembered that mere description won't do; your poem must contain a sentiment—the picture must call up some feeling, call back some memory. The association that your own mind may invent, or your experience suggest, will supply this.

If my reader imagines that this “handbook” will make him a poet, let him undeceive himself at once. It professes to do nothing of the sort; its object is to assist him in the cultivation of his genius, if he has that within him which may lead to future excellence, by pointing out to him what to avoid, that he may become his own critic, and so spare himself the humiliation of having errors pointed out when too late to mend them. The method of writing poetry he may to a certain

extent learn by rule; the manner must be the reflection of the light that shines from himself. It is by the manner rather than the method that one poet surpasses another in power, grace, feeling, fancy, and all that constitutes the attributes of a true poet.



## CHAPTER II.

### ON RHYMES.



RHYME is the word which terminates a line of poetry, when it agrees in sound with a corresponding line preceding it. Rhymes may be single, double, or treble, as — “LOVE” and “DOVE,” single; “SORROW” and “MORROW,” double; “TENDERLY” and “SLENDERLY,” treble.

It is not absolutely necessary, in writing lyric poetry, that every line should have its rhyme; many poets rhyme only the alternate lines. It is better, however, that all the lines should have their rhymes, either in couplets, *i.e.*, following each other, or in alternate lines (of triplets and suspended rhymes I shall speak hereafter), and in writing verses that are intended to be set to music, especially so.

Strictly speaking, nearly all those terminations which are called double or treble rhymes (*i.e.*, when words of two or three syllables are employed) are not so. A rhyme is a simple or single sound, corresponding with another single sound with which it vibrates in unison, as so many notes struck upon an instrument correspond with the same notes struck an octave above or below them.

Two words or syllables precisely alike are not rhymes, hence in "*sorrow*" and "*morrow*," the rhymes are "sor" and "mor," and in "*slenderly*" and "*tenderly*," "slen" and "ten;" the concluding syllables, being the same word, are not rhymes. It is always on the *first* syllable of double and treble rhymes that the *accent* falls; and they, of course, constitute the rhymes. Where a word of three syllables is employed to rhyme with a monosyllable, the accent must be on the last syllable, as "*shade*" and "*colonnade*;" the rhymes being "*shade*" and "*nade*," both single rhymes.

When a word is used where the accent does *not* fall on the last syllable, a ludicrous effect is produced, as the following example, notwithstanding "*rain*" and "*cane*" would be good rhymes, the accent agreeing, will show:—

Pelting, undermining, loosening, came the rain;  
Through its topmost branches roared the *hurri-cane*.

Words of two syllables having their second syllable the same as the word to be rhymed to, as Gipsey's "*tent*" to "*content*," cannot be used.

There are many words that ought not to be used as rhymes, and consequently ought never to end a line, *viz.*, the particles *an*, *and*, *as*, *of*, *the*, *is*, &c. Some of these have been used by the old poets, but they are not admissible into modern verse. Beaumont and Fletcher have the line—

Every little flower that is,



and rhyme "is" to "kiss," which is a false rhyme, according to modern accent.

Words of more than three syllables, which have their accents far removed from the final syllable, should never be used as rhymes. Such words as "*vindicated*," having their accent on the last syllable but one, are allowable, because they will come in with the double rhymes, as "stated," "mated;" and the three-syllable words having a similar accent, as "debated," "elated," &c. The simple rhyme in all these is the "ate," the other sounds being weak and languishing, or unaccented.

There are many words ending in "ove," which have three distinct sounds, but which are used by some writers, as rhymes, indiscriminately: this is incorrect, and should at all times be especially avoided. LOVE, PROVE, and ROVE, though they rhyme to the eye, do not rhyme to the ear, and there is a sufficiency of rhymes to each of these for all practical purposes in poetry. It is better to reconstruct a line, finding another terminal, than to let a false or slovenly rhyme pass.

All obsolete words, many of which are to be found in the old poets, are inadmissible. In professedly imitations of the older poets, they may, of course, be used; but I advise no young writer to attempt such imitations; they would only convey modern thought clothed in an antique garb. The poetry of an age reflects its character, and is a landmark by which we can judge of the condition of the language of the period. Since the ancients

wrote, thousands of words have been incorporated with our language; what necessity, then, to go back to that which was poor and weak, when we have a far richer abundance to glean from? The best poem that could be written in the style of the ancients would be but an imitation after all.

Of words which are exactly the same in sound, but of different meanings, we have many examples;—these are *not rhymes*, and, though the student may point out scores of instances where they have been used by great poets, their use is not the less to be avoided. A great writer may commit a solecism which would not be tolerated by “a ’prentice hand.” To plead precedent for an error is only to perpetuate it. The most used, and, consequently, the most abused of these rhymes, which are no rhymes, is the word “art” with “heart.”

I will furnish the reader, as a matter of curiosity, with a few of the many instances where it has been used by great *authorities*, not one of whom would, I think, were they living, venture to defend it:—

As there is music uninformed by art,  
In those wild notes with which a merry heart.—DRYDEN.

Mingling with wonders of profounder art,  
Woman’s dear helps to mystify the heart.—CROLY.

Oh! that the chemist’s magic art . . . .  
Long should it glitter near my heart.—ROGERS.

And fear in every heart . . . .  
O’ercame the pilot’s art.—ADDISON.

Where is thy native simple heart,  
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?—COLLINS.  
 Dear lost companion of my tuneful art,  
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.—GRAY.  
 And all thy threads with magic art  
 Have wound themselves about this heart.—COWPER.  
 It dies upon my heart. . . .  
 O, beloved as thou art.—SHELLEY.  
 If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,  
 I still might press thy silent heart.—REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

Instances like these might be cited *ad infinitum*. The poems from which they are taken are so beautiful that, in them, they become but slight blemishes; but to the beginner, who wishes to command smoothness of versification, and with whom power and passion are yet to be acquired, they ought to be avoided, not imitated.

“Ear” and “hear,” “hair” and “air,” “boy” and “buoy,” “seas” and “seize,” “ale” and “hale,” “vane” and “vein,” and all similar words having the same sound, though of different meanings, are inadmissible.

It may appear unnecessary to warn beginners against *imperfect* rhymes, but, as these pass so frequently undetected in amateur poetry, it may be as well to point some of them out, assuring my readers, however, that I have actually found them in print.

A very frequent oversight is the rhyming of words ending with the letter “n” with those ending with “m,” as “green” with “beam,” “stream” with “seen.” Again,

“more” with “poor,” “earth” with “hearth:” these are more than blemishes, they are positive faults, and I should not have alluded to them had I not, as I have said, frequently met with them.

Of double rhymes, formed of compound words, there are hardly any instances. “Wild-wood,” to rhyme with “childhood,” has done duty in so many modern ballad verses, that it would be as well to avoid it in future: a hackneyed rhyme like this is almost as objectionable as using a hackneyed idea.

The greatest care must be taken in forming double and treble rhymes, or the reverse of a pleasing effect will be produced. I recently found, in a poem of great pretension, “Milton” made to rhyme with “guilt on,” and, in a comic poem, to rhyme with the cheese called “Stilton.” I think both rhymes were on a par with each other. In a young author’s first volume I found “Italy” made to rhyme with “bitterly.” Now, “Iterly,” in the mouth of a public speaker, would condemn him as a thorough cockney. “Armies” with “calm is,” was another of the same writer’s cockney rhymes. I also found some very *bad* words (for rhymes) used in the poetry of “*Good Words*,” a very successful and popular periodical:—

Come in your beauty of promise;  
Let your sun-smile scatter *from us*.

For *examples* of false rhyming, any collection of psalms and hymns in use at most of our churches will supply

you with abundance. I turn over the first few pages of the one before me, and find "feet" rhyming, or rather pretending to rhyme, with "straight;" "love" with "prove;" "lead" with "fade;" "abode" with "God;" "faint" with "pant;" "song" with "tongue;" "clad" with "spread;" "come" with "down;" and scores of similar instances. In some cases rhymes are recklessly abandoned, as in this:—

Upon the glorious cherubim  
Full royally he *rode*;  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying from *above*.

Elisions that are not admissible are also constantly made use of, as "num'rous," "shew'st," &c.

These psalms and hymns being written to be sung, the falseness of the rhymes becomes more apparent and disagreeable. The examples are given to convince the student how necessary it is that his rhymes should be perfect.

The sound "ou" is one of the most perplexing the poet has to deal with. The word "wound" has often been made to rhyme with "sound;" to pronounce it so in speaking would be to commit a vulgarism, and not to pronounce it so when it occurs in a stanza, would be to abolish the rhyme altogether. It follows, then, that it cannot be properly used as a rhyme to "sound:" "wound" and "swooned" would be correct rhymes, but "swooned" is objectionable from its hissing properties.

Words ending in "ed" are generally the participles of

the regular verbs, of which there are two sorts; one that will admit of the elision of the "e" that precedes the consonant, and one that will not. Those that will admit of the elision should always be used so, as "lov'd," which must always be used as a single rhyme; the others, that will not suffer the elision, as "to grant," "to hate," forming their participles "granted" and "hated," remain as double rhymes.

The words "flower" and "bower" must also be always used as *single* rhymes (though there is no necessity to print them "flow'r" and "bow'r"), and rhyme with "hour," "lour," and the like.

The following elisions, which will frequently be found in the older poets, are not now allowable, viz:—that of the "o" before a noun beginning with a vowel—as t'air, t'every; or before a verb beginning with a vowel, as t'amaze, t'undo, &c.

"Taken" sometimes loses its "k," as *ta'en*, but should only be used so when quite unavoidable.

Before using a word as a rhyme, be sure to consider if it is pronounced as spelt. Some words are not so pronounced, as "again" (a-gen), which ought not to be rhymed with "rain," "pain," &c., but with "pen," "men," and the other rhymes in "en."

Walker, whose object was apparently to make a big book, divides rhymes, in his "Dictionary of Rhymes," into two classes—"perfect" and "allowable rhymes." This idea I entirely repudiate: a rhyme is a rhyme or it is not.

Lyric poetry should be especially music in words, and perfect harmony admits of no discords.

I cannot agree with him that "whatever has been constantly practised by our most harmonious poets may be safely pronounced to be agreeable to the genius of our poetry," any more than I can when he says, "there seems to be sometimes a beauty in departing from a perfect exactness of rhyme, as it agreeably breaks that sameness of returning sounds on the expecting ears." If the *expecting* ears are *disappointed*, how can it *agreeably* break the sameness? Nor do I think his further defence of this defect is logical when he says, "a want of perfect rhyme, if a *real imperfection*, is fully compensated by gaining access to a more eligible turn of thought; the most exact and harmonious rhyme would be dearly purchased at the expense of the most delicate abatement in the strength and beauty of an expression." Is the more eligible turn of thought, then, to turn poetry into prose? for such it becomes if divested of rhyme. But it is not necessary to abandon a happy turn of thought because a suitable rhyme cannot be hit upon at the moment. Our language is not so poor but that a score of ways may be found to give expression to the same thought, and no false rhyme need remain where an author will give himself the trouble to reconstruct his stanza or his couplet. If many of our poets can, as they do, put the thoughts of others into their own verse, what difficulty need they have in

reconstructing a passage that originates with themselves?

Take a line or two from a very graceful poet recently deceased, to illustrate this; one, too, who was lauded as the most original poet after Tennyson:—

Oh! there are men who linger on the stage  
To gather crumbs and fragments of applause.

ALEX. SMITH.

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.—JOHNSON.

My head is grey, my blood is young,  
Red-leaping in my veins.—ALEX. SMITH.

And said I that my limbs were old,  
And said I that my blood was cold, &c.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

You need not tinker at this leaking world,  
'Tis ruined past all cure.—ALEX. SMITH.

There's something in this world amiss,  
Shall be unriddled by-and-by.—TENNYSON.

A tender sadness drops upon my soul,  
Like the soft twilight dropping on the world.

ALEX. SMITH.

And leave the world to darkness and to me.—GRAY.

I clasp thy waist, I feel thy bosom's beat—  
Oh, kiss me into faintness sweet and dim.

ALEX. SMITH.

I die, I faint, I fail!  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale.—SHELLEY.



Far above his head,  
Up there upon the still and mighty night,  
God's name was writ in worlds.—ALEX. SMITH.

The heavens declare the glory of God ; and  
The firmament sheweth his handiwork.—PSALM XIX. iv.

Alas ! the youth,  
Earnest as flame, could not so tame his heart  
As to live quiet days.—ALEX. SMITH.

Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.—BYRON.

I see no trace of God, till in the night,  
While the vast city lies in dreams of gain,  
He doth reveal himself to me in heaven :  
My heart swells to Him as the sea to the moon ;  
Therefore it is I love the midnight stars.—ALEX. SMITH.

Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven !  
If in your brightness we can read the fate  
Of men and empires, 'tis to be forgiven  
That in our aspirations to be great  
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
And claim a kindred with, &c.—BYRON.

My heart is weak ; as a great globe, all sea,  
It finds no shore to break on but thyself.  
So let it break.—ALEX. SMITH.

Break, break, on thy cold grey stones, O sea !  
And I would that my tongue could utter, &c.

TENNYSON.

Even if these were unintentional imitations, they are

not the less evidence against Walker's dogma, that a false rhyme may be palliated for the sake of preserving an idea. Old Byshe, whose "Art of Poetry" lies in the corner of the room in Hogarth's picture of the Distressed Poet, is more honest; he supposes that "the difficulty of finding rhymes has been the cause that such indifferent ones have been frequently chosen," but he does not defend them.

If we are to admit imperfect rhymes and poetical licenses, then the study of poetry as an art becomes an unnecessary task, and the most random rhymers may take his place beside the most accomplished poet; but it is not so. The very instances Walker has adduced and defended, because, and only because, they have been found in poets of great repute, would not now be tolerated by the most lenient critic, and would assuredly bring down upon the writer who would use them his just reprehension.

It is well, however, that these solecisms have been pointed out to us. As our mariners are indebted to the early voyagers for those charts which mark out the hidden rocks and shoals from which they are to steer clear, so let us regard these rocks ahead which have been stumbled upon by those hardier chiefs who have sounded the unknown depths before us.

What modern writer would dare to pen—

Soft yielding minds to water glide *away*,  
And sip with nymphs their elemental *tea*?—POPE.

a rhyme that would be appropriate in an Irish comic song; as would—

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of *praise*,  
Proved the vain flourish of expensive *ease*.—PARNELL.

Or take the following :—

One sees her thighs transformed; another *views*  
Her arms shoot out, and branching into *boughs*.—ADDISON.

Fear not to tax an honourable *fool*,  
Whose right it is uncensured to be *dull*.—POPE.

Just to thy fame he gives thy genuine *thought*;  
So Tully published what Lucretius *wrote*.—BROOME.

Green wreaths of bay his length of hair *inclose*,  
A golden fillet binds his awful *brows*.—DRYDEN.

In praise so just, let every voice be *joined*,  
And fill the general chorus of *mankind*.—POPE.

For who did ever in French authors *see*  
The comprehensive English *energy*?—ROSCOMMON.

Did e'er my eye one inward thought *reveal*,  
Which angel might not hear, and virgins *tell*?—PRIOR.

Lo, where she sits beneath yon shaggy *rock*,  
A cowering shape half hid in curling *smoke*.—WORDSWORTH.

Blemishes like these in standard poets detract nothing from their fame; they have borne the heat and burden of their day, and have their reward in the high estimation in which their posterity holds them; but the beginner must be careful of such trippings: the race is to the

strong, and a fall at first may cause the fleetest to be distanced. No amount of criticism can now remove Pope and Dryden from their pedestals. Granted that these halting lines of theirs are faults,—there are spots in the sun.

There are some words that change their accent when they change the grammatical sense in which they are used, as when a noun becomes a verb. The most perplexing one of all these to the poets appears to have been the word “perfume;” but when the accent of a particular word becomes settled, it should be used as by custom and authority established. Walker has a long note on this word, and points out the various dictionaries where the accent is placed on the last syllable, whether as a substantive or a verb, but he adds: “The analogy of dissyllable nouns and verbs seems now to have fixed the accent of the substantive on the *first*, and that of the verb on the *last*,” and this is now the generally recognized accentuation.

To accent the substantive, as in the following lines by Milton, or the succeeding one by a modern poetess (Mrs. Hemans), would not be correct, according to this decision:—

Now gentle gales,  
Fanning their odoriferous wings, disperse  
Native *perfume*, and whisper whence they stole  
Their balmy sighs.

The sunbeam's glow, the citron flower's *perfume*.

It must be borne in mind, then, that the noun “*perfume*—sweet odour, or fragrance,” is accented on the first syllable, as “*per*fume,” while the verb active “*per*fume—to impregnate with sweet scent,” is accented on the last, as “*per*fume.”

By attending to the above rules, the beginner will soon be enabled to perfect himself in the art of forming rhymes. If his ear should be so faulty that he cannot depend on it, let him write his poem as best he may, putting down the thoughts as they occur to him, without waiting to examine the rhymes; his poem finished, he should then examine and sound them together, each pair of rhymes separately, to see if they perfectly agree. It may be he will find some false rhymes, then the line must be reconstructed, without altering the original sense, if possible.

I give an example to show how this can be accomplished, though I would not presume to alter a line of so distinguished a poet, supposing the poem came under my observation in an editorial capacity; indeed, whatever faults or blemishes may occur in a published poem, there they ought to remain, as far as others are concerned, when they once leave the author’s hands; hence the greater necessity for a strict personal examination.

The example I select shall be the rhyming of “art” to “heart” already referred to. It occurs in a very beautiful lyric by Thomas Davis, the Irish bard, entitled “Darling Nell.”

Why should I not take her into my heart?  
 She has not a morsel of guile or art :  
 Why should I not make her my happy wife,  
 And love her and cherish her all my life?

Which might have been altered thus,—

Why should I not take her into my heart,  
 And make her mine own, of my life a part ?  
 Why should I not call her my happy wife,  
 And love her and cherish her all my life ?

Or,—

Why should I not take her into my heart ?  
 Not a morsel of guile could her own impart.

which would have been nearer to the original, but not so poetical.

I merely give this example to show how easily alterations can be made, though I am not unmindful of a certain anecdote related of Thomas Moore. "Sir," said to him an amateur vocalist, who had repeated the first part of the tune of one of the Irish Melodies contrary to the notation of the bard, "you perceive the improvements I have made in your song?" "At least," rejoined Moore, "I observe the alterations."

To the beginner I would say, never be afraid of altering, never send out to the world an imperfect poem; keep your manuscript by you as long as you can unpublished, and look at it at intervals; the longer you keep it, the more likely you will be to discover its imperfections, if any exist. Many an established poet has regretted rushing too precipitately into print.

## CHAPTER III.

### ON RHYTHM.



AS I have said, I shall in this treatise abandon all those technical terms which, in the old scholastic treatises, under the heads of "Versification," and "Rules for making verses," have so bothered and bewildered the student, which never made a poet, and which would prescribe art to the condition of a cucumber grown in a tube and generated over a hot-bed.

To those who wish to know when they are employing a Trochee, an Iambus, a Spondee, a Phyrrie, a Dactyl, an Amphibrach, an Anapæst, or a Tribrach, there is Mr. Murray to refer to; the student will be better able to study rhythm by considering the best forms of verse that have been adopted and used by the best poets.

Rhythm, measure, or metre, is the arrangement of a certain number of syllables into lengths, or musical lines, having other lines of the same length, and with precisely the same accent, to correspond with them. These lines may follow each other, or be alternated

with other lines of longer, shorter, or similar lengths, which must also have their corresponding lines.\* An elongation of the last line, as in the metre invented by Spenser, called hence the Spenserian stanza, and adopted by Byron in his "*Childe Harold*," is also admissible.

Each line in poetry consists of a certain number of feet, by which they can be measured or scanned. A foot in poetry is determined by the rise and fall of the accent, as—

In a wild | tranquil vale | fringed with fo | rests of green,  
Where na | ture had fash | ioned a soft | sylvan scene;

Another syllable added to the second line of this couplet would not have altered its rhythmical accent, as—

Where kind na | ture had, &c.

The learned Pundits have reduced poetical feet to eight kinds, designated by the terms enumerated above, but if the beginner has no ear, these will not assist him; if he have one, he can easily measure off the feet for himself. †

\* There is an exception to this where a foot is dropped in the concluding line, for which see examples of stanzas.

† The following ingenious lines by Coleridge explain the whole system, and are at the service of those who prefer to work by the rule and square :—



In scanning the lines it must be borne in mind that every line must agree perfectly with its corresponding line, not only throughout the stanza, but in every subsequent stanza. In Lyric poetry there ought to be no deviation from this rule.

A very simple plan for the beginner to test his rhythm is for him to find some old tune to which his first stanza will sing *perfectly*, and then to try over the subsequent

## METRICAL FEET.

Trochee trips from long to short ;  
 From long to long, in solemn sort,  
 Slow Spondee stalks ; strong foot ! yet ill able  
 Ever to come up with Dactyl trisyllable.  
 Iambics march from short to long ;  
 With a leap and a bound the swift Anapæsts throng ;  
 One syllable long, with one short at each side,  
 Amphibrachys hastes with a stately stride ;  
 First and last being long, middle short, Amphimacer  
 Strikes his thundering hoofs like a proud high-bred racer.

COLERIDGE.

The following is the scheme of the feet named. The mark - denotes a long, and ^ a short syllable :—

Trochee - ^  
 Dactyl - ^ ^ ^  
 Spondee - -  
 Anapæst ^ ^ ^  
 Amphimacer - ^ -  
 Iambus ^ -  
 Amphibrach ^ ^ ^

verses without varying the accent of the tune. I have seen thousands of printed stanzas, and marked "for music" too, in which to accomplish this would be a simple impossibility.

I will now proceed, still avoiding technicalities, to give the student examples of the various forms of verse and rhythm adopted by the poets, reminding him again, that he is perfectly at liberty to invent a new form of verse, if he can do so correctly, *i.e.* harmoniously.

In descriptive and narrative poetry, the couplet, *i.e.* verse in which the consecutive lines rhyme with each other, is the style of verse that has been most used.

#### THE HOMERIC HEXAMETER DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

(*From the German of Schiller.*)

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,  
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

COLERIDGE.

#### SCHEME.

- u u | - u u | - - | - u u | - u u | - -  
- u u | - - | - u u | - u u | - u u | - -

#### THE OVIDIAN ELEGIAC METRE DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

(*From the German of Schiller.*)

In the Hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column ;  
In the Pentametre aye falling in melody back.—COLERIDGE.

#### SCHEME.

- u u | - u u | - u u | - - | - u u | - -  
- u u | - u u | - | - u u | - u u | -

## 1.—COUPLETS OF FOUR FEET IN EIGHT SYLLABLES.

When he who called with thought to birth  
Yon tented sky—this laughing earth,  
And drest with springs the forest dell,  
And poured the main engirthing all,  
Long by the loved enthusiast wooed,  
Himself in some diviner mood,  
Retiring, sat with her alone,  
And placed her on her sapphire throne.—COLLINS.

## 2.—COUPLETS OF FIVE FEET IN TEN SYLLABLES.

But me, not destined such delights to share,  
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;  
Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue  
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;  
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;  
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,  
And find no spot of all the world my own.

GOLDSMITH.

## 3.—COUPLET OF SEVEN FEET IN FOURTEEN SYLLABLES.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from  
Bristol town,  
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton  
down.—MACAULAY.

## 4.—COUPLETS OF FOUR FEET IN SEVEN SYLLABLES.

Come, with all thy varied hues,  
Come, and aid thy sister muse;

Now Phœbus, riding high,  
Gives lustre to the land and sky.—DYER.

BLANK VERSE is measured language minus the rhymes : the finest specimens are to be found in Milton and Shakspeare.

Some modern professors of elocution and public readers have adopted the plan of reading blank verse as prose, instead of making every line sensible to the ear. Surely the poets who composed in verse intended that their lines should be read as verse, that the melody and the final pause should be preserved ; which it may be without going into the opposite extreme, familiarly known as the “sing-song” style.

The following illustration is “given in an old school treatise on versification, but will serve our purpose as well as any other :—

“Of man’s first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world, and all our woe, with loss of Eden, till one greater man restore us, and regain the blissful seat, sing, heavenly muse !”

As an example of blank verse it reads, in its proper form, thus,—

5.—Of man’s first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater man .

Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, heavenly muse!—MILTON.

The foregoing forms of rhythm are those chiefly adopted in epic poetry. Southey's epics display a great variety of measures, to which the student may refer when he is sufficiently exercised in those I have given.

LYRIC POETRY, and many longer poems which are not lyrics, is written in stanzas, as the "Childe Harold," &c.

6.—SPENSERIAN STANZA.

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!  
BYRON.

As the student ought now be enabled to mark out the feet for himself, in giving specimens of the various forms of stanza, I shall distinguish them by the number of syllables employed in the lines, as 8-6, 8-5, and so on. The examples are taken from various portions of the poems to which they belong, the object being for the student to study the construction of the stanza, and not the subject-matter of the verses.

7.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 6-6. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

You've heard them sweetly sing,  
 And seen them in a round,  
 Each virgin like a spring  
 With honeysuckles crowned.—HERRICK.

8.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 6-10-10-6. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
 On the chafed ocean side?—BRYANT.

9.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 7-7. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

When the British warrior queen,  
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
 Sought, with an indignant mien,  
 Counsel of her country's gods.—COWPER.

10.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 8-6. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

The earth to thee her incense yields,  
 The lark thy welcome sings,  
 When glittering in the freshened fields,  
 The snowy mushroom springs.—CAMPBELL.

11.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 8-8, DROPPING THE LAST LINE  
TO 6. (*Alternate.*)

Once in the flight of ages past  
 There lived a man—and who was he?  
 Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,  
 That man resembled thee.—JAS. MONTGOMERY.

12.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 8-8. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

The goats wind slow their wonted way  
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;  
Marked by the wild wolf for his prey,  
From desert cave or hanging wood.—ROGERS.

13.—ANOTHER (*in couplets*).

That setting sun! that setting sun!  
What scenes, since first his race begun,  
Of varied hue its eye hath seen,  
Which are as they had never been.—ANON.

14.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 8-7. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

If on windy days the raven  
Gambol like a dancing skiff,  
Not the less she loves her haven  
In the bosom of the cliff.—WORDSWORTH.

15.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 10-8. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

I have stood at morn on the mountain side,  
When 'twas bright as a morn may be;  
I have seen the sun in the noonday pride  
Of his orient majesty.—ANON.

16.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 10-10. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.—GRAY.

17.—ANOTHER (*differently accented*).

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,  
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.—WOLFE.

18.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 11-11. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

Oh! tell me no more of the forest and field,  
 Old Ocean has breathed a new spirit in me;  
 For the landscape, with all its enchantment, must  
 yield  
 To the nobler expanse of the dark-heaving sea!

ANON.

19.—ANOTHER (*in couplets*).

I gazed not alone on that source of my song:  
 To all who beheld it these verses belong;  
 Its presence to all was the path of the Lord:  
 Each full heart expanded, grew warm and adored!

CAMPBELL.

The above thirteen examples will afford the student models enough for the formation of four-line stanzas. The same metres are available for the construction of eight-line stanzas, by carrying the text, or context, into the subsequent four lines; but every complete verse must close with a period.

20.—STANZAS OF FIVE LINES, 4-8. (*Alternate and divided triplet.*)

Go, lovely rose!  
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
 That now she knows,



When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.—WALLER.

21.—STANZA OF FIVE LINES, 8-8. (*Divided triplet and suspended rhyme.*)

The welcome guest of settled spring,  
The swallow, too, is come at last;  
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,  
I saw her dash with rapid wing,  
And hailed her as she passed.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

22.—STANZA OF FIVE LINES, 6-5, AND ONE 12. (*Alternate and divided triplet.*)

Will that clime enfold thee  
With immortal air?  
Shall we not behold thee  
Bright and deathless there?  
In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendently more fair?

HEMANS.

23.—STANZA OF FIVE LINES, 7-5, AND ELONGATED LINE.  
(*The same varied.*)

Come, let us go to the land  
Where the violets grow;  
Let's go thither, hand in hand,  
Over the waters, over the snow,  
To the land where the sweet, sweet violets blow.

BARRY CORNWALL.

- 24.—STANZA OF FIVE LINES, 8-4. (*Divided triplet and suspended rhyme.*)

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,  
     And only then,—  
 The sigh that's breathed for one to hear,  
 Is by that one, that only dear,  
     Breathed back again!—T. MOORE.

- 25.—STANZA OF FIVE LINES, 8-4. (*Couplet and triplet.*)

Oh, tread not on a virgin flower!  
 I am the maid of the midnight hour;  
     I bear sweet sleep  
     To those who weep,  
 And lie on their eyelids dark and deep.

BARRY CORNWALL.

- 26.—STANZA OF SIX LINES, 8-4. (*Quadruple and two suspended rhymes.*)

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,  
 Thou'st met me in an evil hour,  
 For I maun crush among the stoure  
     Thy slender stem;  
 To spare thee now is past my power,  
     Thou bonny gem.—BURNS.

- 27.—STANZA OF SIX LINES, 6-6. (*Two couplets and a suspended rhyme.*)

Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
     As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.—SHAKSPEARE.

28.—STANZA OF SIX LINES, 8-5. (*Rhyme same as last.*)

When glowworm lamps illumine the scene,  
And silvery daisies dot the green,  
Thy flowers revealing,  
Perchance to soothe the Fairy-queen,  
With faint sweet tones, on night serene,  
Thy soft bells pealing.—ANON.

29.—STANZA OF SIX LINES, 8-8. (*Alternate and a couplet.*)

For pleasure has not ceased to wait  
On these expected annual rounds,  
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate  
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,  
Or they are offered at the door  
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

WORDSWORTH.

30.—STANZA OF SIX LINES, 8-6. (*Quadruple and two  
suspended rhymes.*)

Or where the denser grove receives  
No sunlight from above,  
But the dark foliage interweaves  
In one unbroken roof of leaves,  
Underneath whose sloping eaves  
The shadows hardly move.—LONGFELLOW.

- 31.—STANZA OF SIX LINES, 8-6. (*One set of rhymes only, alternate.*)

Like one that on a lonesome road  
 Doth walk in fear and dread,  
 And having once turned round, walks on  
 And turns no more his head;  
 Because he knows a frightful fiend  
 Doth close behind him tread.—COLERIDGE.

- 32.—STANZA OF SEVEN LINES, 8-6. (*A triplet, a couplet, and suspended rhyme.*)

Oh! thou art glorious, orb of day;  
 Exulting nations hail thy ray,  
 Creation swells a choral lay  
     To welcome thy return;  
 From thee all nature draws her hues,  
 Thy beams the insect's wings suffuse,  
     And in the diamond burn.—HEMANS.

- 33.—STANZA OF SEVEN LINES, 8-8. (*Alternate, divided triplet, and couplet.*)

Methinks I love all common things;  
     The common air, the common flower;  
 The dear kind common thought that springs  
     From hearts that have no other dower,  
     No other wealth, no other power,  
 Save love; and will not that repay  
 For all else fortune tears away?—BARRY CORNWALL.

- 34.—STANZA OF SEVEN LINES, 8-8, WITH ONE 6. (*Alternate, divided triplet, and couplet.*)

Unblest distinction! showered on me  
 To bind a lingering life in chains :  
 All that could quit my grasp, or flee,  
 Is gone; but not the subtle stains  
 Fixed in the spirit; for even here  
 Can I be proud that jealous fear  
 Of what I was remains?—WORDSWORTH.

- 35.—STANZA OF SEVEN LINES, 7-7. (*Alternate, with a divided triplet, and two short lines rhymed.*)

By a mountain stream, at rest,  
 We found the warrior lying,  
 And around his noble breast  
 A banner clasped in dying;  
 Dark and still  
 Was every hill,  
 And the winds of night were sighing.

HEMANS.

Of eight-line Stanzas there is a great variety of forms. They may be made of triplets with a suspended couplet, forming the fourth and eighth line, in alternately rhymed lines, in couplets, in six alternate lines and a couplet, and in other ways, as the following examples will show:—

- 36.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 6-4. (*Two triplets and suspended rhyme.*)

Where the wild torrent flows,  
 Where the wind rudely blows,

There the dark water goes  
Down to the sea;  
To the far ocean-caves,  
That the sea gently laves,  
Seeking its kindred waves,  
There to be free!—ANON.

37.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 6-5. (*Two triplets, and suspended rhyme.*)

I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid,  
And in the forest's shade  
Our vows were plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest  
By the hawk frightened.

38.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 6-6. (*Two triplets, and suspended rhyme.*)

If stranger hands might dare  
A wild-flower wreath prepare,  
The sweet enthusiast's hair,  
          Her flowing hair, to bind;  
Oh! I would haste to bring  
The violets of the spring,  
Whose odours scent the wing  
          Of every passing wind.—ANON.

## 39.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 5-6, TRIPLET OF 6 AND 5.

(*Alternate, triplet, and divided triplet.*)

Stars look o'er the sea  
    Few, and sad, and shrouded ;  
Faith our light must be  
    When all else is clouded.  
Thou, whose voice came thrilling,  
Wind and billow stilling,  
Speak once more—our prayer fulfilling—  
    Power dwells with thee!—HEMANS.

40.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 7-5. (*Triplets, and suspended rhyme.*)

By oppressions, woes, and pains,  
By your sons in servile chains,  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
    But they shall be free!  
Lay the proud usurpers low ;  
Tyrants fall in every foe ;  
Liberty's in every blow ;  
    Let us do or die!—BURNS.

41.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-7. (*Split triplets, and a couplet.*)

If you are for ever doubting,  
    If you thus my love revile,  
If you are for ever pouting  
    When I covet most your smile,

All my pretty speeches flouting  
That your coldness would beguile,—  
How can I be kind to you?  
How can I believe you true?

BALLAD STANZA.

42.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-7. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

Hushed the tempest's wild commotion,  
Winds and waves had ceased their war;  
O'er the wide and sullen ocean  
That shrill sound is heard afar.  
And comes it as a note of gladness  
To thy tired spirit? wanderer, tell:  
Or rather, does my heart's deep sadness  
Wake at that sweet sabbath bell?

BISHOP TURNER.

43.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-6. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

Lo! streams that April could not check  
Are patient of thy rule;  
Gurgling in foamy water-break,  
Loitering in glassy pool;  
By thee, thee only, could be sent  
Such gentle mists as glide,  
Curling with unconfirmed intent  
On that green mountain's side.

WORDSWORTH.



44.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-8. (*Alternate, and couplets.*)

When all around the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 In-whit, to-whoo! a merry note!  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKSPEARE.

45.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-8. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

It was my guide, my light, my all;  
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;  
 And through the storm, and danger's thrall,  
 It led me to the port of peace:  
 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 For ever and for evermore,  
 The star, the star of Bethlehem!

KIRKE WHITE.

46.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 7-8. (*Broken triplet, couplet, and suspended rhyme.*)

Now thy young heart, like a bird,  
 Singeth in his summer nest;  
 No evil thought, no unkind word,  
 No chilling autumn wind hath stirred  
 The beauty of thy rest:

But winter cometh, and decay  
 Shall waste thy verdant home away.  
 Then pray, child, pray!—ANON.

47.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-4. (*Triplets, and suspended rhyme.*)

There feed and take thy balmy rest,  
 There weave thy little cotton nest,  
 And may no cruel hand molest  
     Thy timid bride;  
 Nor those bright changeful plumes of thine  
 Be offered on th' unfeeling shrine,  
 Where some dark beauty loves to shine  
     In gaudy pride.—ANON.

48.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-9. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

His mother from the window looked,  
     With all the longing of a mother;  
 His little sister, weeping, walked  
     The greenwood path, to meet her brother.  
 They sought him east, they sought him west,  
     They sought him all the forest thorough;  
 They only saw the cloud of night,  
     They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

LOGAN.

49.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 9-8. (*With triplets.*)

“Now, if I fall, will it be my lot  
 To be cast in some low and lonely spot,

To melt and sink unseen and forgot ;  
And then will my course be ended ? ”  
’T was thus a feathery snow-flake said,  
As down through the measureless space it strayed,  
Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,  
It seemed in mid-air suspended.—GOULD.

50.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 9-9. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

Not a pine in the grove is there seen,  
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound ;  
Not a beech’s more beautiful green,  
But a sweet briar entwines it around,  
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,  
Can more charms than my cattle unfold ;  
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,  
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

SHENSTONE.

51.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 9-8. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

But thou, proud man ! the beggar scorning,  
Unmoved who saw’st me kneel for bread,  
Thy heart shall ache to hear that morning,  
That morning found the beggar dead ;  
And when the room resounds with laughter,  
My famished cry thy mirth shall scare,  
And often shalt thou wish hereafter,  
Thou had’st not scorned the orphan’s prayer.

M. G. LEWIS.

52.—STANZA OF NINE LINES, 10-10. (*A quadruple, alternate, and triplet.*)

Sometimes we scoop the squirrel's hollow cell,  
 And sometimes carve quaint letters on trees' rind,  
 That haply some lone musing wight may spell  
     Dainty Aminta, gentle Rosalind,  
     Or chastest Laura—sweetly called to mind  
 In sylvan solitudes, ere he lies down ;  
 And sometimes we enrich grey stones with twined  
 And vagrant ivy, or rich moss, whose brown  
 Burns into gold as the warm sun goes down.—HOOD.

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See also the Spenserian Stanza (example, page 29), which is formed by nine lines, eight of ten syllables in five feet, and an extra line of six feet rhyming with the last line.

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53.—STANZA OF NINE LINES, 8-7. (*Alternate, split triplet, and couplet.*)

I saw him on the battle eve,  
     When, like a king he bore him ;  
 Proud hosts were there, in helm and greave,  
     And prouder chiefs before him :  
 The warrior, and the warrior's deeds—  
 The morrow, and the morrow's meeds—  
     No daunting thought came o'er him ;  
 He looked around him, and his eye  
 Defiance flashed to earth and sky !  
MISS JEWSBURY.

54.—STANZA OF TEN LINES, 8-7. (*Couplets, suspended and alternate rhymes.*)

So reaches he the latter stage  
Of this our mortal pilgrimage  
    With feeble step and slow ;  
New ills that latter stage await,  
And old experience learns too late  
    That all is vanity below.  
Life's vain delusions are gone by,  
    Its idle hopes are o'er ;  
Yet age remembers with a sigh  
    The days that are no more.—SOUTHEY.

55.—STANZA OF TEN LINES, 8-6. (*Alternate, couplets, and suspended.*)

To each his sufferings ; all are men,  
    Condemned alike to groan,  
The tender for another's pain,  
    The unfeeling for his own.  
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,  
Since sorrow never comes too late,  
    And happiness too swiftly flies ?  
Thought would destroy their paradise.  
No more :—where ignorance is bliss  
    'Tis folly to be wise.—GRAY.

56.—STANZA OF TEN LINES, 10-8. (*Couplets.*)

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her

The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, beauteous May ! that dost inspire  
Truth, and youth, and warm desire ;  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our earnest song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.—MILTON.

57.—STANZA OF ELEVEN LINES, 10-8. (*Suspended, couplets,  
and triplet.*)

Philosophy, the great and only heir  
Of all that human knowledge which has been  
Unforfeited by man's rebellious sin,  
Though full of years he do appear,  
Has still been kept in nonage till of late,  
Nor managed or enjoyed his vast estate ;  
Instead of carrying him to see  
The riches which do hoarded from him lie  
In Nature's endless treasury,  
They close his eye to entertain  
With painted scenes and pageants of the brain.

COWLEY.

58.—STANZA OF TWELVE LINES, 10-7. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
And the nursling of the sky ;  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;  
I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain, when, with never a stain,  
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,  
 Build up the blue dome of air—  
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
 And out of the caverns of rain,  
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
 I rise and unbuild it again.—SHELLEY.

59.—STANZA OF TWELVE LINES, 7-3. (*Couplets and alternate.*)

In his distant cradle nest  
 Now my babe is laid to rest;  
 Beautiful his slumber seems,  
 With a glow of heavenly dreams;  
 Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep  
 Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,  
 Where his mother bends to pray  
 For the loved one far away.  
 Father, guard that household bower,  
 Hear that prayer!  
 Back, through thine all-guiding power,  
 Lead me there.—HEMANS.

60.—STANZA OF FOURTEEN LINES. (*The Sonnet.\**)

Scorn not the Sonnet! Critic, you have frowned,  
 Mindless of its just honours: with this key  
 Shakspeare unlocked the heart; the melody

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\* It may be as well to caution the student, that every short

Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;  
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;  
    With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief ;  
    The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
    His visionary brow ; a glowworm lamp  
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faëry-land  
    To struggle through dark ways ; and when a damp  
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
    The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew  
    Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

WORDSWORTH.

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The student has now before him sixty distinct forms of verse. The examples might be considerably increased ; but, if he work diligently in a few of them, he will soon be enabled to form metres for himself. He will observe that though the stanzas are marked 10-6, 8-7, &c., this does not *invariably* denote the number of syllables employed in the construction of the lines, but rather the

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poem of fourteen lines is not necessarily a Sonnet. The strict Sonnet should consist of two quatrain and two tercets, and as much skill is required for the management of the latter as the former. The rhymes of the last six lines are capable of many arrangements ; but the plan, so frequently adopted in English sonnets, of making the fifth and sixth (last two lines of the Sonnet) rhyme, is incorrect, as giving the force of an epigram rather than the tenderness and delicacy appertaining to the Sonnet.



number that would be employed, supposing every one was fully accented. As in a bar of music there are notes of different duration, so in a foot in poetry there may be words that are slightly or fully accented: for example, a bar in common time must only contain four crotchets, or notes to the same value, so must the foot in poetry not be continued beyond its proper *quantity* in words or syllables.

It must also be borne in mind that the metre should always be appropriate to the subject treated of. The measure of the following lines, in which the rise and fall of the accent is suggested by the words, will illustrate this:—

The foot of music is on the waters;  
 Hark! how fairly, sweetly it treads.  
 As in the dance of Orestes' daughters,  
 Now it advances, and now recedes.

The following is the scheme:—

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  ~ | - ~ | - ~ ~ | - ~ | - ~
  - ~ | - ~ ~ | - ~ ~ | -
  - ~ ~ | - ~ ~ | - ~ | - ~
  - ~ ~ | - ~ ~ | - ~ | -
  
```

There are certain metres (not given above) belonging to, and so identified with, particular poems, for which they were invented, that it is not prudent to work in them; as Edgar Poe's "Raven," Campbell's "Hohenlinden," Cowper's lines to Mrs. Unwin, "My Mary," &c. The

best poem that could be written in these metres would only be a parody, or at best, an imitation.

Rhythm will be perfect or imperfect according as the words are correctly or incorrectly accented; for, though the poet may change the accent of a word by the place in which he puts it in a line, he may be assured that the reader will not do so. A few examples of incorrect accent will illustrate this:—

These are my own loved native hills,  
Verdant and bright and green ;  
And dearly my footsteps love to roam  
Each old familiar scene.

Neither of these lines agrees with its corresponding line. You get “*verdant*” against “each old,” and “and dearly” against “these are.” All the harmony of the verse is destroyed by the lame feet.

Another example, also from a published song:—

I used to dream in *childhood*  
Of the gay green wood to-morrow,  
And days and nights brought *happiness*,  
Without one care or sorrow.

The penultima of the last line disagrees with its fellow, and this infringes one of the canons of poetry.

A few more lines, with their corresponding lines, will be sufficient to warn the student against falling into similar errors:—

Exchange, or Eld, their points discuss,  
O'er the remains of geni-us.

Then, let us not mourn that the flower was borne:  
She blooms 'neath Mercy's radiant morn.

I would not see thee when thy cheek  
Less brilliant was, for the beam  
Gone, would make me in sorrow seek  
To count the days since thou wert seen.

NOTE.—Mr. George L. Craik, whose position, as “Professor of History and of English Literature,” in Queen’s College, Belfast, entitles him to respectful consideration, has stated, in his “English of Shakspeare,” a somewhat strange, and I venture to think, very original theory. He says, “The mechanism of verse is a thing altogether distinct from the music of verse. The one is a matter of rule, the other of taste and feeling.” If this be so, and the taste and feeling are not expressed in accordance with the “matter of rule,” what becomes of the music? “But, then,” says Mr. Craik, “music is not an absolute necessity of verse. There are cases in which it is not even an excellence or desirable ingredient,” and it is upon this that I must beg to join issue with him.\* He adds, “No rules can be given for the production of music;” and if by the “production” he means the “composition” of music, in the same sense that he means the making of poetry, to this I

\* “The poet, briefly described, is he whose existence constitutes a new experience, who sees life newly, assimilates it emotionally, and contrives to utter it *musically*. His qualities, therefore, are triune. His sight must be individual, his reception of impressions must be emotional, and his utterance *must be musical*; deficiency in any one of these qualities is fatal to his claims for office.”—*David Gray and other essays*.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The last example outrages both rhyme and metre, but it is, alas! a “modern instance” of Magazine poetry (?)

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reply, that no music can be composed unless by rule, governed by the laws of harmony, which are fixed and defined, as, no doubt, the Professor of that art at Queen's College, Belfast, would have told his learned colleague, had he taken the trouble to inquire. Mr. Craik, however, in a sentence a little further on, contradicts himself, for he continues, “The mechanical law, or form, is universally indispensable. It is that which constitutes the verse. It may be regarded as the substance; musical character, as the accident or ornament.” This is not so. However fine might be the words employed, the sentiments expressed, unless the mechanical law is complied with, a discord would be produced, and there would be no music. It is the harmony of the line, as expressed by the “mechanical law or form,” that makes the music, *i.e.* makes the perfect verse.



## CHAPTER IV.

### ON STYLE.



STYLE, in poetry, must always remain a matter of individual taste and feeling. As there is no positive standard of beauty, so is there no arbitrary test of art; but there are certain conventional forms which we accept as substitutes, and certain models by which we are enabled to make comparisons.

It is generally admitted that poetry differs from prose and the ordinary language of conversation, not alone by the measures and rhymes which constitute its outer framework, but by those figures of speech, metaphors, images, and lingual ornaments by which it is embellished. Wordsworth alone, of all our poets, has endeavoured to establish a different doctrine, and to recommend that poetry should be formed "as far as possible of a selection of the language really spoken by men." This would be to form mere rhyme; and where this plan has been adopted, we at once see the distinction between good poetry and bald verse. Wordsworth himself was too much of a poet to carry out, in the greater part of his writings, his own plan.—

Much did it taunt the humbler Light  
That now, when day was fled, and night  
Hushed the dark earth—

is not the sort of language “really *spoken* by men;” nor do men in ordinary conversation use such exclamations as “And lo!” “Much did it,” “Maternal Flora,” “Behold the mighty morn,” “Ah me!” “Forth sprang,” “Thou knowest,” “Fame tells,” “Hail, orient conquerer!” all of which are proper to poetry, and occur within a few pages of one of Wordsworth’s numerous volumes.

Again, in ordinary conversation, and in elegant prose writing, a man says all that he has got to say upon a subject, explaining it clearly and precisely; but in poetry the effect is produced, not so much by what is expressed in absolute words, as by what the words suggest, by the ideas which they convey, and the feelings and associations that may spring from them. Poetry should excite emotion in the breast of the reader, and to effect this the poet must lift him into the realms of imagination, dazzling him by its grandeur; or he must open his heart to him, and by tenderness, grace, fancy, feeling, and pathos, awake in that of his reader a kindred spell.

The styles of poetry are various. For

FIRE, DASH, ACTION, Scott may be taken as an example. Scott, inspired by the olden ballads, of which he was an enthusiastic student, selected for his ground a field that had long lain fallow. He brushed the cobwebs

off the past, regilded the knight's armour, unfolded the moth-eaten banner, called up the echoes of the clang of arms, lit up the ancient banquet hall, and revived the picturesque splendour, the pomp and pride of antique chivalry. His poems were chiefly written in couplet lines of eight syllables, in four feet. If they excited no tender emotions, they kept the heart beating: beauty and bravery was their theme, and what appeals so directly and at once to the hearts of Englishmen? For poems embodying historic recollections, they may be studied with advantage.

Manners, customs, scenery, and costume enter into this class of composition, as does dialogue (not dramatic), introduced by connecting words, as "Thus spake," &c. These poems partake of the character of the historical novel, and are known as the "metrical chronicle," or "chivalrous romance." As in Scott, they may be lightened and embellished by the introduction of shorter lyrics, like the songs incidental to an opera, which illustrate while they serve to carry on the plot.

STRENGTH AND VIGOUR is nowhere to be found more strikingly displayed than in the writings of Lord Byron. He must, however, be studied for style, and not weighed by the great law of ethics. In his works will be found the highest flashes of poetical genius; his muse is a bright, brilliant, fascinating beauty; but, like all beauties devoid of virtue, her spells are dangerous. Byron's descriptive powers—what the Germans call word-painting

—were enormous. “The Eve of the Battle,” beginning, “There was a sound of revelry by night,” from the “Childe Harold,” will alone serve to convince the student of what poetry is capable of achieving in bringing an enacted scene to the mind’s eye of the reader.

GRANDEUR is a quality in poetry not to be achieved by a minor bard, and not to be found in many who have been, by common consent, classed among the major ones. The grandest of all poets in diction is Shakspeare; and for his subjects, Milton. The lines in Shakspeare, “The cloud-capt towers,” convey the greatest idea of vastness and grandeur it is possible to conceive. The “Paradise Lost,” which contains many weak lines, has, on the other hand, some of the grandest in the language. Shakspeare and Milton will scarcely be emulated by those who have need of a handbook of poetry; but, as the merest tyro in drawing ought to copy from the purest and severest models of the art, so ought Shakspeare and Milton to be attentively read by all who even dream of clothing their thoughts in verse.

FANCY, SWEETNESS, AND MELODY find their exponent in Thomas Moore. Moore is all honey; he almost cloyes you with his excessive sweetness. To listen to his poetry is as if some one should take you into a conservatory where there was the perfume of the toilet added to the natural odour of the flowers. It is as a Lyric Poet that he should be chiefly studied. No poet ever more thoroughly ran through every change of the lyre than Thomas



Moore. He entirely understood what a song ought to be—a speciality. Its theme may be varied; it may be patriotic, it may be bacchanal, it may be a lay of love, or it may be descriptive of your mistress's eyebrow, or of a ruined abbey, but it must contain a *sentiment*, the picture must call up some feeling, call back some memory. Mere description won't do; there must be something that causes a thrill of emotion to vibrate in the heart. Take Moore's descriptive songs. What can be more descriptive than "The meeting of the waters?" You seem to realize the scene, and yet how admirably the sentiment is blended with it.

'T was *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill;  
Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still.

As the art of song-writing will be more particularly alluded to in a subsequent chapter, it is unnecessary to pursue the subject further here. Sweetness, tenderness, and expression may be attained without the great elaboration which these qualifications have obtained at the hands of Moore.

RURAL IMAGERY has never been carried to greater perfection than in the songs and lyrics of Robert Burns. Of Burns it has been said, "His conceptions were all original, his thoughts were all new and weighty, his style unborrowed, and he owes no honour to the subjects which his Muse selected, for they are ordinary, and such as would have tempted no poet, save himself, to sing

about.”\* He turned his eyes to lowly objects—the mountain daisy, the poor field-mouse, the wounded hare, &c., and proved by the magic of his genius that among the lowliest are still the holiest of things. For natural objects and their associations, Burns is the best model that can be studied. Many other writers have accurately described rural scenery, but where they have done so without imagery, their poetry has not endured; it has bordered too closely on descriptive *verse* to be acknowledged as poetry.

PATHOS AND SENTIMENT, combined with a tone of melancholy, tempered by sweetness, are the attributes of most of our lady writers, the chief of whom, as regards modern verse, is Mrs. Hemans. To the writings of this lady more youthful poets and poetesses owe their inspiration than to any recent writer. Domestic troubles, the home affections, and other kindred subjects, formed the groundwork of many of her poems. The student must, however, be cautioned against giving his verses a tone of morbid sentimentality. The object of true poetry is akin to that of true religion, to make us happier and more contented in our stations, and not to feel with Rogers, in those much bequizzed lines of his,—

There's such a charm in melancholy,  
I would not if I could be gay.

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\* Allan Cunningham.

Mrs. Hemans displays considerable originality in her phraseology, and her rhythms are varied and ingenious, while the religious tone of her verses make them suitable models for imitation.

SMOOTHNESS AND EXPRESSION are exemplified in Pope to a degree that amounts to perfection; for the liquid flow of his versification, the harmony of his numbers, the model poet of all times, he has never been surpassed by those who have succeeded him. But Pope must be studied for his skill in execution. He appeals more to the ear than to the heart, and nowhere lifts us into the realms of imagination, or thrills us with a wild dream of passion, as does Byron, and others who have caught much of his facility, and beautified and embellished his style. Completeness of design, terseness of diction, pleasing images, sweetness of verse, and strong reflective good sense, form the chief qualities of his writings; but we look in vain for pathos. As "the master of the school" of correctly rhymed language, it is to Pope that we must turn for the most valuable lessons in the art.

IMAGERY has been crowded into modern verse to an extent that has, in many cases, rendered it obscure; yet imagery, used with discretion, is the chief thing that constitutes the difference between poetic and prosaic language. Alfred Tennyson and Alexander Smith have indulged in an over-crowding of images that has led them into a mannerism of phraseology by no means acceptable to the admirers of pleasing verse. By their

subtlety of thought they have rendered their writings acceptable to the scholar and deep thinker, but they have excluded themselves from that larger and outer world, the general public, by which a great and widespread reputation can alone be made and retained. Reading their poetry is like gold-seeking: you are so intent on picking out the nuggets, that you care little for their surroundings. There are plenty of pleasing images in Burns, but we don't lose the beauty of the setting in the dazzle of the gems. As a study of how image upon image may be crowded into verse, and of what imagery in poetry is, these writers may be consulted with advantage.

SATIRE is a dangerous weapon in the hands of a poet, and the proverb about "edged tools" should always be remembered by those who indulge in it. Few writers of satirical verse have not found reasons for wishing that much that they had perpetrated could be *unwritten*. There is, moreover, in writing satire, a tendency to indulge in that which is fatal to all poetry — vulgarity. For any permanent reputation that can be gained by writing satire, the time is usually thrown away; the objects satirized pass into oblivion, and with them the satire they called forth. Swift, who united the coarsest of matter with the smoothest of verse, may be regarded as the greatest satirical poet; yet few would covet the sort of notoriety, which, though a celebrity, is scarcely fame, that posterity has bestowed upon this writer.

Satire requires to be written in the most polished verse.

Satire in doggerel debases the satirist beneath the matter satirized, however mean or low it may be.

Swift, Pope in "The Dunciad," Gifford in "The Baviad," and Byron's "English Bards," are the works to be consulted by the would-be satirist.

WIT AND HUMOUR differ from satire, inasmuch as they are pleasing and humanizing, while the latter is caustic and cutting; yet both may be written under the generic title of comic verse. Wit and humour, however, differ from each other, as they both differ from satire. A few moments devoted to the consideration of this distinction, and the authorities that can be brought to bear upon it, may be useful to the student in this branch of the poetic art.

Some writers place "wit" above "humour" in the scale of mental qualification, and some reverse the proposition. "Wit," Bulwer Lytton makes one of his characters observe, "is the philosopher's quality, humour, the poet's; the nature of wit relates to things, humour to persons; wit utters brilliant truths, humour delicate deductions from the knowledge of individual character." This I believe to be pretty near the truth, as we accept the terms at the present time, when comparing one man's writing with another's; though, after all,—

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it.

And there are in the world those hard, dry, and mecha-

nical geniuses, that all wit and humour is a mystery to them.

Dryden explained wit to be "a propriety of thoughts and words," or, in other words, only giving a general character of all good writing; while Congreve, who was both a wit and a humorist, modestly confessed, "we cannot tell what wit and humour are."\*

Another expositor, who places humour above wit, says, "It is felt to be a higher, finer, and more genial thing than wit, or the mere ludicrous. It is the combination," he suggests, "of the laughable with an element of tenderness, sympathy, warm-heartedness, or affection." "Now, wit sweetened by a kind loving expression, becomes humour. Men who have little tenderness in their nature, or whose language and manners are destitute of soft, warm, and affectionate feeling, cannot be humorists, however witty they may be." There is no humour, as this writer understands the term, in Butler, Pope, Swift, Dryden, or Ben Jonson.

Wit may be soured as well as sweetened, and satire and irony used unsparingly may produce a painful impression, and deprive those who use them of any pretension to be considered as humorists.

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\* The reader is referred to an elaborate article, illustrative of "Barrow on Wit," in the "New Monthly Magazine," for March, 1857, to which the author is indebted for some of the authorities quoted, and to the author of which he acknowledges his obligations for some of the opinions he has adopted.

There is little doubt that wit was originally the general term for all the intellectual powers—the faculties which see, know, and understand, and was gradually narrowed to its present signification to express merely the resemblance between ideas and the blending of them so as to cause a surprise to the understanding.

According to this view “wit exists by antipathy, humour by sympathy; wit laughs *at* things, humour with them. Wit lashes external appearances, or cunningly exaggerates foibles into character; humour glides into the heart of its object, looks lovingly on the infirmities it details, and represents the whole man.” To illustrate this by some names the reader is well acquainted with, Jerrold and Thackeray are wits, Goldsmith and Dickens humorists.

“Wit is abrupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face; humour is slow, and insinuates its fun into your heart.” If we accept these definitions, a man of talent may be a wit, but a genius can alone be a great humorist.

Among the modern definitions of wit, that of Leigh Hunt may be quoted. He says, “Wit may be defined to be the arbitrary juxtaposition of dissimilar ideas for some lively purpose of assimilation or contrast, generally of both.” He calls it “the clash and reconciliation of incongruities; the meeting of extremes round a corner; the flashing of an artificial light from one object to another, disclosing some unexpected resem-



blance or connection. It is the detection of likeness in unlikeness, of sympathy in antipathy, or the extreme points of antipathy themselves, made friends by the very merriment of their meeting. The form or mode is comparatively of no consequence, provided it give no trouble to the comprehension; and you may bring as many ideas together as can pleasantly assemble. But a single one is nothing; two ideas are as necessary to wit as couples are to marriages, and the union is happy in proportion to the agreeableness of the offspring."

Had Leigh Hunt been writing of Thomas Hood, he could not have more aptly summed up his special qualities in this branch of his art, for I look upon Hood as one of the greatest wits of the age. So determined was he in his propensity to "reconcile incongruities," to make words of opposite meaning clash and yet combine,—in other words, so inveterate a punster was he, that he did not scruple to bring even repulsive and disagreeable things to bear upon his subject, such as suicide, murder, death, and the grave; but, it must be added, never in a mocking spirit, nor with an unworthy motive.

Hazlitt has admirably pointed out where the danger of representing serious matters in a comic light actually lies. He says, "Surprise at perceiving anything out of its usual place, where the unusualness is not accompanied by a sense of serious danger, is always pleasurable, and it is observable that surprise accompanied with circumstances



of danger becomes tragic; in other words, while the mere suddenness of transition, the mere baulking our expectations, and turning them suddenly into another channel, seems to give additional liveliness and gaiety to the animal spirits, the instant the change is not only sudden, but threatens serious consequences, or calls up the shape of danger, that instant is our disposition to mirth superseded by terror, and laughter gives place to tears."

Thomas Hood, James and Horace Smith, the "Ingoldsby Legends" (Barham), and Mr. W. M. Thackeray's Ballads, afford ample scope in which to study the various rhythms and methods adopted by the writers of wit and humour.

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Having pointed out the various styles that predominate in the poetry of certain writers, the student must observe that they all enter more or less into every class of metrical composition; and it is by a happy blending of all these essential qualifications that anything like eminence can be attained. He will probably lean to some particular one, according to the bent of his own inclination, or the requirements of the subject upon which he proposes to treat; but not the less should they all be carefully studied and considered.

Not less in poetry than in prose writing is perspicuity an essential element; it is that which gives clearness of diction, while the choice of words gives elegance of phraseology. The requirements of poetry will generally determine the length of the sentences; but, as inversion

of language is frequently resorted to for the sake of a rhyme, it must be used with the greatest care, and very slightly, or obscurity will be sure to result.

As an instance of inversion of language, and the danger arising from it, take the following from the well-known psalm commencing, "My soul, praise the Lord; speak good of his name:"—

His chamber-beams lie in the clouds full sure,  
Which, as his chariots, are made him to bear;  
And there, with much swiftness, his course doth endure,  
Upon the wings riding, of winds in the air;

from the ludicrous effect of which even its sacred character does not permit us to escape.

The confusion of the Tenses (by which is meant, in grammar, the distinction of time) is one of the most frequent errors into which young writers are apt to fall. For instance, you may frequently meet with a stanza beginning in the perfect tense, such as—

I have loved thee, maiden, dearly,  
For thy smiles with bliss were fraught;

and then going off into the imperfect tense, thus:—

Yes! I loved her for her beauty,  
Never absent from my thought.

The reader will say "this is doggerel," and with truth; but it is better to write grammatical doggerel than to sacrifice both sense and grammar.

Here is another verse from a song :—

*Thou hast* sworn my bride to be, love,  
And my word to thee is passed ;  
All my hopes are fixed on thee, love,  
*You may* trust me to the last.

“Thou hast” is in the second person singular of the indicative mood, present tense, of the auxiliary verb “to have.” “Thou may’st,” being also an auxiliary verb in the same tense, ought to have been used here instead of “you may,” which is only used in the plural in this tense.

The constant use of the auxiliary verb, as in the lines,—


Therefore my heart all grief defies,  
My glory *does* rejoice ;

must be avoided as a vulgarism, not now to be tolerated in elegant verse. In brief, the rules of grammar must be as strictly followed in poetry as in prose ; and unless the beginner has mastered his own language, he will have but little chance of succeeding in that of the Muses’ and the Graces’.

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## CHAPTER V.

### ON ORNAMENT.

OETRY is ornamented by tropes, imagery, figures, similes, and metaphors. A metaphor is the application of a word to another use than that its original meaning implies; it is also called in poetry a "figure of speech," or a simile. The use of metaphor is likewise called imagery, since it likens one thing to another which it is not, but with which it will bear a comparison, and thus turn what would be a homely phrase into an apt poetical conceit.

Figurate language is of very ancient date; the most barbarous nations use it, and it seems to be as natural to the untutored savage as it is attainable by the most accomplished linguist. An address of condolence recently sent to Her Majesty the Queen, on the lamented demise of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, by the native New Zealand chiefs, was as full of imagery as many of the finest poems in our language. What better proof that it is grateful to the perceptive faculties of man, since it is not so much the result of civilization, as the carrying out of one of

those grand principles for which language, in its unbounded variety, was given to us.

For an author to say, "I reaped my harvest early in the day," in allusion to his having been rewarded for his efforts early in life, would be for him to use a metaphor; he reaped no harvest in the harvest-field, but no one can mistake the meaning. "I made my money in my early days" would be the plain English of it, and correspond with the sentence in rhythm, but what would become of the *poetry*?

Metaphors should never be crowded together, as I have before explained; it is difficult for the mind to grasp a number of brilliant objects presented in quick succession.

METAPHOR is founded on comparison: in contradistinction to it is ANTITHESIS, one of the most useful figures in poetry, since it is the contrast or opposition of two objects. Light and shade are always charming in a picture, whether the medium producing it be the pencil or the pen.

As an example of antithesis we cannot improve on that selected in the old familiar volume of our schoolboy days,—

Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;  
Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full.

APOSTROPHE can be used but seldom in poetry. It is the turning off from the regular course of the subject to address some person or thing, as "Oh, death! where is thy sting?" Here is an example from Mrs. Hemans:—

And his cold still glance on my spirit fell  
 With an icy ray and a withering spell—  
 Oh ! chill is the house of sleep !

In these lines we have the metaphor “icy ray” as well as the apostrophe.

Here is another example:—

Thy fond idolatry, thy blind excess,  
 And seek with Him that bower of blessedness —  
 Love ! *thy* sole home is heaven !

ALLEGORY is more a style of writing in itself than an ornament introduced into poetry. An allegory is, however, sometimes admitted in the course of a long poem. It may be described as a sustained metaphor, or the carrying out of an idea by one set of objects that are made to represent others. It is considered by modern writers to be an inflated style of composition, and is not frequently resorted to.

HYPERBOLE is a figure applied to exaggeration, to express where an object is magnified beyond its natural bounds. Many examples might be given with weighty names attached, but the careful student need scarcely be warned against falling into this error. Here is one example, from an elegantly printed volume of poems, picked up at a book-stall:—

Oh ! minstrel ! never sing again  
 Such *plaintive notes* unto me ;  
 They make me deem *this world a den*  
*Of fiends* who aye pursue me.

TROPES AND IMAGERY also consist in an idea, or a set of ideas, being expressed by other objects than themselves, but with which they are associated in the imagination of the poet, and familiarly conveyed to the mind of the reader.

The following are some of the best examples to be found in modern verse:—

It was his nature  
To blossom into song, as 'tis a tree's  
To leaf itself in April.—ALEXANDER SMITH.

And what if all of animated nature  
Be but organic harps diversely framed,  
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweep,  
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze ?

S. T. COLERIDGE.

His soul was rich ;  
And this his book unveils it, as the night  
Her panting wealth of stars.—ALEXANDER SMITH.

Some maid of the waters, some naiad, methought  
Held me dear in the pearl of her eye.—THOMAS HOOD.

And make their quivering leafy dimness thrill  
To the rich breeze of song.—MRS. HEMANS.

O magic sleep ! O comfortable bird,  
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind.—KEATS.

One who shall hallow poetry to God  
And to his own high use ; for poetry is  
The grandest chariot wherein king-thoughts ride.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

I saw the skirts of the departing year.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Oh, star-eyed science! hast thou wandered there?

T. CAMPBELL.

Along the pebbled shore of memory.—KEATS.

A solitary swan her breast of snow

Launches against the wave.—T. HOOD.

O'er their low pastoral valleys might the tide

Of years have flowed!—MRS. HEMANS.

What lit your eyes with tearful power,

Like moonlight on a falling shower?—TENNYSON.

Their home knew but affection's looks and speech—

A little heaven, above dissention's reach.—CAMPBELL.

The stars among the branches hang like fruit;

So, hopes were thick within me.—ALEXANDER SMITH.

With trumpet-voice thy spirit called aloud.

MRS. HEMANS.

In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere

That gems the starry girdle of the year.—CAMPBELL.

We coursed about

The subject most at heart, more near and near,

Like doves about a dovecote, wheeling round

The central wish, until we settled there.—TENNYSON.

Then in the boyhood of the year.—TENNYSON.

Repentant day

Frees with his dying hand the pallid stars

He held imprisoned since his young hot dawn.



Now watch with what a silent step of fear  
They'll steal out one by one, and overspread  
The cool delicious meadows of the night.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

I was a cloud  
That caught its glory from a sunken sun,  
And gradual burned into its native grey.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

The ghost of one bright hour  
Comes from its grave and stands before me.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

The garrulous sea is talking to the shore ;  
Let us go down and hear the greybeard's speech.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

In contradistinction to the foregoing "gems of thought," it may be as well to point out, in a few examples, what is meant by *prosaic* lines:—

She listened to the sound,  
*Till almost out of breath.*

The summer's sun is shining down  
*With its accustomed heat.*

But now my lovers all are gone,  
*The harp I cannot bear.*

Thy cheeks are like the Christmas rose  
*Instead of that of June ;*  
The tear-drop trembles in thine eyes ;  
*Thy voice seems out of tune.*

The battle there they nobly won,  
*And though their loss was great,*  
 Their strength maintained them in the fight,  
*Nor did their zeal abate.*

But enough of *such* examples. I would not wound the tender susceptibilities of the most harmless bard. I only hope that those who do me the favour to study my "handbook" will do better.

COMPOUND WORDS are among the most graceful ornaments that poetry is capable of receiving. A few of them, selected from the standard poets, may be useful to the young student, but it would be better that he should, in all cases, invent new ones for himself.

Book-world	applied to	the world of letters, literary society.
Bright-haired	„	light, flaxen hair.
Blood-nursed	„	brought up in cruelty.
Battle-cloud	„	the smoke of a battle.
Bosom-child	„	the child of our love.
Crimson-mouthed	„	shells.
Chilly-fingered	„	early spring.
Chain-drooped	„	a lamp suspended by a chain.
Deep-damasked	„	darkly red.
Evening-lighted	„	dimly lit by twilight.
Ever-fleeting	„	passing away.
Flower-like	„	fragile as a flower.


Full-brimmed	applied to	a glass filled to the brim.
Fountain-foam	„	the foam of a fountain.
Gold-haired	(see Bright-haired.)	
Golden-winged	applied to	truth, in metaphor.
Gold-tinted	„	gold-coloured.
Hedge-grown	„	wild flowers.
Horror-smitten	„	frightened, terrified.
Incense-pillowed	„	sleeping amid flowers.
Joy-giver	„	something that imparts joy; wine.
King-thought	„	a noble thought.
Love-lorn	„	pinning for love.
Love-tune	„	the air of a love song.
Meadow-sweet	„	teeming with perfume of wild flowers.
Mist-shroud	„	a light cloud or fog.
Music-swell	„	prolonged sound.
Mild-minded	„	melancholy, gentle.
Moon-led	„	lit by the moon.
Passion-panting	„	breast heaving with pas- sion.
Plume-like	„	waving like a plume; to foliage.
Purple-stained	„	coloured purple; to fruit.
Rose-wreathed	„	wearing a wreath of roses.
Rose-hued	„	coloured like a rose.
Rosy-lipped	„	with red lips; also to shells.
Slumber-parted	„	lips parted in sleep.

Sun-kissed	applied to	fruit ripened by the sun.
Sweet-breathed	„	giving perfume; to flowers.
Sabre-like	„	cutting, sharp; to truth.
Silver-toned	„	soft, sweet of tone.
Smooth-lipped	„	fawning, persuasive.
Sun-steeped	„	bathed in sunshine.
Silver-chiming	„	sweet sounding; to bells.
Soul-struck	„	sudden love.
Sun-bright	„	bright as sunshine.
Travel-stained	„	soiled by travel.
Thatched-roofed	„	roofed with thatch.
Tavern-hours	„	late hours.
Thought-rapt	„	in study.
Tear-dimmed	„	obscured by tears; the eye.
Vine-encircled	„	surrounded by vines.
Vine-clad	„	clothed by vines; trees, walls, &c.
World-worn	„	worn by care.
Wave-worn	„	worn away by the sea.
Willow-veiled	„	hidden by willows; a stream.
Wind-scattered	„	scattered by the wind.
Wild-eyed	„	with quick, glancing eyes.
Wood-note	„	the song of a bird.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### ON SONG WRITING.

HE first attempt of almost every young writer being a song, a ballad, or a set of "words for music," a few words of warning and advice on this subject may not be out of place: it is therefore appended, together with a rapid sketch of the rise and progress of this branch of literary composition. It is very easy to make fair verses, but it is not very easy to make a song. Many of our best poets have tried it and failed, while not a few of our best songs have been written by comparatively uneducated men; in this case, however, it has been rather an inspiration than a composition. Very many persons consider a song a trifling thing because it is short; they forget the compression that is necessary to combine closeness of thought, simplicity, pathos, and music. The song-writer should be the conjuror who can put a quart into a pint bottle; in other words, he should distil his thoughts and only bottle the spirit. Burns has somewhere said, that "those who consider a song a trifle easy to be written, should set themselves down and try."

Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall) has said that "a song may be considered as the expression of a sentiment, varying according to the humour of the poet. It should be fitted for music, and should, in fact, be better for the accompaniment of music, otherwise it cannot be deemed essentially a song." Dr. Mackay says, "A song should be like an epigram, complete and entire; it should give voice to one prevailing idea; be short and terse, and end with the natural climax of the sentiment."

I cordially agree with both these opinions, but there is something more required in the mechanical construction of a song. It must be vocal—that is to say, it must contain no unsingable words, no hissing consonants or closed sounds, that would shut up the singer's mouth; and, above all, each part or verse must agree with the others.

In writing for music, then, avoid as much as possible words beginning with the hissing consonant "s," except where followed by the open vowel "o," as in "sound," &c.

Sound, sound the trumpet boldly,

would be a very good line for music, while—

Sing, sing the song sorrow,

would be a very bad one.

The word "wish" is also one of the most unpleasant in the mouth of both singer and speaker.

The origin of English song, as we understand a song,

cannot be traced farther back than the time of Elizabeth; indeed, as Ristin, the best authority on the subject, observes, "Not a single composition of that nature, with the smallest degree of merit, can be discovered at any preceding period." Amply, however, did Shakspeare and Ben Jonson make up for lost time, for they gave us songs which have never been surpassed to the present period. The revolution of 1660 was not a period favourable to this class of composition, but at the Restoration a galaxy of lyric poets appeared—Herrick, Lovelace, Suckling, and others, whose writings the student will do well to study.

Probably the decline of healthy and nervous English verse may be attributed to the turncoat and shuttlecock Dryden, who, although he had much learning and a cultivated taste, turned the Muses into waiting-maids, and wore plush himself for the sake of the crumbs that might fall from the tables of his rich patrons. Indeed it has been said, with much truth, that since his time "true feeling degenerated and nature really gave way to art." The time, however, came when all this was to be righted. Burns, the greatest of all lyric poets, lived and sung, and by his side were many worthy singers. Ireland gave us Sheridan and Moore, and England Dibdin.

It must be borne in mind that all short lyrics are not songs, although all songs are lyrics. Our language contains thousands of charming lyrics which were never

intended for music, and which would not be improved by being set to music; there are lyrics written to be read and lyrics written to be sung. The latter are, or ought to be, songs; in too many cases they are so many superficial inches of prose, cut into lengths and rounded at the ends—made, in fact, as they make lucifer matches, by machinery. It is to be hoped that a careful study of the foregoing pages may lead to some improvement in this respect, by teaching the tyro what are the responsibilities of the poet.

As regards the themes suitable for song, it was long considered that Love, War, and Wine were the only allowable ones, and until recent times such was the case in practice. We owe it to our female poets that this barrier has been thrown down, though our German cousins have long considered pastoral and home themes to be fitting subjects for song. Goethe, who wrote many pieces corresponding to our modern songs, says, "The world is so large, and life so varied, that there can never be a dearth of occasions for poems. All poems ought to be occasional pieces, that is to say, real life ought to furnish the occasion and the material. A speciality becomes general and poetical in the hands of the poet. All my poems are occasional pieces; they are prompted by and rooted in real life. Let no one say that reality lacks poetical interest, for a poet, if he be a real poet, ought to invest commonplace subjects with interest. Reality furnishes the beautiful and life-like in creation."



Closely approximating to the song, and considered by the uninitiated to be the same thing, is the ballad, not the old metrical ballad chronicling the deeds of the hero, or the feats of chivalry accomplished by the ancients, of which "Chevy Chase" and the Robin Hood ballads are a sample, but the short poem suitable for music, in which a little story is told, rather than a sentiment deftly put. This is a style of composition much in vogue and approved of by many composers, as giving them an opportunity of displaying variety in musical treatment which cannot be indulged in when setting lines which form strictly a song. Thus, it will be observed, our shorter lyric poetry divides itself into three classes:—1st, the short fugitive poem not suitable for music, written to be read only; 2ndly, the song embodying a sentiment or conceit; and 3rdly, the ballad, or short narrative poem.

Burns is one of the best writers that can be studied for song writing, because his songs are natural and unaffected, and they combine withal a quiet pathos that at once comes home to the heart; they are, moreover, thoroughly manly and independent. As Cunningham said of him, "all he has written is distinguished by a happy carelessness, a fine elasticity of spirit, and a singular felicity of expression. Careless yet concise, he sheds a redeeming light on all he touches; whatever his eye glances on rises into life and beauty."

The songs of Charles Dibdin, though immensely

popular in their day, must be studied with a qualification. To say that he has not written many manly and noble strains, would be to assert that which is not true. I admit that he was actuated by a high and generous feeling, as expressed in his writings, though not borne out by his personal career; but I cannot discover that elevated tone which his editors and admirers claim for him. To me his preaching seems to be of the late Bo'sen Smith order; but we must make this allowance, that a rough audience required a rough style of song, and Dibdin, making his sailors speak for themselves, by writing many of his songs in the first person, adopted their language. This, however, constitutes no claim for him to be considered the first of British song writers. The introduction of the verbiage of the fore-castle was not necessary to produce a perfect sea-song: witness Campbell's noble ode, "Ye Mariners of England," Prince Hoare's "Arethusa," Cunningham's "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sail," George Alexander Stevens's "Cease, rude Boreas," and Andrew Cherry's "Bay of Biscay," all smelling of tar, and dashing and splashing their harmonious flow, like the rush of the blue waters they celebrate.

Thomas Campbell's naval songs are masterpieces of composition; while his longer poems will always be cherished with pleasure by the scholar and the student, his songs will always find an echo in the hearts of the people. "His words, rapid and glowing with martial

vigour, still flow along with a liquid harmony of versification; only Burns in his 'Bruce's Address,' and Scott in his 'Donieul Dhu,' can be compared with Campbell in the strong and passionate energy of his patriotic lays."\* Some of Campbell's metres are new and striking. What a grand swell there is in that torrent of verse, "The Battle of the Baltic." The student will observe the peculiar elongation of the fifth line, balanced by the short one at the end, like a suspended chord in music that is not instantly resolved, and yet when it is, the harmony is full, complete, and agreeable. Indeed in this song Campbell has applied a rule of musical composition in the construction of a written verse.

Again, in "Hohenlinden," we have a new form of verse, frequently imitated, but invented by Campbell; and yet again, in "Ye Mariners of England," how the peculiar construction of the verse adds to the glory of the song; and that reiteration of the last line, which is not a chorus, but a sort of rebound of the sentiment, which brings up every verse as with the clang and clash of cymbals. I think we may take Campbell's songs as the standard by which we may measure all songs. If I do not place him above Burns, it is because I would not place a diamond cut and polished by skill and art, before a flower formed and beautiful by the hand of Nature. What Campbell accomplished others may accomplish,

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\* Cunningham.

but no mortal can *learn* to do what Burns did. Campbell is a brilliant of the first water.

I have already, in the chapter devoted to style, alluded to the characteristics of Thomas Moore, the first of modern song writers; it is, therefore, unnecessary to repeat them here. It was Moore's good fortune to restore a meaning and expression to the language of song, which, since the days of Herrick, Waller, Lovelace, and those glorious song writers of the seventeenth century, had greatly degenerated. A reference to any song-book published in England previously to 1800 will prove how utterly worthless was our then song literature.

When Robert Burns died, Moore was sixteen years of age, and it was not until after Burns's death that his songs were much known in England; indeed I may say that it was not until within the last quarter of a century that Burns has been thoroughly known and appreciated here. Probably when Moore began to write Burns was scarcely known at all in Ireland. To Moore, then, still belongs the credit of having revived and regenerated English song. At a subsequent period Moore alludes to Burns, and expresses his surprise that a bard "wholly unskilled in music should possess the rare art of adapting words successfully to notes, which," he adds, "were it not for his example, I should say none but a poet versed in the sister art ought to attempt." I do not see this at all; all teachers of music will tell you that the greatest difficulty they have to contend with in beginners is too fine an

ear. The pupil who can catch up and retain a tune the moment he hears it, will not stop for the tedious process of finding it out by the notation, but will attempt to play it by ear long before he can properly manipulate upon the instrument. With Burns's strong perceptive powers and his fine ear, it would have been impossible for him, where he wrote to tunes, to have written incorrectly. Moore himself admits that, "Burns, however untaught, was yet in ear and feeling a musician is clear from the skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain."

That more depends upon the possession of a fine ear than to having acquired a knowledge of the theory of music, this opinion goes far to substantiate; and I think it affords sufficient encouragement to the student not to be thwarted in his early efforts, because he has not that amount of musical knowledge which Moore considered so indispensable.

Without the slightest wish to disparage Moore's high merits as a song writer, it may be scarcely hazardous to remark, that he owes much of his popularity to the beautiful airs to which his words were wedded; but, even here the merit was his own, for it was his discernment that discovered the applicability of the wild strains of his native harp to the purposes of modern song, and their capability of being united to immortal verse. These melodies Moore graphically describes when he asserts that "a pretty air without words resembles one

of those *half* creatures of Plato, which are described as wandering in search of themselves through the world." In supplying the other half, by uniting many of the fugitive melodies of other lands to his undying words, Moore may be said to have given souls to the tenantless bodies, to have re-animated the ghosts of Dream-land, and to have given substance to that which was previously but a shade.

Hogg, Cunningham, Lover, Lever, Gerald Griffin, Procter, C. Swain, Mackay, and Eliza Cook have all contributed largely and worthily to our song literature. Mrs. Hemans, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, L. E. L., and others, have also contributed many charming pathetic lyrics, admirably adapted for music; and, as time rolls on, doubtless many as worthy names will be added to the tuneful choir. It is possible that some of my readers may be already, in some sort, apprentices to the tuneful art, for I take it that few have not, at some time or other, endeavoured to string a couplet or two together, or tried their hands at a song. Well, it is very easy to do so; you may even get into print, or print yourself, and call upon your friends to subscribe to what you have printed; and you may even get noticed in the newspapers, and come to think you are rather clever at it than not. So far so good; everybody must have a beginning. Dr. Johnson observed, that the man who didn't begin to write until he knew how to write, wouldn't become an author at all; but this I want you to remember, that there is a standard

to measure you by, and the test of that standard is time. If you have that within you which enables you to judge of this standard, though you may feel that you cannot approach it, you have a light that shall guide you on the way. What you have most to fear is the injudicious praise of friendly critics, or the taking for gospel the opinion of a reviewer who has not the slightest knowledge of what he is writing about. I observed, not long ago, in the columns of a weekly paper, a notice of a volume of verse, in which the reviewer lauded the amiability of the writer, and stated that the poetry did not "rise above the song standard." Rise *above* the song standard! Why, even if it had come up to it, the writer ought to be hailed as "the coming man." What the friendly critic meant as a qualifying remark was the highest praise he could bestow, supposing he knew what the song standard was. The song standard, in his sense of the word, was the one that music publishers and modern composers weigh by. "Can't you write me," a music publisher asked a well-known librettoist, "a song about—about nothing in particular, with a pretty title? Nobody could object to that, you know." If the young writer would only think and study what a song ought to be before sitting down to compose it, we should have fewer songs about "nothing in particular, with pretty titles."

It is because the art of writing verse has been too little studied, and the desire to rush into print too prematurely



indulged in, that we have so many nonsense verses. Beset with technicalities, and fettered by rules that were seldom followed, the student has thrown aside the old treatises, and relied on his own power of production, without giving the mechanism of the art a single thought.

To lead him to a consideration of this, teaching him by examples what to imitate and what to avoid, has been my aim in this little treatise. I have pointed out to him the manner, the matter must rest with himself.

The art of writing verse may be indulged in as a graceful accomplishment, and not necessarily as a profession, and I am not without a hope that, as regards those who pursue it in the former spirit, I have not written in vain. To those who dream of following verse-making as a profession, no advice is necessary—none would be taken—I have only a single word for them,—Beware! Still, I do not join the senseless cry that is constantly being made, that “the present is not an auspicious era for the verse which is to gain immortality.” The present is never an era in which to gain immortality, simply because the present never is the future. Of course, the critic who wrote the sentence I have quoted meant to say that the verse written at the present time was not destined to win immortality; but I believe this has been said of all verse from Pope’s time to our own, and it is certain that a great deal that was considered to possess the seeds of immortality has rotted long before it came down to our own day. Remember, too,



that, as regards the past, we get the wheat from which the chaff has been winnowed; what we have at present is in the bulk, and it is to be hoped that all will not be blown away in the process of sifting. It was Pope who said, that "in literature nothing good or lasting was ever written that had not to contend with the stream of time." That this "Handbook" may lead some of its readers to such a consideration of the Art of Poetry as may enable them to contend with it successfully, is the earnest wish and fervent hope of the author.






A NEW  
POETICAL ANTHOLOGY.



# A NEW POETICAL ANTHOLOGY.

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O the student who has not a poetical library at hand to refer to, the following pages will, in some measure, supply the deficiency. By them he will be enabled to see how the same subjects have been treated by different hands, and how, as has been before observed, “a generality becomes special in the hands of a poet.”

The selection is not a mere dictionary of familiar quotations, but some of the best thoughts of the best authors alphabetically arranged. No doubt it could have been considerably extended, but not without swelling this work to a bulk which would have placed it, in price, beyond the means of those for whom it is intended. As it is, nearly five hundred “gems of thought” have been included, in which many quotations from the standard poets have been blended with the lighter graces of modern verse. In all cases, however, the selections are made from such authors only as have been acknowledged by public and critical approbation.

## *APRIL.*

Sweet April! many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee as hearts are wed;  
Nor shall they fail till, to its autumn brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed.—LONGFELLOW.

*APRIL (continued).*

I never see  
 Those dear delights which April still does bring,  
 But memory's tongue repeats it all to me.  
 I view her pictures with an anxious eye,  
 I hear her stories with a pleasing pain :  
 Youth's withered flowers, alas ! ye make me sigh,  
 To think in me ye'll never bloom again.

JOHN CLARE.

When well-apparel'd April on the heel  
 Of limping Winter treads.—SHAKSPEARE.

A day in April never came so sweet.  
 To show how costly summer was at hand,  
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

SHAKSPEARE.

Emblem of life, see changeful April sail,  
 In varying rest, along the shadowy skies ;  
 Now bidding summer's softest zephyrs rise ;  
 Anon, recalling winter's stormy gale,  
 And pouring from the cloud her sudden hail ;  
 Then, smiling through the tear that dims her eyes  
 While Iris with her braid the welkin dyes,  
 Promise of sunshine not so prone to fail.

KIRKE WHITE.

May never was the month of love,  
 For May is full of flowers ;  
 But rather April, wet by kind,  
 For love is full of showers.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

*AUTUMN.*

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now  
 Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,  
 And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,  
 Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,  
 And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.  
 Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,

AUTUMN (*continued*).

Lifts up her purple wing; and in the vales  
 The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,  
 Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life  
 Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,  
 And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,  
 Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down  
 By the wayside a-weary.—LONGFELLOW.

When yellow autumn weighs  
 The year, and adds to nights, and shortens days;  
 And suns declining shine with feeble rays.

DRYDEN'S "VIRGIL."

The evening of the year.—DRYDEN'S "VIRGIL."

The summer flower has run to seed,  
 And yellow is the woodland bough;  
 And every leaf of bush and weed  
 Is tipt with autumn's pencil now.  
 And I do love the varied hue,  
 And I do love the browning plain;  
 And I do love each scene to view,  
 That's marked with beauties of her reign.

JOHN CLARE.

Hail, temperate Autumn! mild, sedate,  
 With russet clad in simple state,  
 Thou claim'st the votive lay;  
 The dew the thirsty earth revives,  
 Each drooping plant new strength derives,  
 Nor dreads the scorching ray.

ELIZABETH BENTLEY.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,  
 In cheerful error, let us tread the maze  
 Of autumn, unconfined; and taste, revived,  
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.  
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,  
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower

*AUTUMN (continued).*

Incessant melts away. The juicy pear  
Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.  
A various sweetness swells the gentle race,  
By Nature's all-refining hand prepared ;  
Of tempered sun and water, earth and air,  
In ever-changing composition mixed.—THOMSON.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !  
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun ;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;  
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,  
And still more later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

KEATS.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,  
With banners by great gales incessant fanned,  
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,  
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain,  
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,  
Upon thy bridge of gold ; thy royal hand  
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,  
Blessing the farms throughout thy vast domain.  
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended  
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves ;  
Thy steps are by the farmers' prayers attended ;  
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves ;  
And following thee, in thy oration splendid,  
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves.

LONGFELLOW.

The autumn skies are flushed with gold,  
And fair and bright the rivers run ;  
These are but streams of winter cold,  
And painted mists that quench the sun.



AUTUMN (*continued*).

In secret boughs no sweet birds sing,  
 In secret boughs no bird can shroud;  
 These are but leaves that take to wing,  
 And wintry winds that pipe so loud.  
 'Tis not trees' shade, but cloudy glooms  
 That on the cheerless valleys fall,  
 The flowers are in their grassy tombs,  
 And tears of dew are on them all.—T. HOOD.

## BEAUTY.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:  
 Its loveliness increases; it will never  
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep  
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
 Full of sweet dreams and quiet breathing.

KEATS.

A native Grace  
 Sat fair-proportioned on her polished limbs,  
 Veiled in a simple robe, their best attire,  
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness  
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
 But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

THOMSON.

O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright;  
 It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
 Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear;  
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.  
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

SHAKSPEARE.

Beauty is but a vain, a fleeting good,  
 A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly,  
 A flower that dies when almost in the bud,  
 A brittle glass that breaketh suddenly.  
 A fleeting good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
 Lost, faded, broken, dead, within an hour.

SHAKSPEARE.

*BELL.—BELLS.*

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds ;  
 And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased  
 With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave,  
 Some chord in unison with what we hear  
 Is touched within us, and the heart replies.  
 How soft the music of these village bells,  
 Falling at intervals upon the ear  
 In cadence sweet, now dying all away,  
 Now pealing loud again and louder still,  
 Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on !

COWPER.

Bell ! thou soundest merrily  
 When the bridal party  
     To the church doth hie !  
 Bell, thou soundest solemnly  
 When, on Sabbath morning,  
     Fields deserted lie !—LONGFELLOW.

Those evening bells ! those evening bells !  
 How many a tale their music tells  
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time  
 When last I heard their soothing chime.

THOMAS MOORE.

The convent bells are ringing,  
 But mournfully and slow ;  
 In the grey square turret swinging,  
 With a deep sound, to and fro :  
 Heavily to the heart they go.—BYRON.

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

SHAKESPEARE.

*BIRDS.*

Tribes of the air ! whose favoured race  
 May wander through the realms of space,  
 Free guests of earth and sky ;  
 In form, in plumage, and in song,  
 What gifts of nature mark your throng  
 With bright variety !—MRS. HEMANS.

*BIRDS (continued).*

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
 Flitting about in each leafy tree;  
 In the leafy trees so broad and tall,  
 Like a green and beautiful palace hall,  
 With its airy chambers, light and boon,  
 That open to sun, and stars, and moon—  
 That open unto the bright blue sky,  
 And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

MARY HOWITT.

Birds! birds! ye are beautiful things,  
 With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleav-  
     ing wings!  
 Where shall man wander, and where shall he dwell,  
 Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?  
 Ye have nests on the mountain all rugged and stark,  
 Ye have nests in the forest all tangled and dark;  
 Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottager's eaves,  
 And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonnie green leaves.

ELIZA COOK.

*BROOK.*

Look at this brook, so blithe, so free!  
 Thus hath it been, fair boy, for ever—  
 A shining, dancing, babbling river;  
 And thus 'twill ever be.  
 'Twill run from mountain to the main,  
 With just the same sweet babbling voice  
 That now sings out, "Rejoice, rejoice!"

BARRY CORNWALL.

Laugh of the mountain! lyre of bird and tree!  
 Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!  
 The soul of April, unto whom are born  
 The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!  
 Although, where'er thy devious current strays,  
 The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,  
 To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems  
 Than golden sands that charm each shepherd's gaze.

LONGFELLOW.

*BROOK (continued).*

See gentle brooks, how quietly they glide,  
 Kissing the rugged banks on either side ;  
 While in their crystal streams at once they show,  
 And with them feed the flowers which they bestow.  
 Tho' rudely thronged by a too near embrace,  
 In gentle murmurs they keep on their race  
 To the loved sea ; for streams have their desires,  
 Cool as they are they feel love's powerful fires,  
 And with such passion, that, if any force  
 Stop or molest them in their am'rous course,  
 They swell, break down with rage, and ravage o'er  
 The banks they kissed and flowers they fed before.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
 I slide by hazel covers ;  
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots,  
 That grow for happy lovers ;  
 I murmur under moon and stars  
 In brambly wildernesses,  
 I linger by my shingly bars,  
 I loiter round my cresses ;  
 And out again I curve and flow  
 To join the brimming river ;  
 For men may come and men may go  
 But I go on for ever !—TENNYSON.

*BUTTERFLY.*

He the gay garden round about doth fly,  
 From bed to bed, from one to other border,  
 And takes survey, with curious busy eye,  
 Of every flower and herb there set in order :  
 Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,  
 Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,  
 Nor with his feet their silken leaves deface,  
 But feeds upon the pleasures of each place ;  
 And ever more, with most variety  
 And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),  
 He seeks his dainty sense to gratify ;  
 Now sucking of the juice of herbs most meet,

*BUTTERFLY (continued).*

Or of the dew which yet on them doth lie,  
 Now in the same bathing his tender feet;  
 And then he percheth on some bank thereby  
 To sun himself and his moist wings to dry.

SPENSER.

Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,  
 Mingling with her thou lovest in fields of light,  
 And where the flowers of Paradise unfold,  
 Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold:  
 There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,  
 Expand and shut with silent ecstasy.—ROGERS.

Stay near me, do not take thy flight!  
 A little longer stay in sight!  
 Much converse do I find in thee,  
 Historian of my infancy!  
 Float near me; do not yet depart!  
 Dead times revive in thee:  
 Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art!  
 A solemn image to my heart,  
 My father's family!—WORDSWORTH.

*CHARITY.*

Fairest and foremost of the train that wait  
 On man's most dignified and happiest state,  
 Whether we name thee Charity or Love,  
 Chief grace below, and all in all above,  
 Prosper (I press thee with a powerful plea)  
 A task I venture on, impelled by thee:  
 O never seen but in thy blest effects,  
 Or felt but in the soul that heaven selects.

COWPER.

*CHILDREN.—CHILDHOOD.*

Go, mark the matchless workings of the power  
 That shuts within the seed the future flower;  
 Bids these in elegance of form excel,  
 In colour these, and these delight the smell;

*CHILDREN (continued).*

Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies,  
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes.

COWPER.

'Tis now the poetry of life to thee;  
With fancies fresh and innocent as flowers,  
And manners sportive as the free-winged air;  
Thou seest a friend in every smile; thy days,  
Like singing birds, in gladness dance along,  
And not a tear that trembles on thy lids  
But shines away, and sparkles into joy.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,  
And new-cropped daisies, are thy treasure;  
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf,  
To taste again thy youthful pleasure!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Those joys which Childhood calls its own,  
Would they were kin to men!  
Those treasures to the world unknown,  
When known, are withered then.—JOHN CLARE.

Flowers are colouring the wild wood,  
Art thou weary of thy childhood?  
Break not its enchanted reign,—  
Such life never knows again.

L. E. L. (MRS. MACLEAN.)

A simple child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

WORDSWORTH.

CHILDREN (*continued*).

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse  
 Upon the days gone by; to act in thought  
 Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;  
 To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,  
 Down which the child would roll; to pluck gay  
     flowers,

Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand  
 (Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled)  
 Would throw away, and straight take up again,  
 Then fling it to the winds, and o'er the lawn  
 Bound with so playful and so light a foot,  
 That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.

CHARLES LAMB.

## CLOUD.—CLOUDS.

O painted clouds! sweet beauties of the sky,  
     How have I viewed your motion and your rest,  
 When like fleet hunters ye have left mine eye,  
     In your thin gauze of woolly-fleecing drest;  
 Or in your threatened thunder's grave black vest,  
     Like black deep waters slowly moving by,  
 Awfully striking the spectator's breast  
     With your Creator's dread sublimity.

JOHN CLARE.

Beautiful clouds! I have watched ye long,  
 Fickle and bright as a fairy throng;  
 Now ye have gathered golden beams  
 Now ye are parting in silver streams,  
 Now ye are tinged with a roseate blush,  
 Deepening fast to a crimson flush;  
 Now, like ærial sprites at play,  
 Ye are lightly dancing another way;  
 Melting in many a pearly flake,  
 Like the cygnets down on the azure lake.

ELIZA COOK.

The lowering clouds, that dip themselves in rain,  
 To shake their fleeces on the earth again.—DRYDEN.

*CLOUDS (continued).*

When on their march embattled clouds appear,  
 What formidable gloom their faces wear;  
 How wide their front—how deep and black their rear!  
 How do their threatening heads each other throng—  
 How slow the crowding legions move along!  
 The winds with all their wings can scarcely bear  
 Th' oppressive burden of th' impending war.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

Beautiful cloud! with folds so soft and fair,  
 Swimming in the pure quiet air!  
 Thy fleeces bathed in sunlight, while below  
 Thy shadow o'er the vale moves slow;  
 Where, midst their labour, pause the reaper train  
 As cool it comes along the grain.  
 Beautiful cloud! I would I were with thee  
 In thy calm way o'er land and sea:  
 To rest on thy unrolling skirts, and look  
 On earth as on an open book.—BRYANT.

*DAISY.—WILDFLOWERS.*

Small service is true service while it lasts,  
 Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;  
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
 Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

WORDSWORTH.

The daisy scattered on each mead and down,  
 A golden tuft within a silver crown—  
 Fair fall that dainty flower; and may there be  
 No shepherd graced that doth not honour thee!

WILLIAM BROWNE.

I see thee glittering from afar—  
 And then thou art a pretty star;  
 Not quite so fair as many are  
 In heaven above thee!



DAISY (*continued*).

Yet like a star, with glittering crest,  
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;  
 May peace come never to his nest  
   Who shall reprove thee.

WORDSWORTH.

Daisies, ye flowers of lovely birth,  
 Embroiderers of the carpet earth,  
                                     That stud the velvet sod;  
 Open to spring's refreshing air,  
 In sweetest smiling bloom declare  
                                     Your Maker, and my God.  
   JOHN CLARE.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,  
 Thou'st met me in an evil hour,  
 For I maun crush among the stoure  
                                     Thy slender stem;  
 To spare thee now is past my power,  
                                     Thou bonny gem.—BURNS.

Be violets in their scented mews  
 The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose;  
 Proud be the rose, with rains and dews  
                                     Her head impearling;  
 Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,  
 Yet hast not gone without thy fame;  
 Thou art, indeed, by many a claim  
                                     The poet's darling.  
   WORDSWORTH.

## DANCING.

Muse of the many twinkling feet! whose charms  
 Are now extended up from legs to arms;  
 Terpsichore! too long misdeemed a maid,  
 Reproachful term bestowed but to upbraid,  
 Henceforth in all the bronze of brightness shine,  
 The least a vestal of the virgin nine.—BYRON.

*DANCING (continued.)*

But when the music's full infection stole  
 Throughout her frame, and kindled up her veins,  
 She shook her curls, and through her eyes her soul  
 Sent such a shower of rapture, all the swains  
 Stood gaping as the parched flower when it rains;  
 She sailed along, and, like a sorceress, flung  
 Her own sweet spirit o'er the crouder's strains;  
 Her feet had language, such as hath been sung,  
 That spoke to every heart as plain as with a tongue.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Dance, dance, as long as ye can;  
 We must travel through life, but why make a dead  
 march of it?  
 The fine linen of state may sit well upon man,  
 But 'tis pleasant, methinks, just to rub out the starch  
 of it.

ELIZA COOK.

Diana's queen-like step is thine,  
 And when in dance thy feet combine  
 They fall with truth so sweet,  
 The music seems to come from thee,  
 And all the notes appear to be  
 The echoes of thy feet.

EDWARD QUILLINAN.

*DEATH.*

Death is here, and death is there,  
 Death is busy everywhere,  
 All around, within, beneath,  
 Above is death, and we are death.—SHELLEY.

Many are the shapes  
 Of Death, and many are the ways that lead  
 To his grim cave; all dismal! yet to sense  
 More terrible at th' entrance than within.—MILTON.

*DEATH (continued).*

When honour's lost 'tis a relief to die;  
 Death's but a sure retreat from infamy.

DR. GARTH.

'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears;  
 The ill we feel is only in our fears.  
 To die is landing on some silent shore,  
 Where billows never break, nor tempests roar.

DR. GARTH.

The dead are only happy, and the dying:  
 The dead are still, and lasting slumbers hold 'em.  
 He who is near his death, but turns about,  
 Shuffles awhile to make his pillow easy,  
 Then slips into his shroud, and rests for ever.—LEE.

Death to a man in misery is sleep.—DRYDEN.

Death shuns the naked throat and proffered breast;  
 He flies when called to be a welcome guest.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

Cowards die many times before their death;  
 The valiant never taste of death but once.

SHAKSPEARE.

Now is done thy long day's work;  
 Fold thy palms across thy breast,  
 Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.

Let them rave.

Shadows of the silver birk  
 Sweep the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.—TENNYSON.

Come not, when I am dead,  
 To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,  
 To trample round my fallen head,

*DEATH (continued).*

And vex the unhappy dust thou would'st not save,  
 There let the wind sweep, and the plover cry;  
                                 But thou, go by.—TENNYSON.

Friend to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,  
 I woo thee, Death! Life and its joys  
 I leave to those that prize them.  
 Hear me, O gracious God!—at thy good time  
 Let Death approach; I reckon not, let him but come  
 In genuine form, not with thy vengeance armed,  
 Too much for man to bear.—BISHOP PORTEUS.

There is a reaper, whose name is Death,  
 And, with his sickle keen,  
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
 And the flowers that grow between.

LONGFELLOW.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
 And stars to set—but all,  
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

MRS. HEMANS.

Fate! fortune! chance! whose blindness,  
                                 Hostility, or kindness,  
 Play such strange freaks with human destinies,  
                                 Contrasting poor and wealthy,  
                                 The life-diseased and healthy,  
 The blessed, the cursed, the witless, and the wise,  
                                 Ye have a master—one  
                                 Who mars what ye have done,  
 Levelling all that move beneath the sun,—  
                                 Death!—HORACE SMITH.

### DEATH AND SLEEP.

How wonderful is Death,  
 Death and his brother Sleep!

*DEATH (continued).*

One, pale as yonder waning moon,  
 With lips of lurid blue;  
 The other rosy as the morn  
 When throned on ocean wave,  
 It blushes o'er the world:  
 Yet both so passing wonderful.—SHELLEY.

*DREAM.—DREAMS.*

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.—BYRON.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.—BYRON.

O spirit-land! thou land of dreams!  
 A world thou art of mysterious gleams,  
 Of startling voices, and sounds at strife,  
 A world of the dead in the lines of life.

MRS. HEMANS.

Was it the spell of morning dew  
 That o'er his lids its influence threw,  
 Clearing those earthly mists away,  
 That erst like veils before them lay?  
 Whether fair dream or actual sight,  
 It was a vision of delight;  
 For free to his charmed eyes were given  
 The spirits of the starry heaven.

L. E. L. (MRS. MACLEAN.)

Murmur soft music to her dreams,  
 That pure and unpolluted run,  
 Like to the new-born crystal streams  
 Under the bright enamoured sun.

CHARLES COTTON.

When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch  
 On the tired household of corporeal sense,  
 And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,  
 Was free her choicest favours to dispense;

*DREAMS (continued).*

I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,  
A landscape more august than happiest skill  
Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade.

WORDSWORTH.

Bright be thy dreams! may all thy weeping  
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping!  
May those by death or seas removed,  
The friends who in thy spring-time knew thee,  
All thou hast ever prized or loved,  
In dreams come smiling to thee!—T. MOORE.

*EVENING.—NIGHT.*

How pleasant, as the sun declines, to view  
The spacious landscape change in form and hue!  
Here vanish, as in mist, before a flood  
Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood;  
There objects, by the searching beam betrayed,  
Come forth, and here retire in purple shade;  
Even the white stems of birch, the cottage white,  
Softens their glare before the mellow light.

WORDSWORTH.

Now in the sleepy gloom that blackens round,  
Dies many a lulling hum of rural sound,  
From cottage door, farmyard, and dusty lane,  
Where home the cart-horse totters with the swain,  
Or padded holm, where village boys resort,  
Bawling enraptured o'er their evening sport,  
Till night awakens superstitious dread,  
And drives them prisoners to a restless bed.

JOHN CLARE.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,  
And faintly scattered the remains of day.—ADDISON.

EVENING (*continued*).

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey  
Had in her sober livery all things clad.—MILTON.

'Tis now the young decline of day;  
The light is lingering in the sky,  
Fading unconsciously away,  
Like brightness in a maiden's eye  
That fain would sleep,  
But watch must keep.

W. T. MONCRIEFF.

The day's grown old, the fainting sun  
Has but a little way to run;  
And yet his steeds, with all his skill,  
Scarce lug the chariot down the hill.

CHARLES COTTON.

It is the hour when from the boughs  
The nightingale's high note is heard;  
It is the hour when lovers' vows  
Seem sweet in every whispered word;  
And gentle winds, and waters near,  
Make music to the lonely ear.  
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,  
And in the sky the stars are met,  
And on the wave is deeper blue,  
And on the leaf a browner hue,  
And in the heaven that clear obscure,  
So softly dark, and darkly pure,  
Which follows the decline of day,  
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.—BYRON.

The sun is set; the swallows are asleep;  
The bats are flitting fast in the grey air;  
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep;  
And evening's breath, wandering here and there  
Over the quivering surface of the stream,  
Makes not one ripple from its summer dream.

SHELLEY.

*EYE.—EYES.*

Eyes not down-dropt, nor over-bright, but fed  
 With the clear-painted flame of chastity;  
 Clear without heat, undying, tended by  
 Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane  
 Of her still spirit.—TENNYSON.

Where now are those dark eyes? (sweet eyes!)  
 In tears? in thought? in sleep?  
 Those lights, like stars in stormy skies,  
 Which gently shine, when all else weep?  
 O dark unconquerable eyes!—BARRY CORNWALL.

As a wild maiden, with love-drinking eyes,  
 Sees in sweet dreams a beaming youth of glory.  
 ALEXANDER SMITH.

How beautiful to worship woman's eyes,  
 As stars of heaven formed, man's guiding light,  
 But to be gazed on as celestial bright;  
 To deem them as the jewels of the skies;  
 The blue, day's sapphires—black, the gems of night!  
 W. T. MONCRIEFF.

The orb I like is not the one  
 That dazzles with its lightning gleam;  
 That dares to look upon the sun,  
 As though it challenged brighter beam.  
 That orb may sparkle, flash, and roll;  
 Its fire may blaze, its shaft may fly;  
 But not for me. I prize the soul  
 That slumbers in a quiet eye.—ELIZA COOK.

Oh, do not wanton with those eyes,  
 Lest I be sick with seeing;  
 Nor cast them down, but let them rise,  
 Lest shame destroy their being.



*EYE (continued).*

Oh, be not angry with those fires,  
 For then their threats will kill me;  
 Nor look too kind on my desires,  
 For then my hopes will spill me.

Oh, do not steep them in thy tears,  
 For so will sorrow slay me;  
 Nor spread them as distract with fears;  
 Mine own enough betray me.—BEN JONSON.

Throne of expression! whence the spirit's ray  
 Pours forth so oft the light of mental day;  
 Where fancy's fire, affection's melting beam,  
 Thought, genius, passion, reign in turn supreme.

MRS. HEMANS.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,  
 But no one knows for whom it beameth;  
 Right and left its arrows fly,  
 But what they aim at no one dreameth.

T. MOORE.

*FAITH.*

Thou surely dost not think my faith a flower  
 To live and droop with fortune's sun and shade?

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

I have seen  
 A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;  
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
 Listened intensely; and his countenance soon  
 Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within  
 Were heard, sonorous cadences! whereby,  
 To his belief, the monitor expressed  
 Mysterious union with its native sea.  
 Even such a shell, the universe itself  
 Is to the ear of Faith!—WORDSWORTH.

## FAIRIES.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
 Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;  
 Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,  
 With sweet musk roses and with eglantine;  
 There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,  
 Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.

SHAKSPEARE.

Hither, ye elves! the sunbeam fainter glows,  
 And the loved twilight gathers with its gloom:  
 Fly from the grassy mount's untrodden brow,  
 Drop from the scented blossoms of the bough.

JOHN GRAHAM.

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you, sing  
 Like to the garter's compass, in a ring;  
 The expressure that it bears, green let it be,  
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;  
 And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write  
 In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;  
 Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,  
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:  
 Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

SHAKSPEARE.

Bright children of the bard! o'er this green dell  
 Pass once again, and light it with your spell.

MRS. HEMANS.

I speak of ancient times, for now the swain  
 Returning late may pass the woods in vain,  
 And never hope to see the nightly train.  
 In vain the dairy now with mints is dressed,  
 The dairymaid expects no fairy guest  
 To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.  
 She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain,  
 No silver penny to reward her pain:

*FAIRIES (continued).*

For priests, with prayers and other godly gear,  
Have made the merry goblins disappear.

DRYDEN.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I,  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry,  
On the bat's back I do fly,  
After sunset merrily:  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SHAKSPEARE.

Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire;  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green;  
  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,  
In their gold cups spots you see:  
These be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours.  
I must go seek some dewdrops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone;  
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

SHAKSPEARE.

While the blue is richest in the starry sky,  
While the softest shadows on the greensward lie,  
While the moonlight slumbers in the lily's urn,  
Bright elves of the wild wood! oh, return, return!

MRS. HEMANS.

*FAIRIES (continued).*

Nor think, tho' men were none,  
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise;  
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

MILTON.

If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought,  
Of all the nurse and all the priest hath taught  
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,  
The silver token, and the circled green,  
Or virgins visited by angel-powers,  
With golden crowns, and wreaths of heavenly flowers,—  
Hear, and believe!—POPE.

Oh! these be fancy's revellers by night,  
Stealthy companions of the downy moth;  
Diana's motes, that flit in her pale light,  
Shunners of sunbeams in diurnal sloth;  
The gnat, with shrilly trump, is their convener,  
Forth from their flow'r'y chambers, nothing loth,  
With lulling tunes to charm the air serener,  
Or dance upon the grass to make it greener.

THOMAS HOOD.

Like fairy elves  
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon  
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth  
Wheels her pale cause; they, on their mirth and dance  
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear.—MILTON.

They dance their ringlets to the whistling wind;  
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,  
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glowworm's eyes;  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,  
To fan the moonbeams from their sleeping eyes.

SHAKSPEARE.

*FAIRIES (continued).*

They were such forms as, imaged in the night,  
 Sail in our dreams across the heavens' steep blue;  
 When the closed lid sees visions streaming bright,  
 Too beautiful to meet the naked view;  
 Like faces formed in clouds of silver light.

THOMAS MILLER.

We the fairies, blithe and antic,  
 Of dimensions not gigantic,  
 Through the moonshine mostly keep us,  
 Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

LEIGH HUNT (*from the Latin*).

What feats the fairy creatures played !  
 Now seeming of the height afraid,  
 Now folding the moss in fast embraces,  
 They peeped o'er the bridge with their lovely faces.  
 Now hanging, like the fearless flowers,  
 By their tiny arms in the cataract showers,  
 Swung back and forward with delight,  
 Like pearls in the spray-shower burning bright !

PROFESSOR WILSON

The beings of the mind are not of clay :  
 Essentially immortal, they create  
 And multiply in us a brighter ray,  
 And more beloved existence; that which fate  
 Prohibits to dull life in this our state  
 Of mortal bondage.—BYRON.

*FAME.*

Of all the phantoms fleeting in the mist  
 Of time, though meagre all, and ghostly thin,  
 Most unsubstantial, unessential shade,  
 Was earthly fame. She was a voice alone,  
 And dwelt upon the noisy tongues of men.  
 She never thought, but gabbled ever on,  
 Applauding most what least deserved applause.

POLLOK.

*FAME (continued).*

Fame! the loose breathings of a clamorous crowd,  
 Ever in lies most confident and loud.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

While fame is young, too weak to fly away,  
 Envy pursues her like some bird of prey;  
 But once on wing, then all the dangers cease,  
 Envy herself is glad to be at peace.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
 The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;  
 Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime  
 Has felt the influence of malignant star,  
 And waged with fortune an unequal war;  
 Checked by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,  
 And poverty's unconquerable bar,  
 In life's low vale remote has pined alone,  
 Then dropped into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

BEATTIE.

Fame's an echo, prattling double,  
 An empty, airy, glittering bubble;  
 A breath can swell, a breath can sink it,  
 The wise not worth their keeping think it.  
 Why, then, why such toil and pain,  
 Fame's uncertain smiles to gain?  
 Like her sister Fortune blind,  
 To the best she's oft unkind,  
 And the worst her favour find.—MILTON.

Thou hast a charmèd cup, O Fame!  
 A draught that mantles high,  
 And seems to lift this earthly frame  
 Above mortality.  
 Away! to me—a woman—bring  
 Sweet waters from affection's spring.

MRS. HEMANS.

## FISHING.

There bent in hopeful musings on the brink,  
 They watch their floating corks that seldom sink,  
 Save when a wary roach or silver bream  
 Nibbles the worm in passing up the stream,  
 Just urging expectation's hopes to stay  
 To view the dodging cork, then slink away ;  
 Still hopes keep burning with untired delight,  
 Still wobbling curves keep wavering like a bite :  
 If but the breezy wind their floats should spring,  
 And move the water with a troubled ring,  
 A captive fish still fills the anxious eyes,  
 And willow-wicks lie ready for the prize ;  
 Till evening gales awaken damp and chill,  
 And nip the hopes that morning suns instil.

JOHN CLARE.

While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,  
 Shall live thy name, meek Walton, sage benign !  
 Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line  
 Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort  
 To reverend watching of each still report  
 That Nature utters from her rural shrine.

WORDSWORTH.

## FLOWERS.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
 How akin they are to human things.

LONGFELLOW.

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers ! are living preachers,  
 Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,  
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
 From loneliest nook.—HORACE SMITH.

Not a flower  
 But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,  
 Of His unrivalled pencil. He inspires  
 Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,

*FLOWERS (continued).*

And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,  
 In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,  
 The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.

COWPER.

There is a lesson in each flower,  
 A story in each stream and bower;  
 In every herb on which we tread  
 Are written words which, rightly read,  
 Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod  
 To hope, and holiness, and God.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

God made the flowers to beautify  
 The earth, and cheer man's careful mood;  
 And he is happiest who hath the power  
 To gather wisdom from a flower,  
 And wake his heart in every hour  
 To pleasant gratitude.—WORDSWORTH.

Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,  
 Bathed in soft airs and fed with dew,  
 What more than magic in you lies  
 To fill the heart's fond view!  
 Relics are ye of Eden's bowers,  
 As soft, as fragrant, and as fair  
 As those that crowned the sunshine hours  
 Of happy wanderers there.—KEEBLE.

Flowers are the brightest things which earth,  
 On her broad bosom, loves to cherish;  
 Gay they appear as children's mirth,  
 Like fading dreams of hope they perish.

PATTERSON.

Flowers are the bright remembrances of youth:  
 They waft us back, with their bland odorous breath,  
 The joyous hours that only young life knows,  
 Ere we have learnt that this fair earth hides graves.

COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.



*FLOWERS (continued).*

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,  
 To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured:  
 Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale,  
 Their breath floats out on the southern gale,  
 And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,  
 To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

MRS. HEMANS.

Still, gentle lady, cherish flowers;  
 True fairy friends are they,  
 On whom of all the cloudless hours  
 Not one is thrown away.  
 By these, unlike man's ruder race,  
 No care conferred is spurned,  
 But all thy fond and fostering grace  
 A thousandfold returned.—B. SIMMONS.

We are the sweet flowers  
 Born of sunny showers,  
 Think when'er you see us what our beauty saith;  
 Utterance mute and bright  
 Of some unknown delight,  
 We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath.  
 All who see us love us;  
 We befit all places;  
 Unto sorrow we give smiles, and unto graces, graces.  
 LEIGH HUNT.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,  
 God hath written in the stars above;  
 But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
 Stands the revelation of His love.—LONGFELLOW.

*FRIENDS.—FRIENDSHIP.*

Friend after friend departs:  
 Who hath not lost a friend?  
 There is no union here of hearts  
 That finds not here an end.

*FRIENDS (continued).*

Were this frail world our final rest,  
Living or dying none were blest.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Friendship! peculiar boon of heaven,  
The noble mind's delight and pride,  
To men and angels only given,  
To all the lower world denied.—JOHNSON.

Oh, friendship! if my soul forego  
Thy dear delight while here below;  
To mortify and grieve me,  
May I myself at last appear  
Unworthy, base, or insincere,  
Or may *my* friend deceive me.

COWPER.

When will ye think of me, sweet friends?  
When will ye think of me?  
When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye  
At the sound of some olden melody;  
When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,  
When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream,  
Then let it be!—MRS. HEMANS.

There have been fewer friends on earth than kings.

COWLEY.

Friendship, of itself a holy tie,  
Is made more sacred by adversity.—DRYDEN.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

SHAKESPEARE.

Who knows the joys of friendship?  
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness?  
The double joys, when each is glad for both?  
Friendship! our only wealth, our last retreat and  
strength,  
Secure again still fortune and the world.—ROWE.

## GOLD.

All that glisters is not gold,  
 Often have you heard that told;  
 Many a man his life hath sold  
 But my outside to behold;  
 Gilded tombs do worms infold.—SHAKSPEARE.

Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
 Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;  
 Heavy to get and light to hold;  
 Hoarded, bartered, squandered, doled:  
 Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,  
 To the very verge of the churchyard mould.

Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
 Good or bad a thousandfold;  
     How widely its agencies vary!  
 To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—  
 As even its minted coins express,  
 Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,  
     And now of a bloody Mary.—THOMAS HOOD.

O gold! why call we misers miserable?  
 Theirs is the pleasure that can never pall;  
 Theirs is the best bower anchor, the chain cable  
     Which holds fast other treasures great and small.

BYRON.

Mine is the rare magician's hand;  
 Mine is the mighty fairy wand;  
 Monarchs may boast, but none can hold  
 Such powerful sway as the spirit of gold.  
 The wigwam tent, the regal dome,  
 The senator's bench, the peasant home;  
 The menial serf, the pirate bold,—  
 All, all are ruled by the spirit of gold.

ELIZA COOK.

*GIRDLE.*

That which her slender waist confined  
 Shall now my joyful temples bind.  
 No monarch but would give his crown,  
 His arms may do what this has done.  
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
 Did all within this circle move.  
 A narrow compass! and yet there  
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.  
 Give me but what this ribband bound,  
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.—WALLER.

And I would be the girdle  
 About her dainty waist,  
 And her heart would beat against me  
 In sorrow and in rest;  
 And I should know if it beat right,  
 I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

TENNYSON.

*GOOD NIGHT.*

To all, to each, a fair good night,  
 And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!

SCOTT.

Good night! good night, belovèd!  
 I come to watch o'er thee.  
 To be near thee—to be near thee,  
 Alone is peace to me.  
 Thine eyes are stars of morning,  
 Thy lips are crimson flowers!  
 Good night! good night, belovèd!  
 While I count the weary hours.

LONGFELLOW.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
 Athwart the foaming brine,  
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
 So not again to mine.

GOOD NIGHT (*continued*).

Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!  
 And when you fail my sight,  
 Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!  
 My native land—good night!—BYRON.

Go to rest!  
 Sleep sit dove-like on thy breast!  
 If within that secret cell  
 One dark form of memory dwell,  
 Be it mantled from thy sight—  
 Good night!—MRS. HEMANS.

Good night, my love! may gentle rest  
 Charm up your senses till the light,  
 Whilst I, with care and woe oppressed,  
 Go to inhabit endless night.

CHARLES COTTON.

## HOME.

Man, through all ages of revolving time,  
 Unchanging man, in every varying clime,  
 Deems his own land of every land the pride,  
 Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;  
 His home the spot of earth supremely blest,  
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

There's a magical tie to the land of our home,  
 Which the heart cannot break, though the footsteps  
     may roam;  
 Be that land where it may, at the line or the pole,  
 It still holds the magnet that draws back the soul.

ELIZA COOK.

is none  
 Why then  
 To the beloved! come home! The hour  
 Of many a greeting tone,  
 The time of hearth-light and of song  
 Returns and ye are gone!

*HOME (continued).*

And darkly, heavily it falls  
 On the forsaken room,  
 Burdening the heart with tenderness,  
 That deepens 'midst the gloom.

MRS. HEMANS.

'Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,  
 Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!  
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with  
 elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet home!

J. HOWARD PAYNE.

*HOPE.—HOPES.*

Sun of another world, whose rays  
 At distance gladden ours;  
 Soul of a happier sphere, whose praise  
 Surpasses mortal powers;  
 Mysterious feeling, taught to roll  
 Resistless o'er each breast,  
 Beyond embrace, above control,  
 The strangest, sweetest of the soul,  
 Possessing, not possest.—HENRY NEELE.

The wretch condemned with life to part,  
 Still, still on hope relies;  
 And every pang that rends his heart  
 Bids expectation rise.  
 Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,  
 Adorns and cheers the way;  
 And still, as darker grows the night  
 Emits a brighter ray.—G

There is a star that cheers our way  
 Along this weary world of woe,  
 That tips with light the waves of life,  
 However bitterly they flow.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM (*continued*).

The mere materials which wisdom builds,  
 Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted into place,  
 Does but encumber what it seems to enrich.  
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,—  
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.—COWPER.

A climbing height it is, without a head,  
 Deep without bottom, way without an end;  
 A circle with no line environed,  
 Not comprehended, all it comprehends;  
 Worth infinite, yet satisfies no mind  
 Till it that infinite of the Godhead find.

SIR FULKE GREVILLE.

## LOVE.

Love in your sunny eyes does basking play;  
 Love walks the pleasant mazes of your hair;  
 Love does on both your lips for ever stray,  
 And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.

COWLEY.

There's music in the name,  
 That, softening me to infant tenderness,  
 Makes my heart spring like the first leaps of life.

OTWAY.

My love's so true,  
 That I can neither hide it where it is,  
 Nor reveal it where 'tis not.—DRYDEN.  
 is none  
 Why then  
 To speak, crouch no more on suppliant knee,  
 That but scorn with scorn outbrave;  
 Briton, even in love, should be  
 A subject, not a slave!—WORDSWORTH.

*LOVE (continued).*

Thou art the victor, Love!  
 Thou art the peerless, the crowned, the free;  
 The strength of the battle is given to thee,  
 The spirit from above.

Thou has looked on death and smiled!  
 Thou hast buoyed up the fragile and reed-like form  
 Through the tide of the fight, through the rush of the  
 storm,  
 On field, and flood, and wild.—MRS. HEMANS.

In love, what contradiction lies;  
 Love's all made up of joy and sorrow;  
 His April face, of smiles and sighs,  
 Will laugh to-day and weep to-morrow.

W. T. MONCRIEFF.

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,  
 Is—Love forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust;  
 Love in a palace is, perhaps, at last  
 More grievous torment than a hermit's fast.—KEATS.

Yes, love indeed is light from heaven;  
 A spark of that immortal fire  
 With angels shared, by Allah given,  
 To lift from earth our low desire.  
 Devotion wafts the mind above,  
 But heaven itself descends in love:  
 A feeling from the Godhead caught,  
 To wean from self each sordid thought:  
 A ray of Him who formed the whole;  
 A glory circling round the soul.—BYRON.

Man's love is of man's life a thing  
 'Tis woman's whole existence.—BYR

O sovereign power of love! O grief! O  
 All records saving thine come cool, and  
 And shadowy through the mist of *passé*  
 For others, good or bad, hatred and tears



*LOVE (continued).*

Have become indolent; but touching thine,  
One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine,  
One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days.

KEATS.

In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed ;  
In war he mounts the warrior's steed ;  
In halls in gay attire is seen ;  
In hamlets dances on the green.  
And men below, and saints above,—  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

SCOTT.

By love, only love, should our souls be cemented,  
No interest, no motive, but that I would own;  
With her in a cottage be blest and contented,  
And wretched without her, though placed on a  
throne. BICKERSTAFF.

BICKERSTAFF.

Love is a smoke, made with the fume of sighs ;  
Being puffed, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;  
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears :  
What is it else ? a madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

SHAKSPEARE.

The cause of love can never be assigned;  
'Tis in no face, but in the lover's mind.—DRYDEN.

Yes, love! deceive thyself no longer! False  
To say 'tis pity for his fall,—respect  
Engendered by a hollow world's disdain,  
Which hoots whom fickle fortune cheers no more:  
'Tis none of these! 'Tis love—and if not love,  
Why then idolatry! Ay, that's the name  
To speak the broadest, deepest, strongest passion  
That ever woman's heart was borne away by.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

*LOVE (continued).*

If on your charms you think to lay  
 The value that's their due,  
 Kings are themselves too poor to pay,  
 Their subjects all too few.  
 But if a passion without vice,  
 Without disguise or art,—  
 O Mary, if true love's your price,  
 Behold it in my heart!—LORD LANSDOWNE.

Love is a sea  
 Filling all the abysses dim  
 Of lornest space, in whose deeps regally  
 Swans and their bright broods swim.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

*MAN.*

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
 Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;  
 Another race the following spring supplies;  
 They fall successive, and successive rise;  
 So generations in their course decay;  
 So flourish these when those are passed away.

POPE.

Men are but children of a larger growth;  
 Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,  
 And full as craving, too, and full as vain:  
 And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,  
 Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;  
 But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,  
 Works all her folly up, and casts it outward  
 To the world's open view.—DRYDEN.

Man is the sun of home,  
 He shines—and all is bright!  
 And lovely woman is the moon  
 Made brilliant by his light.

*MAN (continued).*

But if, from hut or hall,  
 The sun withdraws his ray,  
 The pale moon wanes, and soon  
 Her brilliance dies away.

CHARLES COLE.

*MARRIAGE.*

To the nuptial bower  
 I led her, blushing as the morn; all heaven  
 And happy constellations on that hour  
 Shed their selectest influence. The earth  
 Gave signs of gratulation, and each hill:  
 Joyous the birds. Fresh gales and gentle airs  
 Whispered it to the woods; and from their wings  
 Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub;  
 Disporting till the amorous bird of night  
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star  
 On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp.—MILTON.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;  
 O blessèd bond of board and bed!  
 'Tis Hymen peoples every town!  
 High wedlock then be honourèd:  
 Honour, high honour and renown,  
 To Hymen, god of every town.—SHAKSPEARE.

Be gay and good-natured, complying and kind,  
 Turn the chief of your care from your face to your  
 mind;  
 'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests improve,  
 And marriage shall rivet the fetters of love.

DAVID GARRICK.

*MAY.*

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,  
 If not the first, the fairest of the year;  
 For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,  
 And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers;

*MAY (continued).*

When thy short reign is past, the feverish sun  
 The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.  
DRYDEN.

I feel a newer life in every gale;  
 The winds that fan the flowers,  
 And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,  
 Tell of serener hours—  
 Of hours that glide unfelt away  
 Beneath the sky of May.—PERCIVAL.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.  
 Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire  
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;  
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.—MILTON.

Oh! the merry May has pleasant hours,  
 And dreamily they glide,  
 As if they floated like the leaves  
 Upon a silver tide;  
 The trees are full of crimson buds,  
 And the woods are full of birds,  
 And the waters flow to music  
 Like a tune with pleasant words.—WILLIS.

Though many suns have risen and set  
 Since thou, blithe May, wert born,  
 And bards, who hailed thee, may forget  
 Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn;  
 There are who to a birthday strain  
 Confine not harp and voice,  
 But evermore throughout thy reign  
 Are grateful and rejoice.—WORDSWORTH.

## MELANCHOLY.

Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
Now coming towards me, grieves my inmost soul.

SHAKSPEARE.

A sudden damp has seized my spirits,  
And, like a heavy weight,  
Hangs on their active springs.—DRYDEN.

Sure some ill fate's upon me:  
Distrust and heaviness sit round my heart,  
And apprehension shocks my tim'rous soul.

OTWAY.

Go! you may call it madness, folly;  
You shall not chase my gloom away;  
There's such a charm in melancholy,  
I would not, if I could, be gay.—ROGERS.

There is a kind of soothing sorrow  
Which vulgar minds can never know;  
There is a feeling that can borrow  
Its wildest, sweetest thrill from woe.

EDWARD QUILLINAN.

## MEMORY.

Things which offend when present, and affright,  
In memory, well painted, move delight.—COWLEY.

Remember thee!  
Yes, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
That youth and observation copied there;  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmixed with baser matter.—SHAKSPEARE.

*MEMORY (continued).*

Something like  
That voice methinks I should have somewhere heard,  
But floods and woes have hurried it far off,  
Beyond my ken of soul.—DRYDEN.

Thou who stealest fire  
From the fountains of the past  
To glorify the present, oh, haste,  
Visit my low desire!  
Strengthen me, enlighten me!  
I faint in this obscurity,  
Thou dewy dawn of memory!—TENNYSON.

A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,  
To shrine my name in hearts where I would live  
For evermore!  
Bid the wind speak of me where I have dwelt,  
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,  
A thought restore! MRS. HEMANS.

'Tis strange how much is marked on memory,  
In which we may have interest but no part;  
How circumstance will bring together links  
In destinies the most dissimilar.  
L. E. L. (MRS. MACLEAN.)

Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,  
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,  
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,  
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.  
ROGERS.

A pen—to register; a key—  
That winds through secret wards;  
Are well assigned to Memory  
By allegoric bards.

*MEMORY (continued).*

As aptly, also, might be given  
 A pencil in her hand;  
 That, softening objects, sometimes even  
 Outstrips the heart's demand.

WORDSWORTH.

*MERCY.*

The quality of mercy is not strained;  
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed,—  
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
 The throned monarch better than his crown:  
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
 The attribute to awe and majesty,  
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
 But mercy is above the sceptred sway:  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;  
 It is an attribute to God himself,  
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
 When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKESPEARE.

Heav'n has but  
 Our sorrow for our sins, and their delights,  
 To pardon erring man. Sweet mercy seems  
 Its darling attribute, which limits justice;  
 As if there were degrees in Infinite,  
 And Infinite would rather want perfection,  
 Than punish to extent.

DRYDEN.

Sweet mercy is the loveliest flower  
 That heav'n e'er planted in the mind,  
 The test of virtue, whose soft power  
 Can nearer Godhead raise mankind.

JOSEPH REED.

*MISER.*

Slaves, who ne'er knew mercy;  
 Sour, unrelenting, money-loving villains,

*MISER (continued).*

Who laugh at human nature and forgiveness,  
And are, like fiends, the factors for destruction.

ROWE.

Like a miser 'midst his store,  
Who grasps and grasps till he can hold no more;  
And when his strength is wanting to his mind,  
Looks back and sighs on what he left behind.

DRYDEN.

*MOON.*

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,  
O'er heaven's clear azure sheds her sacred light;  
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;  
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;  
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
And tip with silver every mountain's head;  
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,  
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:  
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,  
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

POPE.

The moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Unveiled with peerless light;  
She o'er the dark her silver mantle threw,  
And in her pale dominion checked the night.

MILTON.

The moon is up! How calm and still  
She wheels above the hill!  
The weary winds forget to blow,  
And all the world lies still.—PEABODY.

And like a dying lady, lean and pale,  
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,



MOON (*continued.*)

Out of her chamber, led by the insane  
 And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,  
 The moon arose upon the murky earth,  
 A white and shapeless mass.—SHELLEY.

The rising moon has hid the stars;  
 Her level rays, like golden bars,  
     Lie on the landscape green,  
     With shadows brown between.  
 And silver white the river gleams,  
 As if Diana, in her dreams,  
     Had dropt her silver bow  
     Upon the meadows low.—LONGFELLOW.

Sorrowful moon! seeming so drowned in woe,—  
 A queen, whom some grand battle-day has left  
 Unkingdomed and a widow, while the stars,  
 Thy handmaidens, are standing back in awe,  
 Gazing in silence on thy mighty grief.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

## MOUNTAIN.

Behold yon mountain! hoary son of time,  
 Elder than poesy! above the vale  
 He frowneth, vast and horrid. In his clefts  
 The humble flow'ret blooms, and stunted trees  
 Twist on his crags. Around his gloomy sides,  
 Against his rugged head, the dashed clouds break;  
 Far off day crowns him with a gloom like night.  
 What though th' ascent is steep and rude the way?  
 Let us ascend the summit, and look down—  
 Around—above! to Him whose home is thought.

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

In the calm darkness of the moonless night,  
 In the lone glare of day, the snows descend  
 Upon that mountain; none beholds them there,  
 Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,  
 Or the star-beams dart through them: winds contend

*MOUNTAIN (continued).*

Silently there, and heap the snow, with breath  
 Rapid and strong, but silently; its home  
 The voiceless lightning in those solitudes  
 Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods  
 Over the snow. SHELLEY.

Behold the mountains, lessening as they rise,  
 Lose the low vales and steal into the skies.—POPE.

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright  
 The effluence from yon distant mountain's head,  
 Which, strewn with snow smooth as the sky can shed,  
 Shines like another sun on mortal sight  
 Uprisen, as if to check approaching night  
 And all her twinkling stars. Who would not tread,  
 If so he might, yon mountain's glittering head,—  
 Terrestrial, but a surface, by the flight  
 Of sad mortality's earth-sullyng wing  
 Unswept, unstained? WORDSWORTH.

Above me are the Alps,  
 The palaces of nature, whose vast walls  
 Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,  
 And throned eternity in icy halls  
 Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls  
 The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!  
 All that expands the spirit, yet appals,  
 Gather around these summits, as to show  
 How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man  
 below! BYRON.

*MORNING.*

The early lark, the messenger of day,  
 Saluted in her song the morning grey;  
 And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,  
 That all th' horizon laughed to see the joyous sight;  
 He with his tepid rays the rose renews,  
 And licks the dropping leaves, and dries the dews.  
DRYDEN.

*MORNING (continued).*

And now the rosy messenger of day  
Strikes the blue mountains with his golden ray.  
POPE.

Now morn her rosy steps in th' orient clime  
Advancing, sowed the earth with eastern pearl.  
MILTON.

Night rolls the hours away ;  
The redd'ning orient shows the coming day ;  
The stars shine fainter on th' ethereal plains,  
And of night's empire but a third remains.—POPE.

The rosy-fingered morn appears,  
And from her mantle shakes the tears ;  
The sun, advancing, mortals cheers,  
And drives the rising mists away,  
In promise of a glorious day.—DRYDEN.

And now the smiling morn begins  
Her rosy progress. MILTON.

And now the rising morn, with rosy light,  
Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to flight.  
DRYDEN,

Behold the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.  
SHAKESPEARE.

See the day begins to break,  
And the light shoots like a streak  
Of subtle fire ; the wind blows cold  
While the morning doth unfold ;  
Now the birds begin to rouse,  
And the squirrel from the boughs

*MORNING (continued).*

Leaps to get him nuts and fruit :  
 The early lark, that erst was mute,  
 Carols to the rising day  
 Many a note and many a lay.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

When through the morning's fleecy veil  
 The early sun looks forth with softened rays,  
 Like a stilled infant smiling in his tears,  
 When, lightly curling on the dewy air,  
 The cottage smoke doth wind its path to heaven ;  
 When larks sing shrill, and village cocks do crow,  
 And lows the heifer loosened from her stall ;  
 When heaven's soft breath plays on the woodman's  
 brow,  
 And every harebell and wild tangled flower  
 Smells sweetly from its cage of chequered dew ;  
 When merry huntsmen wind the cheerful horn,  
 And from its covert starts the fearful prey,—  
 Who, warmed with youth's blood in his swelling veins,  
 Would, like a lifeless clod, outstretched lie,  
 Shut up from all the fair creation offers ?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The impatient morn,  
 With gladness on his wings, calls forth, " Arise !"  
 To trace the hills, the vales, where thousand dyes  
 The ground adorn,  
 While the dew sparkles yet within the violet's eyes.

PICKERING.

Lo ! on the eastern summit, clad in grey,  
 Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes ;  
 And from his tower of mist  
 Night's watchman hurries down.

KIRKE WHITE.

*MORNING (continued).*

Night wanes—the vapours round the mountains curled  
 Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.  
 Man has another day to swell the past,  
 And lead him near to little but his last ;  
 But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,—  
 The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth ;  
 Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,  
 Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.

BYRON.

The morning curtains now are drawn,  
 And now appears the blushing dawn ;  
 Aurora has her roses shed,  
 To strew the way Sol's steeds must tread.

CHARLES COTTON.

Morn, in the white wake of the morning star,  
 Came furrowing all the orient into gold.

TENNYSON.

Morning on her balmy wing,  
 From every flower that blows around,  
 To all a grateful tribute brings  
 Who early tread th' enamelled ground.

BICKNELL.

*MUSIC.*

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
 The universal frame began ;  
 From harmony to harmony,  
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
 The diapason closing full in man.—DRYDEN.

If music be the food of love, play on :  
 That strain again : it had a dying fall :  
 Oh ! it came o'er my ear like a sweet sound  
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
 Stealing and giving odours.—SHAKSPEARE.

*MUSIC (continued).*

Oh! give me music, for my soul doth faint;  
 I'm sick of noise and care; and now mine ear  
 Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint,  
 That may the spirit from its cell unsphere.

KIRKE WHITE.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,  
 And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased  
 With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;  
 Some chord in unison with what we hear  
 Is touched within us, and the heart replies.

COWPER.

Come forth, lost spirits of the world of sound!  
 Leave, leave awhile your aye sweet tasks above;  
 And rear your starry heads with music crowned,  
 And once more weave an earthly song of love!

BARRY CORNWALL.

Song lifts the languid oar,  
 And bids it aptly fall, with chime  
 That beautifies the fairest shore,  
 And mitigates the harshest clime.

WORDSWORTH.

Music, oh, how faint, how weak!  
 Language fades before thy spell:  
 Why should feeling ever speak,  
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

T. MOORE.

*NATURE.*

Unerring nature, still divinely bright,  
 One clear, unchanged, and universal light;  
 Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,—  
 At once the source, the end, and test of art.

POPE.

*NATURE (continued).*

The God of nature and of grace  
 In all His works appears;  
 His goodness through the earth we trace,  
 His grandeur in the spheres.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Lo, the lilies of the field,  
 How their leaves instruction yield!  
 Hark to Nature's lesson given  
 By the blessèd birds of heaven.—HEBER.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society where none intrudes  
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar;  
 I love not man the less, but nature more,  
 From these our interviews, in which I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

BYRON.

*NIGHTINGALE.*

Whence is it, that amazed I hear  
 From yonder withered spray,  
 This foremost month of all the year  
 The melody of May?—COWPER.

Thy voice is sweet—is sad—is clear;  
 And yet, methinks, 't should flow unseen,  
 Like hidden rivers that we hear  
 Singing amongst the forests green.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Oh, nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray  
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still!  
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart doth fill,  
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.  
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,  
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
 Portend success in love.—MILTON.

*NIGHTINGALE (continued).*

Sweet poet of the woods, a long adieu !  
 Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year !  
 Ah ! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,  
 And pour thy music on the "night's dull ear."

Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,  
 Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,  
 The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,  
 And still protect the song she loves so well.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird,—  
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;  
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :  
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn—  
 The same that oftentimes hath  
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.—KEATS.

*NIGHT. (See Evening.)*

Darkness now rose, and brought the lowering night,  
 Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,  
 Privation mere of light, and absent day.

MILTON.

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light  
 And drew behind the cloudy veil of night.—POPE.

Soon, as with gentle sighs, the evening breeze  
 Began to whisper thro' the murm'ring trees ;  
 And night had wrapt in shades the mountains' heads,  
 While winds lay hushed in subterranean beds.

GARTH.



NIGHT (*continued*).

The night, proceeding on with silent pace,  
 Stood in her noon, and viewed with equal face  
 Her sleepy rise and her declining race.—DRYDEN.

Now had night measured, with her shadowy cone,  
 Half-way up hill this vast sublunar vault.—MILTON.

How beautiful is night !  
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air,  
 No mist, no little cloud  
 Breaks the serene of heaven.  
 In full-orbed glory the majestic moon  
 Rolls through the dark blue depths.  
 Around her steady ray  
 The desert-circle spreads ;  
 Like the round ocean, girded by the sea,  
 How beautiful is night !—SOUTHEY.

I heard the trailing garments of the night  
 Sweep through her marble halls !  
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
 From the celestial walls !—LONGFELLOW.

How beautiful this night ! the balmiest sigh  
 Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear  
 Were discord to the speaking quietude  
 That wraps this moveless scene.—SHELLEY.

It is the hush of night, and all between  
 Thy margin and the mountains dusk, yet clear,  
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,  
 Save darkened Jura, whose cap heights appear  
 Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,  
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,  
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear  
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,  
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

BYRON.  
 L 2

*NIGHT (continued).*

It is the witching hour. The night  
 Sits on her cold meridian height,  
 And the starry troops are seen  
 Camping round their ancient queen,  
 Till upon the eastern zone  
 Ascends a rival to her throne;  
 And the pearly lunar horn  
 Shines, but a more silent morn.—CROLY.

'Twas night: our anchored vessel slept  
 Out on the glassy sea;  
 And still as heaven the waters kept  
 And golden bright, as he,  
 The setting sun, was sinking low  
 Beneath the eternal wave;  
 And the ocean seemed a pall to throw  
 Over the monarch's grave.—ROCKWELL.

Night is the time for rest :  
 How sweet when labours close,  
 To gather round an aching breast  
 The curtain of repose ;  
 Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head  
 Upon our own delightful bed.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

*NOBILITY.*

Nobility of blood  
 Is but a glittering and fallacious good :  
 The nobleman is he, whose noble mind  
 Is filled with inbred worth, unborrowed from his kind.

DRYDEN.

A king can mak' a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might,—  
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that !  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their dignities and a' that ;  
 The pith o' sense and pride o' worth  
 Are higher ranks than a' that.—BURNS.

NOBILITY (*continued*).

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.—BURNS.

## OAK.—OAKS.

The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,  
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees :  
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays  
Supreme in state; and in three more decays.

DRYDEN.

His arms from their trunk are riven;  
His body all barked and squared;  
And he's now, like a felon, driven  
In chains to the strong dockyard:  
He's sawn through the middle, and turned  
For the ribs of a frigate free;  
And he's caulked, and pitched, and burned;  
And now—he is fit for sea!

BARRY CORNWALL.

I see an oak before me: it hath been  
The crowned one of the woods; and might have flung  
Its hundred arms to heaven, still freshly green;  
But a wild vine around the stem hath clung,  
From branch to branch close wreaths of bondage  
throwing,  
Till the proud tree, before no tempest bowing,  
Hath shrunk and died those serpent folds among,  
Alas! alas! what is it that I see?  
An image of man's mind, land of my sires, with thee!

MRS. HEMANS.

The sapling oak, lost in the dell,  
Where tangled brakes its beauties spoil,  
And every infant shoot repel,  
Droops, hopeless, o'er th' exhausted soil.

*OAK (continued).*

At length the woodman clears the ground,  
Where'er the noxious thickets spread,  
And high reviving o'er the ground  
The forest monarch lifts his head.—COBB.

*OCEAN.*

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,—  
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,  
The image of eternity, the throne  
Of the invisible; even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.  
BYRON.

Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
Up from the bottom torn with furious winds  
And surging waves, as mountains to assault  
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.  
MILTON.

The sea itself smooths its rough face awhile,  
Flattering the greedy merchant with a smile;  
But he whose shipwrecked bark it drank before,  
Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.  
COWLEY.

As when old ocean roars,  
And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores,  
The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound,  
The rocks re-murmur, and the deeps rebound.

POPE.

## OLD AGE.

For youth itself's an empty wavering state :  
Cool age advances venerably wise,  
Turns on all hands its deep-discerning eyes ;  
Sees what befell, and what may yet befall ;  
Concludes from both, and best provides for all.

POPE.

We yet may see the old man in a morning,  
Lusty as health, come ruddy to the field,  
And there pursue the chase as if he meant  
T' o'ertake time, and bring back youth again.

OTWAY.

They say I'm old ; because I'm grey,  
The agèd bard, they now call me !  
But, grey or green, I boldly say,  
We're not old yet, but mean to be.

Though sixty years and ten may doom  
Tired men to rest with worms and me ;  
With sixty gone, and ten to come,  
We're not old yet, but mean to be.

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

And said I that my limbs were old ?  
And said I that my blood was cold,  
And that my kindly fire was fled,  
And my poor withered heart was dead,  
And that I might not sing of love ?

SCOTT.

As in our individual fate,  
Our manhood and maturer date  
Correct the faults and follies of our youth ;  
So will the world, I fondly hope,  
With added years give fuller scope  
To the display and love of wisdom, justice, truth.

HORACE SMITH.

## OWL.

With boding note  
 The solitary screech-owl strains her throat :  
 Or on a chimney's top, or turret's height,  
 With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.  
 DRYDEN.

When icicles hang by the wall,  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
 And Tom brings logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail;  
 When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
                                     To-whoo !  
 To-whit, to-whoo ! a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.  
 SHAKSPEARE.

When cats run home, and light is come,  
 And dew is cold upon the ground,  
 And the far-off stream is dumb,  
 And the whirring sail goes round ;  
 Alone, and warming his five wits,  
 The white owl in the belfry sits.—TENNYSON.

I see thee coming, critic owl !—  
 I see thee from thy haunt advance ;  
 With griping claw and hungry glance  
 I see thee dart upon thy prey,  
 And bear him to the shades away.  
 Oh, mighty owl ! forbear, forbear ;  
 One vagrant should another spare.  
                                     W. T. MONCRIEFF (from the Greek).

In the hollow tree, in the old grey tower,  
 The spectral owl doth dwell ;  
 Dull, hated, despised, in the sunshine hour,  
 But at dusk, he's abroad and well !

OWL (*continued*).

Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;  
All mock him outright by day;  
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,  
The boldest will shrink away;  
Oh, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,  
Then, then is the reign of the hornèd owl.

BARRY CORNWALL.

While moonlight, silvering all the walls,  
Through every mouldering crevice falls,  
(Tipping with white his powdery plume,  
As shades or shifts the changing gloom,)  
The owl that, watching in the barn,  
Sees the mouse creeping in the corn,  
Sits still and shuts his round blue eyes  
As if he slept,—until he spies  
The little beast within its stretch,  
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch.—BUTLER.

## PARTING.

Parting is worse than death: 'tis death of love!  
The soul and body part not with such pain  
As I from you. DRYDEN.

Her voice did quiver as we parted,  
Yet knew I not that heart was broken  
From whence it came, and I departed,  
Heeding not the words then spoken.  
Misery—O misery!  
This world is all too wide for thee.

SHELLEY.

As slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still looked back  
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.

*PARTING (continued).*

So loth we part from all we love,  
 From all the links that bind us;  
 So turn our hearts, as on we rove,  
 To those we've left behind us.—T. MOORE.

There's such sweet pain in parting,  
 That I could hang for ever on thine arms,  
 And look away my life into thine eyes.—OTWAY.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,  
 That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

SHAKSPEARE.

*PASTOR.—PRIEST.*

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorned the venerable place;  
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
 And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.

GOLDSMITH.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and  
 the children  
 Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to  
 bless them.

Reverend he walked among them; and up rose  
 matrons and maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate  
 welcome.

LONGFELLOW.

A parish priest was of the pilgrim train,—  
 An awful, reverend, and religious man;  
 His eyes diffused a venerable grace,  
 And charity itself was in his face.  
 Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,  
 As God had clothed his own ambassador,  
 For such, on earth, his blest Redeemer wore.

DRYDEN.



## PATRIOTISM.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
     " This is my own, my native land ;"  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
     From wandering on a foreign strand ?  
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well :  
 For him no minstrels' raptures swell ;  
 High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;  
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
 The wretch, concentrated all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.—SCOTT.

## PEASANTRY.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
 Where wealth accumulates and men decay :  
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;  
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;  
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

GOLDSMITH.

## PITY.

And pity on fresh objects only stays,  
 But with the tedious sight of woes decays.

DRYDEN.

Friend of the poor, the sad, the weak,  
 Heart-soothing Pity, offspring meek  
     Of Mercy and Despair.—HENRY NEELE.

## PLAYER.

I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,—  
 Speak, and look big, and pry on every side,  
 Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

*PLAYER (continued).*

Intending deep suspicion ; ghastly looks  
 Are at my service, like enforcèd smiles ;  
 And both are ready in their offices  
 At any time to grace my stratagems.—SHAKSPEARE.

Is it not monstrous that this player here,  
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
 Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,  
 That from her workings all his visage warmed ;  
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,  
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
 With forms to his conceit ? and all for nothing !  
 For Hecuba ! What's Hecuba to him, or he to  
     Hecuba,  
 That he should weep for her ?—SHAKSPEARE.

Like a player  
 Bellowing his passion till he break the spring,  
 And his racked voice jar to the audience.  
SHAKSPEARE.

Sad happy race ! soon raised and soon depressed,  
 Your days all passed in jeopardy and jest ;  
 Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain ;  
 Not warned by misery, not enriched by gain.

CRABBE.

Children of Thespis, welcome ! knights and queens,  
 Counts, barons, beauties, when before your scenes,  
 And mighty monarchs thundering from your throne ;  
 Then step behind, and all your glory's gone :  
 Of crown and palace, throne and guards bereft,  
 The pomp is vanished, and the care is left.  
 Yet strong and lively is the joy they feel,  
 When the full house secures the plenteous meal ;

*PLAYER (continued).*

Flattering and flattered; each attempts to raise  
 A brother's merits for a brother's praise:  
 For never hero shows a prouder heart,  
 Than he who proudly acts a hero's part;  
 Nor without cause: the boards, we know, can yield  
 Place for fierce contest, like the tented field.—CRABBE.

*POET.—POETS.*

The poet in a golden clime was born,  
 With golden stars above;  
 Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of  
 scorn,  
 The love of love.—TENNYSON.

Love the poet, pretty one!  
 He unfoldeth knowledge fair;  
 Lessons of the earth and sun,  
 And of azure air.  
 He can teach thee how to reap  
 Music from the golden lyre;  
 He can show thee how to steep  
 All thy thoughts in fire.—BARRY CORNWALL.

Poets may boast, as safely vain,  
 Their works shall with the world remain:  
 Both bound together, live or die,  
 The verses and the prophecy.

\* \* \* \*

Chaucer his sense can only boast,  
 The glory of his numbers lost!  
 Years have defaced his matchless strain,  
 And yet he did not sing in vain.—WALLER.

Oh! 'tis a sleeping poet! and his verse  
 Sings like the syren isles. An opulent soul  
 Dropt in my path like a great cup of gold,  
 All rich and rough with stories of the gods!

*POET (continued).*

Methinks all poets should be gentle, fair,  
 And ever young, and ever beautiful:  
 I'd have all poets to be like to this,—  
 Gold-haired and rosy-lipped, to sing of Love.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

A terrible sagacity informs  
 The poet's heart; he looks to distant storms,  
 He hears the thunder ere the tempest roar,  
 The billow ere it breaks upon the shore.—COWPER.

There was a poet whose untimely tomb  
 No human hands with pious reverence reared,  
 But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds  
 Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid  
 Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness;  
 A lovely youth,—no mourning maiden decked  
 The lone couch of his everlasting sleep;  
 Gentle, and brave, and generous,—no lorn bard  
 Breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh:  
 He lived, he died, he sang in solitude.  
 Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,  
 And virgins, as unknown he passed, have pined  
 And wasted for fond love of his soft eyes.—SHELLEY.

Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,  
 And yet can starve the author of the pleasure!  
 O thou my elder brother in misfortune,  
 By far my elder brother in the muses,  
 With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!  
 Why is the bard unpitied by the world,  
 Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?—BURNS.

Trace the young poet's fate:  
 Fresh from his solitude, the child of dreams,  
 His heart upon his lips, he seeks the world,  
 To find him fame and fortune, as if life

POET (*continued*).

Were like a fairy tale. His song has led  
 The way before him ; flatteries fill his ear,  
 His presence courted, and his words are caught ;  
 And he seems happy in so many friends.  
 What marvel if he somewhat overrate  
 His talents and his state ? These scenes soon change.  
 The vain, who sought to mix their name with his ;  
 The idle,—all these have been gratified,  
 And now neglect stings even more than scorn.

L. E. L. (MRS. MACLEAN.)

Who is the poet ? Who the man whose lines  
 Live in the souls of men like household words ?  
 Whose thought, spontaneous as the song of birds,  
 With eldest truth coeval, still combines  
 With each day's product, and like morning shines  
 Exempt from age ? 'Tis he, and only he,  
 Who knows that Truth is free, and only free,—  
 That Virtue, acting in the strict confines  
 Of positive law, instructs the infant spirit  
 In its best strength, and proves its mere demerit  
 Rooted in earth, yet tending to the sky,  
 With patient hope surveys the narrow bound,  
 Culls every flower that loves the lowly ground,  
 And, fraught with sweetness, wings her way on high.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

The young author, panting after fame,  
 And the long honours of a lasting name,  
 Intrusts his happiness to human kind,  
 More false, more cruel, than the seas or wind.

JOHNSON.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,  
 Nor from the legislator's seat,  
 Stands far remote the bard.  
 Though not with public terrors crowned,  
 Yet wider shall his rule be found,  
 More lasting his reward.—AKENSIDE.

## POPULACE.

Dissensious rogues,  
 That rubbing the poor itch of your opinions  
 Make yourselves scabs.  
 That like not peace nor war: the one affrights you,  
 The other makes you proud.

Who deserves greatness,  
 Deserves your hate. Your affections are  
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead.

SHAKSPEARE.

The scum  
 That rises upmost when the nation boils.

DRYDEN.

The power of armies is a visible thing,  
 Formal, and circumscribed in time and space;  
 But who the limits of that power shall trace  
 Which a brave people into light can bring  
 Or hide at will,—for freedom combating,  
 By just revenge inflamed?—WORDSWORTH.

## PRIMROSE.

A primrose by a river's brim,  
 A yellow primrose was to him,  
 And it was nothing more.—WORDSWORTH.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,  
 Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,  
 Unnoticed and alone,  
 Thy tender elegance.  
 So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms  
 Of chill adversity; in some lone walk  
 Of life she rears her head,  
 Obscure and unobserved.—KIRKE WHITE.

## PRISONER.

My hair is grey, but not with years,  
 Nor grew it white  
 In a single night,  
 As men's have grown from sudden fears;  
 My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,  
 But rusted with a vile repose;  
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,  
 And mine has been the fate of those  
 To whom the goodly earth and air  
 Are banned, and barred,—forbidden fare.

BYRON.

## RAGE.

Rage is the shortest passion of our souls.  
 Like narrow brooks, that rise with sudden showers,  
 It swells in haste, and falls again as soon;  
 Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,  
 And the deceiver Love supplies its place.—ROWE.

His breast with fury burned, his eyes with fire,  
 Mad with despair, impatient with desire.—DRYDEN.

In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,  
 And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.—POPE.

Oppose not rage while rage is in its force;  
 But give it way awhile, and let it waste:  
 The rising deluge is not stopped with dams;  
 Those it o'erbears, and drowns the hope of harvest;  
 But, wisely managed, its divided strength  
 Is sluiced in channels, and securely drained.  
 And, when its force is spent and unsupplied,  
 The residue and mounds may be restrained,  
 And dry-shod we may pass the naked ford.

SHAKSPEARE.

## RAINBOW.

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,  
 With the strong and unperishing colours of mind;  
 A part of my being beyond my control,  
 Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

CAMPBELL.

*RAINBOW (continued).*

Jove's wond'rous bow, of three celestial dyes,  
Placed as a sign to man amidst the skies.—POPE.

*REPUTATION.*

Good name in man or woman  
Is the immediate jewel of our souls.  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,  
nothing;  
'T was mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed. SHAKSPEARE.

*RHYMES.*

Rhyme the rudder is of verses,  
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.  
BUTLER.

And those who write in rhyme still make  
The one verse for the other's sake;  
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,  
I think's sufficient for one time.—BUTLER.

*RICHES. (See Gold.)*

Fond men, by passions wilfully betrayed,  
Adore those idols which their fancy made;  
Purchasing riches with our time and care,  
We lose our freedom in a gilded snare;  
And having all, all to ourselves refuse,  
Oppressed with blessings which we fear to lose.  
In vain our fields and flocks increase our store,  
If our abundance makes us wish for more.  
ROSCOMMON.

*RIVER.—RIVERS. (See Brook.)*

River, arise! whether thou be the son  
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulfy Dun,



*RIVER (continued).*

Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads  
 His thirsty arms along the indented meads ;  
 Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath ;  
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death ;  
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lea,  
 Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallowed Dee ;  
 Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name ;  
 Or Medway smooth, or royal-towered Thame.

MILTON.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swelled,  
 And the mixed ruin of its banks o'erspread,  
 At last the roused-up river pours along ;  
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,  
 From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,  
 Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far ;  
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,  
 Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again constrained  
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts a way,  
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream ;  
 There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,  
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

THOMSON.

But thou, exulting and abounding river !  
 Making thy waves a blessing as they flow  
 Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever,  
 Could man but leave thy bright creation so,  
 Nor its fair promise from the surface mow  
 With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see  
 Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know  
 Earth paved like heaven ; and to seem such to me,  
 Even now what wants thy stream ?—that it should Lethe  
 be.

BYRON.

O Cambrian river ! with slow music gliding  
 By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruined towers ;  
 Now 'midst thy reeds and golden willows hiding,  
 Now gleaming forth by some rich bank of flowers ;

*RIVER (continued).*

Long flowed the current of my life's clear hours

Onward with thine, whose voice yet haunts my dream,  
Though time and change, and other mightier powers,

Far from thy side have borne me. Thou, smooth stream,  
Art winding still thy sunny meads along,  
Murm'ring to cottage and grey hall thy song,

Low, sweet, unchanged. MRS. HEMANS.

*ROSE.*

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addressed,

Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,

Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air

The soul of her beauty and love lay bare. SHELLEY.

How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,

Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!

The bridal-day—the festival—the tomb—

Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower!

MRS. HEMANS.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,

And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;

The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,

And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

O wilding rose! whom fancy thus endears,

I bid your blossom in my bonnet wave,

Emblem of hope and love, through future years.

SCOTT.

“Change me, some god, into that breathing rose!”

The love-sick stripling fancifully sighs;

The envied flower beholding, as it lies

On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose.

WORDSWORTH.

The rose has one powerful virtue to boast,

Above all the flowers of the field;

When its leaves are all dead, and its colours are lost,

A perfume, still sweet, it will yield. DR. WATTS.

*RUMOUR.*

Rumour is a pipe  
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;  
 And is so easy and so plain a stop,  
 That the blind monster with uncounted heads,  
 The still discordant, wavering multitude,  
 Can play upon't. SHAKSPEARE.

*SEA-SHORE.*

When evening came, toward the echoing shore,  
 Tranquil and pleased, we walked together forth;  
 Bright with dilated glory shone the west;  
 But brighter lay the ocean flood below,  
 The burnished silver sea, that heaved and flushed,  
 Its restless rays intolerably bright.—SOUTHEY.

Break, break, break,  
 On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!  
 And I would that my tongue could utter  
 The thoughts that arise in me.  
 O well for the fisherman's boy  
 That he shouts with his sister at play!  
 O well for the sailor lad  
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!  
 TENNYSON.

Rocks of my country! let the cloud  
 Your crested heights array,  
 And rise ye like a fortress proud,  
 Above the surge and spray!  
 My spirit greets ye as ye stand  
 Breasting the billows foam:  
 O! thus for ever guard the land,  
 The severed land of home.—MRS. HEMANS.

*SHIP.—SHIPS.*

Hoarse o'er the side the rustling cable rings;  
 The sails are furled, and anchoring round she swings:

*SHIPS (continued).*

And gathering loiterers on the land discern  
Her boat descending from the latticed stern.  
'Tis manned—the oars keep concert to the strand,  
Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand.  
Hail to the welcome shout!—the friendly speech!  
When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach;  
The smile, the question, and the quick reply,  
And the heart's promise of festivity!—BYRON.

The ship was at rest in the tranquil bay,  
Unmoved by a ripple—undimmed by a cloud:  
The winds were asleep, and her broad sails lay  
As still and as white as a winding-shroud.  
She was a fair and beautiful thing,  
With the waters around her, all peaceful and bright;  
Ready for speed as a wild bird's wing,  
Graceful in quiet—'mid glory and light.—ELIZA COOK.

Go, in thy glory, o'er the ancient sea,  
Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to swell;  
Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be,  
Fare thee well, bark—farewell!—MRS. HEMANS.

Where lies the land to which yon ship must go?  
Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,  
Festively she puts forth in trim array;  
Is she for tropic suns or polar snow?  
What boots the inquiry? Neither friend nor foe  
She cares for: let her travel where she may,  
She finds familiar names, a beaten way  
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.—WORDSWORTH.

When o'er the silent seas alone,  
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,  
Oh, they who've felt it know how sweet,  
Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

*SHIPS (continued).*

Sparkling at once is every eye,  
 "Ship ahoy!" our joyful cry;  
 While answering back the sound we hear,  
 "Ship ahoy! What cheer? What cheer?"

T. MOORE.

*SHIPWRECK.*

And first one universal shriek there rushed,  
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash  
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,  
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash  
 Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,  
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,  
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry  
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.—BYRON.

The great ship seems splitting! it cracks as a tree,  
 While an earthquake is splintering its root, ere the blast  
 Of the whirlwind that stript it of branches has past.  
 The intense thunder-balls which are raining from heaven  
 Have shattered its mast, and it stands black and riven.  
 The chinks suck destruction. The heavy dead hulk  
 On the living sea rolls an inanimate bulk,  
 Like a corpse on the clay which is hung'ring to fold  
 Its corruption around it. Meanwhile, from the hold,  
 One deck is burst up from the waters below,  
 And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes blow  
 O'er the lakes of the desert! SHELLEY.

*SIGH.*

He raised a sigh so hideous and profound,  
 That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,  
 And end his being. SHAKSPEARE.

All the vital air that life draws in  
 Is rendered back in sighs.

ROWE.

*SIGH (continued).*

Nor woman's sighs nor tears are true,  
 Those idly blow, these idly fall,  
 Nothing like to ours at all;  
 But sighs and tears have sexes too.—COWLEY.

Had I a man's fair form, then might my sighs  
 Be echoed swiftly through that ivory shell,  
 Thine ear, and find thy gentle heart.—KEATS.

*SILENCE.*

Still as the peaceful walks of ancient night;  
 Silent as are the lamps that burn on tombs.  
 SHAKSPEARE.

Silent as dews that fall in dead of night.—DRYDEN.

Let the proud orator assert the power  
 That language holds; but the soul, prouder still,  
 Shall keep an eloquence all, all her own,  
 And mock the tongued interpreter.—ELIZA COOK.

The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,  
 And silence, too, enamoured of that voice,  
 Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.—SHELLEY.

'Tis silence gives soul to the beauty of night;  
 'Tis silence keeps secrets, the lover's delight;  
 The stream moves in stillness, when soft on its breast  
 The willows' fond leaves lie in kisses at rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

*SINGING.*

She sung, and carolled out so clear,  
 That men and angels might rejoice to hear;  
 Even wondering Philomel forgot to sing,  
 And learned from her to welcome in the spring.

DRYDEN.

*SINGING (continued).*<sup>1</sup>

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute;  
And now it is an angel's song  
That makes the heavens be mute.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul—it lingers  
O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings;  
The blood and life within those snowy fingers  
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.

SHELLEY.

Yet, what matter for the strain,  
Be it joy, or be it pain,  
So thy now imprisoned voice  
In its matchless strength rejoice?  
So it burst its fetters strong,  
And soar forth on wingèd song?

BARRY CORNWALL.

Lady, sing no more!  
Science is in vain,  
Till the heart be touched  
And give forth its pain.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Sing—sing! music was given  
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;  
Souls here, like planets in heaven,  
By harmony's laws are kept moving.

T. MOORE.

By its fond and plaintive lingering  
On each word of grief so long,  
Oh! thou hast loved and suffered much;  
I know it by thy song.

MRS. HEMANS.

## SKYLARK.

Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !  
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?  
 Or, while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye  
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground—  
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will ?  
 Those quivering wings composed that music still !

WORDSWORTH.

The lark that shuns on lofty boughs to build  
 Her humble nest, lies silent in the field ;  
 But if the promise of a cloudless day,  
 Aurora smiling, bids her rise and play,  
 Then straight she shows 'twas not for want of voice,  
 Or power to climb, she made so low a choice ;  
 Singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretched  
 To'ards heaven, as if from heaven her note she fetched.

WALLER.

And now the herald lark  
 Left his ground nest, and towering to descry  
 The morn's approach, and greet her with his song.

MILTON.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from heaven, or near it,  
 Pourest thy full heart  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

SHELLEY.

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chaliced flowers that lies.—SHAKSPEARE.

Oh, skylark, for thy wing !  
 Thou bird of joy and light,  
 That I might soar and sing  
 At heaven's empyreal height.

MRS. HEMANS.



SKYLARK (*continued*).

Bird of the wilderness,  
 Blithesome and comberless,  
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea;  
 Emblem of happiness,  
 Blessed is thy dwelling place;  
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

The tuneful lark, as soaring high  
 Upon its downy wings,  
 With wonder views the vaulted sky,  
 And mounting sweetly sings.  
 Ambition swells its little breast  
 Suspended high in air;  
 But gently dropping to the nest,  
 Finds real pleasure there.

O'KEEFE.

## SLEEP.

O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
 Nature's best nurse! how have I frightened thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh mine eyelids down,  
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
 Why rather, sleep, lvest thou in smoky cribs,  
 Upon uneasy pallads stretching thee,  
 And hushed with buzzing night, flyest to thy slumber,  
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
 Under the canopy of costly state,  
 And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?  
 O thou dull god! why lvest thou with the vile  
 In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch?  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
 Seal up the sea-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
 And in the visitation of the winds?  
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,  
 And in the calmest and the stillest night  
 Deny it to a king?

SHAKSPEARE.

*SLEEP (continued).*

O sacred rest!  
 Sweet pleasing sleep! of all the powers the best!  
 O peace of mind! repairer of decay,  
 Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of the day;  
 Care shuns thy soft approach, and, sullen, flies away.  
DRYDEN.

Sleep, that locks up the senses from their care;  
 The death of each day's life; tired Nature's bath!  
 Balm for hurt minds, great Nature's second course,  
 Death's counterfeit,  
 Chief nourisher in life's feast.—SHAKSPEARE.

The timely dew of sleep  
 Now falling, with soft slumberous weight inclines  
 My eyelids.MILTON.

Then gentle sleep, with soft oppression, seized  
 My drowsy sense.MILTON.

Winds, whisper gently whilst she sleeps,  
 And fan her with your cooling wings;  
 Whilst she her drops of beauty weeps,  
 From pure, and yet unrivalled springs.  
CHARLES COTTON.

Come to me, gentle sleep!  
 I pine, I pine for thee;  
 Come with thy spells, the soft, the deep,  
 And set my spirit free!—MRS. HEMANS.

Come sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,  
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;  
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low.  
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

*SLEEP (continued).*

O sleep, it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole !  
To Mary queen the praise be given,  
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven  
That slid into my soul.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

O gentle sleep ! do they belong to thee,  
Those twinklings of oblivion ? Thou dost love  
To sit in meekness, like the brooding dove,  
A captive never wishing to be free !

WORDSWORTH.

*SMILE.*

A smile that glowed  
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.—MILTON.

She spoke it with a smile  
That seemed at once to pity and revile.—COWLEY.

What charms has sorrow in that face ?  
Sorrow seems pleased to dwell with so much sweetness ;  
Yet now and then a melancholy smile  
Breaks out, like lightning in a winter's night,  
And shows a moment's day.—DRYDEN.

While her laugh, full of life, without any control  
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul ;  
But where it most sparkled no glance could discover,  
In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brightened all over,—  
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,  
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.

T. MOORE.

*SOLDIER.*

Rude am I in my speech,  
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace ;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,

*SOLDIER (continued).*

Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used  
 Their dearest action in the tented field;  
 And little of this great world can I speak  
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle.

SHAKSPEARE.

A leader seemed  
 Each warrior single as in chief, expert  
 When to advance, to stand, or turn the sway  
 Of battle; open when, and when to close  
 The vigour of grim war: no thought of flight,  
 None of retreat; no unbecoming deed  
 That argued fear; each on himself relied,  
 As only in his arm the moment lay  
 Of victory.

MILTON.

He in the battle had a thirsty sword,  
 And well 'twas glutted there.

DRYDEN.

The life which others pay, let us bestow,  
 And give to fame what we to nature owe.  
 Brave, though we fall, and honoured if we live,  
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give.

POPE.

Night closed around the conqueror's way,  
 And lightnings showed the distant hill,  
 Where those who lost that dreadful day  
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still.  
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,  
 For ever dimmed, for ever crost:  
 Oh! who shall say what heroes feel  
 When all but life and honour's lost!

T. MOORE.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;

*SOLDIER (continued).*

And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come!  
they come!"

BYRON.

SPRING.

Fled now the sullen murmurs of the north,  
The splendid raiment of the spring peeps forth;  
Her universal green, and the clear sky,  
Delight still more and more the gazing eye.  
Wide o'er the fields, in rising moisture strong,  
Shoots up the simple flower, or creeps along  
The mellowed soil; imbibing fairer hues,  
Or sweets from frequent showers and evening dews;  
That summon from their sheds the slumbering ploughs,  
While health impregnates every breeze that blows.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

When spring makes equal day,  
When western winds on curling waters play;  
When painted meads produce their flowery crops,  
And swallows twitter on the chimney-tops.

DRYDEN.

In that soft season, when descending showers  
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers;  
When opening buds salute the welcome day,  
And earth, relenting, feels the genial ray.—POPE.

When the wind blows in the sweet rose tree,  
And the cow lows on the fragrant lea,  
And the stream flows all bright and free,  
'Tis not for thee, 'tis not for me,  
      'Tis not for any *one* here, I trow :

*SPRING (continued).*

The gentle wind bloweth,  
 The happy cow loweth,  
 The merry stream floweth,  
     For all below !  
 O the spring, the bountiful spring !  
 She shineth and smileth on every thing.

BARRY CORNWALL.

The pleasant spring, the joyous spring !  
     His course is onward now ;  
 He comes with sunlight on his wing,  
     And beauty on his brow ;  
 His impulse thrills through rill and flood,  
     And throbs along the main,—  
 'Tis stirring in the waking wood,  
     And trembling o'er the plain.

CORNELIUS WEBBE.

The spring is here—the delicate-footed May,  
     With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,  
 And with it comes a thirst to be away  
     In lovelier scenes to pass these sweeter hours,  
 A feeling like the worm's awakening wings,  
 Wild for companionship with swifter things.

WILLIS.

Welcome sweet season of delight ;  
 What beauties charm the wond'ring sight  
     In thy enchanting reign !  
 How fresh descends the morning dew,  
 While opening flowers of various hue  
     Bedeck the sprightly plain.

ELIZABETH BENTLEY.

The love-thrilling hedge-birds are wild with delight ;  
     Like arrows loud whistling the swallows flit by ;  
 The rapturous lark, as he soars out of sight,  
     Sends us sun-lighted melody down from the sky.  
 In the air that they quaff, all the feathery throng  
 Taste the spirit of spring that outbursts in a song.

HORACE SMITH.

*SPRING (continued).*

When early primroses appear,  
 And vales are decked with daffodils,  
 I hail the new-reviving year,  
 And soothing hope my bosom fills.  
 The lambkin bleating on the plain,  
 The swallow, seen with gladdened eye,  
 The welcome cuckoo's merry strain,  
 Proclaim the joyful summer nigh.—WILLIAMS.

Welcome! all hail to thee! welcome, young Spring!  
 Thy sun-ray is bright on the butterfly's wing;  
 Beauty shines forth in the blossom-robed trees;  
 Fragrance floats by on the soft southern breeze;  
 Music, sweet music, sounds over the earth:  
 One glad choral song greets the primrose's birth;  
 The lark soars above, with his shrill matin strain;  
 The shepherd-boy tunes his reed-pipe on the plain.

ELIZA COOK.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come;  
 And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,  
 While music wakes around, veiled in a shower  
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

THOMSON.

*STARS.*

There is no light in earth or heaven  
 But the cold light of the stars;  
 And the first watch of night is given  
 To the red planet Mars.—LONGFELLOW.

The gems of heaven, that gild night's sable throne.

DRYDEN.

## MORNING STAR.

Fairest of stars, last of the train of night!  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn;  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet.

MILTON.

*STARS (continued).*

## EVENING STAR.

Bright Hesperus, that leads the starry train,  
 Whose office is to bring  
 Twilight upon the earth: short arbiter  
 'Twixt day and night. MILTON.

No cloud obscures the summer sky,  
 The moon in brightness walks on high,  
 And, set in azure, every star  
 Shines a pure gem of heaven afar.  
MRS. HEMANS.

Oh, who can witness with a careless eye  
 The countless lamps that light an evening sky,  
 And not be struck with wonder at the sight!  
 To think what mighty power must there abound,  
 That burns each spangle with a steady light,  
 And guides each hanging world its rolling round?  
JOHN CLARE.

Ye many twinkling stars, who yet do hold  
 Your brilliant places in the sable vault  
 Of night's dominions! planets, and central orbs  
 Of other systems: big as the burning sun  
 Which lights this nether globe; yet to our eye  
 Small as the glowworm's lamp.

KIRKE WHITE.

They glide upon their endless way,  
 For ever calm, for ever bright;  
 No blind hurry, no delay,  
 Mark the daughters of the night:  
 They follow in the track of day  
 In divine delight. BARRY CORNWALL.



*STARS (continued).*

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,  
 To weave the dance that measures the years;  
 Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent  
 To the furthest wall of the firmament,  
 The boundless visible smile of Him,  
 To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim.

BRYANT.

Shine out, stars! let heaven assemble  
 Round us every festal ray;  
 Lights that move not, lights that tremble,  
 All to grace this eve of May.

T. MOORE.

Lo! in the painted oriel of the west,  
 Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,  
 Like a fair lady at her casement shines  
 The evening star, the star of love and rest!  
 And then anon she doth herself divest  
 Of all her radiant garments, and reclines  
 Beyond the solemn screen of yonder pines,  
 With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.  
 O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!  
 My morning and my evening star of love!  
 My best and gentlest lady, even thus,  
 As that fair planet in the sky above,  
 Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,  
 And from thy darkened window fades the light!

LONGFELLOW.

Stars! ever bright and placid stars,  
 Meek fires, resplendent dew!  
 How vain the dream that earthly jars  
 Have ministers in you!  
 Yet who e'er gazed, and long withstood  
 Such dreams of fancied brotherhood?

MISS JEWSBURY (MRS. FLETCHER).

*STEAM.—STEAM-ENGINE.*

The vaporous power, whose close-pent breath,  
 Potent alike and prompt to great or small,  
 Now rives the firm-set rock, now deigns to point  
 The needle's viewless sting; now drains the bed  
 Of mighty rivers, or the tide of ocean;  
 Now weaves the gossamer of silken robe,  
 Beauty's fantastic tissue, iris-tinged,  
 That floats with every breeze.

WILKS.

Motions and means, on land and sea at war  
 With old poetic feeling, not for this  
 Shall ye, by poets even, be judged amiss!  
 Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar  
 The loveliness of nature, prove a bar  
 To the mind's gaining that pathetic sense  
 Of future change, that point of wisdom, whence  
 May be discovered what in soul ye are.  
 In spite of all that beauty may disown  
 In your harsh features, nature doth embrace  
 Her lawful offspring in man's art; and time,  
 Pleased with the triumphs o'er his brother space,  
 Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown  
 Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.

WORDSWORTH.

*STORM.*

And this is in the night. Most glorious night!  
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! Let me be  
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,  
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!  
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,  
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!  
 And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee  
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,  
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

BYRON.

Either tropic now  
 'Gan thunder: at both ends of heaven the clouds,  
 From many a horrid rift abortive, poured  
 Fierce rain with lightning mixed—water with fire

*STORM (continued).*

In ruin reconciled. Dreadful was the rack,  
 As earth and sky would mingle. Nor yet slept the  
     winds  
 Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad  
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
 On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
 Though rooted deep as high and sturdiest oaks,  
 Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,  
 Or torn up sheer. MILTON.

*STREAM.*

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains  
 Of rushing torrents and descending rains,  
 Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines,  
 Till by degrees the crystal mirror shines;  
 Reflects each flower that on its border grows,  
 And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

ADDISON.

The innocent stream, as it in silence goes,  
 Fresh honours and a sudden spring bestows,  
 On both its banks, to every flower and tree.

COWLEY.

Flow on, rejoice, make music,  
     Bright living stream set free!  
 The troubled haunts of care and strife  
     Were not for thee! MRS. HEMANS.

*SUMMER.*

'Tis June, 'tis merry smiling June,  
     'Tis blushing summer now;  
 The rose is red—the bloom is dead—  
     The fruit is on the bough.  
 Flora with Ceres, hand in hand,  
     Bring all their smiling train;  
 The yellow corn is waving high,  
     To gild the earth again. ELIZA COOK.

*SUMMER (continued).*

From brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,  
 Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes,  
 In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth :  
 He comes attended by the sultry hours,  
 And ever-fanning breezes, on his way ;  
 While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring  
 Averts her blushful face ; and earth and skies,  
 All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.—THOMSON.

Summer now unfolds her scenes ;  
 Beauteous flowers, vernal greens,  
 Break upon our ravished sight,  
 Nature's wonders, with delight.

RICHARD TAYLOR.

Now each tree, by summer crowned,  
 Sheds its own rich twilight round !  
     Glancing there from sun to shade,  
         Bright wings play ;  
     There the deer its couch hath made—  
         Come away !  
 Where the smooth leaves of the lime  
 Glisten in their honey-time—  
     Come away—away !—MRS. HEMANS.

*SUN.*

The golden sun, in splendour likest heaven,  
 (Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due)  
 Dispenses light from far. They, as they move  
 Their starry dance, in numbers that compute  
 Days, months, and years, tow'rds his all-cheering  
     lamp  
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turned  
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms  
 The universe ; and to each inward part,  
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
 Shoots invisible virtue, even to the deep.

MILTON.

*SUN (continued).*

And now from forth the chambers of the main,  
To shed his sacred light on earth again,  
Arose the golden chariot of the day,  
And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.

POPE.

O sun! of this great world both eye and soul.

MILTON.

The sun comes forth; each mountain height  
Glow with a tinge of rosy light;  
The flowers, that slumbered through the night,  
Their dewy leaves unfold:  
A flood of splendour bursts on high,  
And ocean's breast gives back a sky  
All steeped in molten gold.

MRS. HEMANS.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun  
Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds  
And morning fogs, that hovered round the hills  
In party-coloured bands, till wide unveiled  
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems,  
Far stretched around, to meet the bending sphere.

THOMSON.

O Phoëbus! down the western sky,  
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray;  
Thy light to distant worlds supply,  
And wake them to the cares of day.

JOHNSON.

*SWALLOW.*

The swallows, privileged above the rest  
Of all the birds, as man's familiar guest,  
Pursue the sun in summer brisk and bold,  
But wisely shun the persecuting cold.  
When frowning skies begin to change their cheer,  
And time turns up the wrong side of the year,  
They seek a better heaven and warmer climes.

DRYDEN.

*SWALLOW (continued).*

She comes in the spring, all the summer she stays,  
 And, dreading the cold, still follows the sun ;  
 So, true to our love, we should covet his rays,  
 And the place where he shines not, immediately shun.  
 COWPER.

O swallow, swallow ! flying, flying south,  
 Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,  
 And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.  
 O swallow, swallow ! if I could follow, and light  
 Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,  
 And chirp and twitter twenty million loves.  
 TENNYSON.

*SWAN.*

The silver swans sail down the watery road,  
 And graze the floating herbage of the flood.  
 DRYDEN.

The sickening swan thus hangs her silver wings,  
 And, as she droops, her elegy she sings.—GARTH.

Let beeves and homebred kine partake  
 The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;  
 The swan on still St. Mary's lake  
 Floats double—swan and shadow.  
 WORDSWORTH.

The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul  
 Of that wild place with joy  
 Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear  
 The warble was low and full and clear ;  
 And floating about the under sky,  
 Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole  
 Sometimes afar and sometimes anear ;  
 But anon her awful jubilant voice,  
 With a music strange and manifold,  
 Flowed forth on a carol free and bold.—TENNYSON.

SWAN (*continued*).

A solitary swan her breast of snow  
Launches against the wave, that seems to freeze,  
Into a chaste reflection, still below,  
Twin-shadow of herself wherever she may go.

T. HOOD.

## TEARS.

Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep :  
Passion I see is catching; for my eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Begin to water.

SHAKSPEARE.

He thrice essayed to speak, and thrice, in spite of scorn,  
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at last  
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

MILTON.

Mine is a grief of fury, not despair;  
And if a manly drop or two fall down,  
It scalds my cheeks; like a green wood  
That, sputtering in the flames, works outward into  
tears.

DRYDEN.

The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on.

SHAKSPEARE.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;  
Tears, from the depth of some divine despair,  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

TENNYSON.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,  
To mask detestation or fear;  
Give me the soft sigh, while the soul-telling eye  
Is dimmed for a time with a tear.

BYRON.

*TEARS (continued).*

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows  
 Is like the dewdrop on the rose ;  
 When next the summer breeze comes by,  
 It waves the bush, the flower is dry.

SCOTT.

*THANKS.*

With what becoming thanks can I reply ?  
 Not only words lie labouring in my breast,  
 But thought itself is by thy praise oppressed.

DRYDEN.

Let my tears thank you, for I cannot speak ;  
                                 And if I could,  
 Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.

DRYDEN.

Words would but wrong the gratitude I owe you.

OTWAY.

*TIME.*

Oh, Time ! the beautifier of the dead,  
 Adorner of the ruin, comforter  
 And only healer when the heart hath bled ;  
 Time ! the corrector when our judgments err ;  
 The test of truth, love—sole philosopher,  
 For all beside are sophists—from thy thrift,  
 Which never loses though it doth defer ;  
 Time, the avenger ! unto thee I lift  
 My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift.

BYRON.

The lapse of time and rivers is the same ;  
 Both speed their journey with a restless stream ;  
 The silent pace with which they steal away,  
 No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay :  
 Alike irrevocable both when past,  
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.—COWPER.



*TIME (continued).*

Time speeds away—away—away :  
 No eagle through the skies of day,  
 No wind along the hills, can flee  
 So swiftly or so smooth as he.

KNOX.

Inexorable king! thy sway  
 Is fixed on firm but cruel might :  
 It rolls indeed the radiant day,  
 But sinks it soon in deepest night ;  
 It bids the little flow'ret spring,  
 But while it waves its elfin wing,  
 Its fleeting glories go ;  
 It suffers hope to dance awhile,  
 Nursing the fondling's fatal smile,  
 That tears may faster flow ;  
 And only bids fair beauty bloom,  
 At last to blast it in the tomb.—HENRY NEELE.

Oh! never chide the wing of time,  
 Or say 'tis tardy in its flight!  
 You'll find the days speed quick enough,  
 If you but husband them aright.

ELIZA COOK.

*TO-MORROW.*

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom ;  
 That is not ours which is to come !  
 The present moment's all our store,  
 The next should heaven allow,  
 Then this will be no more :  
 So all our life is but one instant—now !

CONGREVE.

We are not sure to-morrow will be ours ;  
 Wars have, like love, their favourable hours :  
 Let us use all, for if we lose one day,  
 The white one in the crowd may slip away.

DRYDEN.

*TO-MORROW (continued).*

Happy the man, and happy he alone,  
 He who can call to-day his own!  
 He who, secure within, can say,  
 To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.

DRYDEN.

The hoary fool, who many days  
 Has struggled with continued sorrow,  
 Renews his hopes, and blindly lays  
 The desperate bet upon to-morrow:  
 To-morrow comes,—'tis noon,—'tis night;  
 This day like all the former fled;  
 Yet on he runs to seek delight  
 To-morrow, 'till to-night he's dead.—PRIOR.

Live, live to-day: to-morrow never yet  
 On any human being rose or set.—MARSDEN.

Where art thou, beloved to-morrow?  
 When young and old, and strong and weak,  
 Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,  
 Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—  
 In thy place—ah! well-a-day!—  
 We find the thing we fled—To-day.—SHELLEY.

“To-morrow I will live,” the fool doth say;  
 To-day itself's too late; the wise lived yesterday.  
 COWLEY.

*TREES.*

Up with your heads, ye sylvan lords,  
 Wave proudly in the breeze;  
 For our cradle bands and coffin boards,  
 Must come from the forest trees.  
 We bless you for your summer shade,  
 When our weak limbs fail and tire;  
 Our thanks are due for your winter aid,  
 When we pile the bright log fire.

ELIZA COOK.

*TREES (continued).*

Trees, gracious trees ! how rich a gift ye are,  
 Crown of the earth ! to human hearts and eyes  
 How doth the thought of home, in lands afar,  
 Linked with your forms and kindly whisperings rise !

MRS. HEMANS.

I feel at times a motion of despite  
 Towards one whose bold contrivances and skill,  
 As you have seen, bear such conspicuous part  
 In works of havoc ; taking from these vales,  
 One after one, their proudest ornaments.  
 Full oft his doings leave me to deplore  
 Tall ash-tree, sown by winds, by vapours nursed  
 In the dry crannies of the pendant rocks ;  
 Light birch, aloft upon the horizon's edge  
 A veil of glory for the ascending moon ;  
 And oak, whose roots by moontide dew were damped,  
 And on whose forehead inaccessible  
 The raven lodged in safety.

WORDSWORTH.

*TWILIGHT. (See Evening.)*

I love thee, twilight ! as thy shadows roll,  
 The calm of evening steals upon my soul,  
 Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,  
 Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.  
 I love thee, twilight, for thy gleams impart  
 Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,  
 When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind  
 Awakens all the music of the mind,  
 And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns,  
 And hope and memory sweep the chords by turns.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The twilight star to heaven,  
 And the summer dew to flowers,  
 And rest to us, is given  
 By the cool soft evening hours.

MRS. HEMANS.

## VIOLET.

A violet, by a mossy stone  
 Half hidden from the eye,  
 Fair as a star, when only one  
 Is shining in the sky. WORDSWORTH.

She comes, the first, the fairest thing  
 That heaven upon the earth doth fling,  
 Ere winter's star has set;  
 She dwells behind her leafy screen,  
 And gives, as angels give, unseen;  
 So, love—the violet.—BARRY CORNWALL.

Sweet tiny flower of darkly hue,  
 Lone dweller in the pathless shade;  
 How much I love thy pensive blue  
 Of innocence so well displayed.—JOHN CLARE.

Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,  
 In purple's richest pride arrayed,  
 Your errand here fulfil;  
 Go, bid the artist's simple stain  
 Your lustre imitate in vain,  
 And match your Maker's skill.  
 JOHN CLARE.

The colour from the flower is gone,  
 Which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me;  
 The odour from the flower is flown,  
 Which breathed of thee, and only thee.  
 SHELLEY.

## WELCOME.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark  
 Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;  
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come;

WELCOME (*continued*).

'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,  
 Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum  
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,  
 The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

BYRON.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home,  
 Where all will spring to meet us;  
 Where hands are striving, as we come,  
 To be the first to greet us.

ELIZA COOK.

Welcome as kindly showers to long parched earth.  
 DRYDEN.

Welcome as happy tidings after fears.—OTWAY.

## WIND.—WINDS.

O sweet south wind!  
 Long hast thou lingered midst those islands fair,  
 Which lie enchanted on the Indian deep,  
 Like sea-maids, all asleep,  
 Charmed by the cloudless sun and azure air!  
 O sweetest southern wind!  
 Pause here awhile, and gently now unbind  
 Thy dark rose-crowned hair.—BARRY CORNWALL.

Awful your power, when by your might  
 You heave the wild waves, crested white,  
 Like mountains in your wrath;  
 Ploughing between them valleys deep,  
 Which, to the seaman roused from sleep,  
 Yawn like death's opening path.

BERNARD BARTON.

*WIND (continued).*

Oh, many a voice is thine, thou Wind! full many a  
 voice is thine,  
 From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps thou bear'st a  
 sound and sign;  
 A minstrel wild and strong thou art, with a mastery  
 all thine own,  
 And the spirit is thy harp, O Wind! that gives the  
 answering tone. MRS. HEMANS.

*WILD FLOWERS. (See Flowers.)*

Scorn not those rude unlovely things,  
 All cultureless that grow,  
 And rank o'er woods and wilds and springs  
 Their vain luxuriance throw.  
 Eternal Love and Wisdom drew  
 The plan of earth and skies;  
 And He the span of heaven that threw  
 Commands the weeds to rise. J. F. SMITH.

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,  
 Yet, wildlings of nature, I doat upon you,  
 For ye waft me to summers of old,  
 When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,  
 And when daisies and buttercups gladdened the sight  
 Like treasures of silver and gold.

CAMPBELL.

Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love!  
 The wild bird joys your opening bloom to see,  
 And in your native woods and wilds to be;  
 All hearts, to nature true, ye strangely move;  
 Ye are so passing fair—so passing free:  
 I love ye all. ROBERT NICOLL.

Along the sunny bank or watery mead,  
 Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread:  
 Peaceful and lovely, in their native soil,  
 They neither know to spin nor care to toil,  
 Yet, with confessed magnificence, deride  
 Our vile attire and impotence of pride.—PRIOR.

WILD FLOWERS (*continued*).

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.—WORDSWORTH.

God loveth all his creatures,  
Doth bless them hour by hour;  
Then will he not of man take heed,  
Who so much beauty hath decreed  
Unto the wayside flower?—MARY HOWITT.

## WINTER.

When raging storms deform the air,  
And clouds of snow descend,  
And the wide landscape bright and fair  
In deepened shadows blend.  
When biting frost rides on the wind,  
Bleak from the north and east,  
And wealth is at its ease reclined,  
Prepared to laugh and feast;  
Then let the bounteous hand extend  
Its blessings to the poor,  
Nor spurn the wretched as they bend  
All suppliant at your door.—ANON.

In rich men's halls the fire is piled,  
And furry robes keep out the weather;  
In poor men's huts the fire is low,  
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,  
And old and young are cold together.  
MARY HOWITT.

Dread winter spreads his latest glooms,  
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.  
THOMSON.

*WINTER (continued).*

The mill-wheel's frozen in the stream,  
 The church is decked with holly,  
 Mistletoe hangs from the kitchen beam  
 To fright away melancholy;  
 Icicles clink in the milkmaid's pail,  
 Younkers skate on the pool below,  
 Blackbirds perch on the garden rail,  
 And hark, how the cold winds blow!

HORACE SMITH.

The wintry west extends his blast,  
 And hail and rain does blow,  
 Or the stormy north sends driving forth  
 The blinding sleet and snow;  
 While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down,  
 And roars frae bank to brae;  
 The bird and beast in covert rest,  
 And pass the heartless day.

BURNS.

Dear boy, throw that icicle down,  
 And sweep this deep snow from the door;  
 Old Winter comes on with a frown,  
 A terrible frown for the poor.  
 In a season so rude and forlorn,  
 How can age, how can infancy bear  
 The silent neglect and the scorn  
 Of those who have plenty to spare?

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Since now no fragrant blossoms blow,  
 And desolation sweeps the ground,  
 Come, winter! teach me how to draw  
 A moral from the ruins round.—SANDERSON.

*WOMAN.*

O woman! lovely woman! nature made you  
 To temper man; we had been brutes without you.  
 Angels are painted fair to look like you.



WOMAN (*continued*).

There's in you all that we believe of heaven;  
 Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,  
 Eternal joy, and everlasting love. OTWAY.

In infancy, a tender flower,  
 Cultivate her!  
 A floating bark, in girlhood's hour,  
 Softly freight her!  
 When woman grown, a fruitful vine,  
 Tend and press her!  
 A sacred charge, in life's decline,  
 Shield and bless her!—W. T. MONCRIEFF.

She was a phantom of delight  
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
 A lovely apparition, sent  
 To be a moment's ornament.  
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;  
 Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;  
 But all things else about her drawn  
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn!  
 A dancing shape, an image gay,  
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.  
 WORDSWORTH.

O woman! in our hours of ease,  
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
 And variable as the shade  
 By the light quivering aspen made,—  
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
 A ministering angel thou! SCOTT.

Formed in benevolence of nature,  
 Obliging, modest, gay, and mild,  
 Woman's the same endearing creature,  
 In courtly town and savage wild.  
 MRS. BARBAULD.

*WOMAN (continued).*

Follow a shadow, it still flies you ;  
Seem to fly it, it will pursue :  
So court a mistress, she denies you ;  
Let her alone, she will court you.  
Say, are not women truly, then,  
Styled but the shadows of us men ?

BEN JONSON.

*WORDS.*

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,  
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.—POPE.

Words are but pictures of our thoughts.—DRYDEN.

His words, replete with guile,  
Into her heart too easy entrance won.—MILTON.

Teach me, some power, that happy art of speech,  
To dress my purpose up in gracious words ;  
Such as may softly steal upon her soul,  
And never waken the tempestuous passions.—ROWE.

You have, by Fortune and his highness' favours,  
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted  
Where powers are your retainers ; and your words,  
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please  
Yourself pronounce their office.—SHAKSPEARE.

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A

# CONCISE DICTIONARY

OF

## PROPER RHYMES.

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### OBSERVATIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS.



DICTIONARY of Rhymes should never be consulted by an author unless he finds himself at an absolute standstill for a rhyme; to habituate himself to writing with it under his eye would give a stiffness to his composition which it is desirable that poetry should not possess. It is in comic and satirical verse, where a greater number of words are available, that it will be found to be the most useful, as a new or unthought of rhyme will frequently suggest a new idea.

All rhymes proceed from the vowels A, E, I, O, U, and may be obtained by running over in the mind the words in which they are the dominant. Thus, to find "PERSUADE," and the words that rhyme with it, take "ADE," and then run through "ade" with the consonant that precedes it, as,—

Bade—which suggests "forbade."

Cade.

Dade—which you reject, being no word.

Eade—which you reject.

Fade.

Gade—which you reject.

Hade—which suggests "aid."

Jade.

Kade—which you reject.

Lade—which suggests “blade,” “slayed.”

Made—which suggests “maid.”

Nade—which suggests “neighed.”

Oade—which you reject.

Pade—which suggests “paid.”

Qade—which you reject.

Rade—which suggests “raid,” “trade,” “degrade,”  
“betrayed.”

Sade—which suggests “said.”

Tade—which suggests “rodomontade.”

Uade—which you reject.

Vade—which suggests “pervade,” “invade,” &c.

Wade—which suggests “weighed.”

If neither of the rhymes in “ade” suit, in the like way run through “aid,” which will give you the words, as “suggested” above.

In consulting the dictionary for a rhyme, consider, in the like way, the vowel that precedes the last consonant of the word, and, if the word end in two or more consonants, then begin with the vowel that immediately precedes the first of them. For example, LAND: N is the first of the final consonants, A the vowel that precedes it. Turn to AND, and you will find band, grand, stand, &c.

Many words ending in ty, my, ate, ance, ence, ness, &c., which have *not* their accent on the last syllable, are used indiscriminately by our best poets to rhyme with the simple sounds sigh, fate, chance, sense, bless, &c.; this, however, can only be regarded as a sacrifice of sound to sense. The words are given in the following pages, but such deviations from strict rule should be indulged in as sparingly as possible.

For such words as ought not to form terminals, as well as to remarks on the formation of double and treble rhymes, the reader is referred to the chapter on Rhymes at the beginning of the Handbook.

# RHYMES.

---

## AB

blab  
cab  
crab  
dab  
drab  
mab  
nab  
scab  
stab

disgrace  
displace  
efface  
embrace  
enchase  
grimace  
misplace  
preface  
retrace  
interlace

stack  
tack  
thwack  
track  
wrack  
arrack  
attack

## ACT

act  
fact  
fact  
pact  
tract  
abstract  
attract  
compact  
contract  
detract  
distract  
enact  
exact  
extract  
protract  
react  
refract  
subact  
subtract  
transact  
cataract  
counteract

and the participles  
of the verbs in  
ACK.

## ABE

babe

## ACH

attach  
detach  
(See ATCH.)

## ACE

base  
brace  
case  
chace  
dace  
face  
grace  
lace  
mace  
pace  
place  
race  
space  
trace  
abase  
apace  
debase  
deface

## ACK

back  
black  
brack  
clack  
crack  
hack  
jack  
knack  
lack  
pack  
quack  
rack  
sack  
slack  
smack  
snack

## AD

add  
bad  
bade  
cad  
chad  
clad  
dad  
fad  
gad  
glad  
had  
lad  
mad  
pad  
sad

cascade  
cockade  
comrade  
crusade  
decade  
degrade  
dissuade  
evade  
gambade  
grenade  
invade  
parade  
persuade  
pervade  
pomade  
unlade  
upbraid

safe  
unsafe  
vouchsafe

## AFF

chaff  
draff  
gaff  
graff  
laugh  
quaff  
staff  
distaff  
tipstaff  
cenotaph  
epitaph  
paragraph

## ADE

aid  
blade  
braid  
cade  
fade  
glade  
jade  
lade  
made  
maid  
neighed  
raid  
said  
shade  
spade  
trade  
wade  
weighed  
afraid  
arcade  
blockade  
brigade  
brocade

ambassade  
ambuscade  
balustrade  
barricade  
bastinade  
cannonade  
cavalcade  
colonnade  
enfilade  
escalade  
lemonade  
marmalade  
masquerade  
palisade  
renegade  
retrograde  
serenade  
rodomontade

## AFT

aft  
craft  
daft  
draft  
draught  
graft  
haft  
laughed  
raft  
shaft  
waft  
abaft  
ingraft  
priestcraft  
witchcraft  
handicraft

and the participles  
of the verbs in AY,  
EY, and EIGH.

and the participles  
of the verbs in  
AFF and AUGH.

## AFE

chafe

## AG

bag

brag  
cag  
crag  
drag  
fag  
flag  
hag  
jag  
knag  
lag  
nag  
rag  
scrag  
shag  
slag  
snag  
stag  
swag  
tag  
wag

## AGE

age  
cage  
gage  
mage  
page  
rage  
sage  
stage  
swage  
wage  
assuage  
engage  
enrage  
presage  
appanage  
disengage  
equipage  
heritage  
hermitage

parentage  
patronage  
personage  
pilgrimage  
villanage  
concubinage

AID, *see* ADE.

AIGHT „ ATE.

AIGN „ ANE.

## AIL

ail  
ale  
bail  
bale  
dale  
fail  
frail  
gale  
hail  
hale  
jail  
mail  
male  
nail  
pail  
pale  
quail  
rail  
sail  
sale  
scale  
snail  
stale  
tale  
trail  
vail  
vale

veil  
wail  
whale  
assail  
avail  
bewail  
curtail  
detail  
entail  
exhale  
impale  
prevail  
regale  
retail  
wassail  
countervail  
nightingale

AIM, *see* AME.

## AIN

ain  
bane  
blain  
brain  
cane  
chain  
crane  
deign  
drain  
fain  
feign  
gain  
grain  
lain  
lane  
main  
mane  
pain  
plain  
plane

rain	profane	ache	AKE
reign	quatrain	ake	
rein	refrain	bake	
slain	regain	brake	
sprain	remain	break	
stain	restrain	cake	
strain	retain	drake	
swain	sextain	flake	
train	sustain	hake	
twain	unchain	lake	
vain	ungain	make	
vein	appertain	quake	
wain	castelain	rake	
wane	entertain	sake	
abstain	porcelain	shake	
amain	legerdemain	slake	
arraign		snake	
attain	AINT	spake	
bestain		stake	
boatswain		take	
campaign		wake	
champagne		awake	
cockswain		bespake	
complain		betake	
constrain		earthquake	
contain		forsake	
demain		mandrake	
detain		mistake	
disdain		namesake	
distrain		partake	
domain		retake	
enchain		sweepstake	
engrain		overtake	AL
explain	AIR, • see ARE.	undertake	
maintain	AISE „ AZE.		
mortmain	AIT „ ATE.		
obtain	AITH „ ATH.	shall	
ordain	AIZE „ AZE.	cabal	
pearmain		canal	
pertain			



admiral  
 animal  
 arsenal  
 cannibal  
 capital  
 cardinal  
 carnival  
 comical  
 conjugal  
 corporal  
 critical  
 festival  
 funeral  
 general  
 hospital  
 interval  
 literal  
 madrigal  
 magical  
 musical  
 mystical  
 natural  
 original  
 pastoral  
 pedestal  
 personal  
 physical  
 principal  
 prodigal  
 rational  
 several  
 temporal  
 tragical  
 whimsical  
 poetical  
 political  
 prophetic  
 reciprocal  
 rhetorical  
 satirical  
 tyrannical

There are many  
 words with this ter-  
 mination, but as  
 they are mostly ad-  
 jectives, and not ac-  
 cented on the final  
 syllable, it is need-  
 less to insert them;  
 indeed, the three  
 first words in this  
 list are the only le-  
 gitimate rhymes in  
 AL.

## ALD

bald  
 scald  
 herald  
 piebald  
 ribald  
 emerald  
 and the participles of  
 the verbs in ALL.

ALE, *see* AIL.

## ALF

calf  
 half  
 behalf  
 mooncalf

## ALK

balk  
 calk  
 chalk  
 stalk  
 talk  
 walk

## ALL

all

awl  
 ball  
 bawl  
 call  
 caul  
 crawl  
 fall  
 gall  
 hall  
 pall  
 scrawl  
 small  
 sprawl  
 squall  
 stall  
 tall  
 thrall  
 wall  
 appal  
 befall  
 enthrall  
 forestall  
 install  
 miscall  
 recall

## ALM

balm  
 calm  
 palm  
 psalm  
 qualm  
 shalm  
 becalm  
 embalm

Alms rhymes to  
 the plurals of the  
 nouns and 3rd per-  
 sons present of the  
 verbs of this termi-  
 nation.

	ALT	dame	ban
alt		fame	can
fault		flame	clan
halt		frame	dan
malt		game	fan
salt		hame	'gan
shalt		lame	man
smalt		maim	pan
vault		name	ran
assault		same	scan
default		shame	span
exalt		tame	swan
	ALVE	acclaim	tan
calve		became	wan
carve		declaim	began
salve		defame	foreran
starve		disclaim	sedan
halve		exclaim	trepan
		inflame	unman
	AM	misname	artisan
am		proclaim	caravan
cram		reclaim	courtesan
dam		misbecame	harridan
dram		overcame	partisan
ham			pelican
ram		AMP	suburban
swam		camp	
		champ	ANCE
beldam		clamp	chance
grandam		cramp	dance
madam		damp	glance
mill-dam		lamp	lance
undam		ramp	prance
anagram		stamp	trance
epigram		swamp	advance
		vamp	askance
	AME	decamp	durance
aim		encamp	enhance
blame			entrance
came		AN	expanse
claim		an	finance

mischance  
 arrogance  
 circumstance  
 complaisance  
 concordance  
 consonance  
 countenance  
 dissonance  
 ignorance  
 ordinance  
 sustenance  
 temperance  
 utterance  
 vigilance  
 deliverance  
 extravagance  
 intemperance

## ANCH

blanch  
 branch  
 haunch  
 launch  
 paunch  
 ranch  
 staunch

## AND

and  
 band  
 bland  
 brand  
 gland  
 grand  
 hand  
 land  
 rand  
 sand  
 stand  
 strand  
 wand

command  
 demand  
 disband  
 errand  
 expand  
 gainstand  
 headland  
 inland  
 countermand  
 reprimand  
 understand

## ANG

bang  
 clang  
 fang  
 gang  
 hang  
 pang  
 rang  
 sang  
 slang  
 sprang  
 tang  
 twang

harangue  
 overhang

## ANGE

change  
 grange  
 mange  
 range  
 strange  
 arrange  
 estrange  
 exchange  
 interchange

## ANK

bank

blank  
 clank  
 crank  
 dank  
 drank  
 flank  
 frank  
 hank  
 lank  
 plank  
 prank  
 rank  
 sank  
 shank  
 shrank  
 stank  
 tank  
 thank  
 twank  
 disrank  
 pickthank  
 mountebank

ANSE, *see* ANCE.

## ANT

ant  
 can't  
 cant  
 chant  
 grant  
 pant  
 plant  
 rant  
 scant  
 slant  
 aslant  
 decant  
 descant  
 displant  
 enchant

gallant  
 implant  
 recant  
 transplant  
 adamant  
 adjutant  
 alterant  
 appellatant  
 arrogant  
 combatant  
 complaisant  
 confidant  
 consonant  
 conversant  
 cormorant  
 covenant  
 disenchant  
 disputant  
 dissonant  
 dominant  
 elegant  
 elephant  
 generant  
 ignorant  
 iterant  
 litigant  
 mendicant  
 militant  
 occupant  
 operant  
 petulant  
 predicant  
 Protestant  
 recant  
 relevant  
 resonant  
 ruminant  
 suppliant  
 supplicant  
 sycophant  
 termagant

vigilant  
 visitant  
 cohabitant  
 communicant  
 concomitant  
 exorbitant  
 extravagant  
 exuberant  
 inhabitant  
 intolerant  
 itinerant  
 participant  
 precipitant  
 predominant  
 protuberant  
 refrigerant  
 reverberant  
 significant  
 insignificant

## AP

cap  
 chap  
 clap  
 crap  
 flap  
 gap  
 hap  
 knap  
 lap  
 map  
 nap  
 pap  
 rap  
 sap  
 scrap  
 slap  
 snap  
 strap  
 tap  
 trap

wrap  
 enwrap  
 entrap  
 kidnap  
 madcap  
 mishap

## APE

ape  
 cape  
 chape  
 crape  
 drape  
 gape  
 grape  
 nape  
 rape  
 scape  
 scrape  
 shape  
 tape  
 agape  
 escape  
 landscape

APH, *see* AFF.

## APSE

lapse  
 collapse  
 elapse  
 perhaps  
 relapse  
 and the plural of  
 the nouns, and 3rd  
 person present of  
 the verbs in AP.

## APT

apt  
 capt

chapt  
rapt  
adapt  
cloudcapt  
enrapt  
unapt

and the participles  
of the verbs in AP.

## AR

are  
bar  
car  
czar  
far  
gnar  
jar  
mar  
par  
spar  
star  
tar  
war  
afar  
catarrh  
debar  
lazar  
loadstar  
unbar  
angular  
calendar  
popular  
regular  
scimitar  
secular  
singular  
titular  
vinegar  
particular  
perpendicular

## ARB

barb  
garb  
rhubarb

## ARCE

farce  
scarce  
and the plural of  
nouns and 3rd per-  
son present of the  
verbs in AR.

## ARCH

arch  
larch  
march  
parch  
starch  
countermarch

## ARD

bard  
card  
guard  
hard  
lard  
marr'd  
nard  
pard  
shard  
yard  
bombard  
discard  
drunkard  
dullard  
haggard  
mallard  
niggard  
orchard  
pollard

poniard  
regard  
renard  
retard  
scabbard  
sluggard  
tabard  
tankard

disregard  
interlard  
and the participles  
of the verbs in AR.

## ARE

air  
aire  
bare  
bear  
blare  
care  
chair  
dare  
e'er  
fair  
fare  
flare  
glare  
hair  
hare  
heir  
knare  
lair  
mare  
nare  
ne'er  
pair  
pare  
pear  
rare  
scare  
share

snare  
spare  
square  
stair  
stare  
swear  
tare  
tear  
their  
there  
ware  
wear  
where

aware  
beware  
coheir  
compare  
declare  
elsewhere  
ensnare  
forbear  
forswear  
howe'er  
impair  
prepare  
repair  
threadbare  
welfare  
whate'er  
whene'er  
where'er

## ARF

dwarf  
scarf  
wharf

(See AFF.)

## ARGE

barge  
charge

large  
marge  
targe  
discharge  
enlarge  
recharge  
surcharge  
overcharge

## ARK

ark  
bark  
cark  
chark  
clark  
dark  
hark  
lark  
mark  
park  
sark  
shark  
spark  
stark  
embark  
impark  
remark

## ARL

gnarl  
marl  
snarl

## ARM

arm  
barm  
charm  
farm  
harm  
alarm  
disarm

## ARN

barn  
darn  
tarn  
yarn

## ARP

carp  
harp  
scarp  
sharp  
warp  
counterscarp

## ARSH

harsh  
marsh

## ART

art  
cart  
chart  
dart  
hart  
heart  
mart  
part  
quart  
smart  
start  
swart  
tart  
thwart  
wart  
apart  
athwart  
braggart  
compart  
depart  
dispart  
impart

placart  
sweetheart  
rampart  
counterpart

ARTH,  
*see* EARTH.

ARVE, *see* ALVE.

### AS and ASS

ass  
brass  
class  
gas  
glass  
grass  
has  
lass  
mass  
pass  
was  
alas  
amass  
arras  
atlas  
cuirass  
lammas  
morass  
repass  
surpass  
candlemas  
christmas  
copperas  
embarrass  
martinmas  
michaelmas

ASE, *see* ACE  
*and* AZE.

### ASH

ash  
cash  
clash  
crash  
dash  
flash  
gash  
gnash  
hash  
lash  
mash  
plash  
rash  
sash  
slash  
squash.  
swash  
thrash  
trash  
quash  
wash  
abash  
bedash  
calash  
balderdash

### ASK

ask  
bask  
cask  
flask  
mask  
task  
damask

### ASP

asp  
clasp  
gasp  
grasp

hasp  
rasp  
wasp

### AST

blast  
cast  
fast  
hast  
last  
mast  
past  
vast  
aghost  
avast  
contrast  
forecast  
outcast  
repast  
overcast  
paraphrast  
and the participles  
of the verbs in  
ASS.

### ASTE

baste  
chaste  
haste  
paste  
taste  
waist  
waste  
distaste  
foretaste  
unchaste

and the participles  
of the verbs in  
ACE.

### AT

at

bat  
brat  
cat  
chat  
fat  
flat  
gnat  
hat  
mat  
pat  
plat  
rat  
spat  
sprat  
that  
vat

## ATCH

batch  
catch  
cratch  
hatch  
latch  
match  
patch  
ratch  
scratch  
slatch  
smatch  
snatch  
swatch  
thatch  
watch  
despatch  
dispatch

## ATE

ait  
ate  
bait  
bate  
date

eight  
fate  
freight  
gate  
grate  
great  
hate  
late  
mate  
pate  
plait  
plate  
prate  
rate  
sate  
skate  
slate  
state  
straight  
strait  
wait  
weight  
abate  
alate  
belate  
collate  
create  
debate  
dilate  
elate  
estate  
ingrate  
inmate  
rebate  
relate  
sedate  
translate  
abdicate  
abrogate  
accurate

adequate  
advocate  
aggravate  
agitate  
alienate  
antedate  
antiquate  
arbitrate  
calculate  
candidate  
captivate  
celebrate  
celibate  
circulate  
congregate  
consecrate  
consulate  
cultivate  
dedicate  
delegate  
delicate  
deprecate  
derogate  
desperate  
dislocate  
dissipate  
educate  
elevate  
emulate  
estimate  
extricate  
fortunate  
generate  
gratulate  
hesitate  
imitate  
imprecate  
innovate  
instigate  
intimate  
intricate



irritate  
 magistrate  
 mediate  
 mitigate  
 moderate  
 nominate  
 obstinate  
 passionate  
 penetrate  
 personate  
 potentate  
 propagate  
 regulate  
 reprobate  
 ruminate  
 separate  
 stipulate  
 subjugate  
 suffocate  
 temperate  
 terminate  
 tolerate  
 vindicate  
 violate  
 abominate  
 accelerate  
 accommodate  
 accumulate  
 adulterate  
 affectionate  
 annihilate  
 anticipate  
 articulate  
 assassinate  
 capacitate  
 capitulate  
 coagulate  
 commemorate  
 commiserate  
 communicate  
 compassionate

confederate  
 congratulate  
 considerate  
 contaminate  
 co-operate  
 corroborate  
 debilitate  
 degenerate  
 deliberate  
 denominate  
 depopulate  
 disconsolate  
 discriminate  
 effeminate  
 elaborate  
 equivocate  
 eradicate  
 evaporate  
 exaggerate  
 exasperate  
 expostulate  
 exterminate  
 facilitate  
 illiterate  
 illuminate  
 immoderate  
 importunate  
 inanimate  
 intemperate  
 intimidate  
 intoxicate  
 invalidate  
 inveterate  
 inviolate  
 legitimate  
 necessitate  
 participate  
 perpetuate  
 precipitate  
 predestinate  
 predominate

premeditate  
 prevaricate  
 procrastinate  
 recriminate  
 regenerate  
 reiterate  
 reverberate  
 sophisticate  
 subordinate  
 unfortunate

There are nearly a thousand words with this termination; the most important only are given, as the student can scarcely be in want of a rhyme.

## ATH

bath  
 lath  
 path  
 rath  
 wrath  
 aftermath

## ATHE

bathe  
 lathe  
 rathe  
 scathe  
 swathe

AUB, *see* OB.

AUCE „ AUSE.

AUCH „ OACH.

## AUD

broad

fraud	AUGHT,	awe
laud	<i>see</i> OUGHT.	caw
aboard	AULT, <i>see</i> ALT.	chaw
abroad		claw
applaud	AUNCH	craw
defraud	haunch	daw
and the participles	launch	draw
of the verbs in AW.	paunch	flaw
	staunch	gnaw
AVE		haw
brave	AUNSE,	jaw
cave	<i>see</i> ONSE.	law
crave		maw
drave	AUNT	paw
gave	aunt	pshaw
glave	daunt	raw
grave	flaunt	saw
have	gaunt	shaw
knave	haunt	spa
lave	jaunt	straw
nave	taunt	thaw
pave	vaunt	taw
rave	avaunt	bashaw
save		foresaw
shave	AUSE	kickshaw
slave	cause	macaw
stave	claws	outlaw
thrave	clause	withdraw
trave	gauze	
wave	pause	AWD, <i>see</i> AUD.
behave	applause	
bondslave	because	AWK „ ALK.
conclave	and the plurals of	
deprave	the nouns and 3rd	AWL „ ALL.
engrave	person present of	
forgave	the verbs in AW.	AWN
misgave		brawn
outbrave	AUST, <i>see</i> OST.	dawn
architrave		drawn
	AW	fawn
AUGH, <i>see</i> AFF.	aw	gnawn

lawn  
pawn  
prawn  
spawn  
yawn  
withdrawn  
AX

axe  
flax  
lax  
tacks  
tax  
wax  
climax  
relax

and the plurals of  
the nouns and 3rd  
person plural of the  
verbs in ACK.

## AY

bay  
bray  
clay  
day  
dray  
fay  
flay  
fray  
gay  
grey  
hay  
jay  
lay  
may  
neigh  
pay  
play  
pray  
prey  
ray

say  
slay  
spray  
stay  
sway  
they  
tray  
way  
affray  
allay  
array  
assay  
astray  
away  
belay  
betray  
bewray  
convey  
decay  
defray  
delay  
dismay  
display  
essay  
forelay  
gainsay  
inlay  
inveigh  
obey  
purvey  
relay  
repay  
survey  
withsay  
disarray  
disobey  
roundelay

## AZE

baize  
blaze

craze  
days  
daze  
gaze  
glaze  
maize  
maze  
phrase  
praise  
raise  
rays  
raze  
adays  
always  
amaze  
dispraise  
emblaze  
paraphrase

and the plurals of  
the nouns and 3rd  
person present of  
the verbs in AY,  
EIGH, and EY.

E and EA, *see* EE.

EACE, *see* EASE.

## EACH

beach  
beech  
bleach  
breach  
breech  
each  
leach  
leech  
peach  
preach  
reach  
speech

teach  
appeach  
beseech  
impeach  
misteach  
overreach

EAD, *see* EDE *and*  
EED.

EAF, *see* IEF.

EAGUE  
brigue  
league  
colleague  
fatigue  
intrigue

EAK  
beak  
bleak  
cheek  
creek  
creak  
eke  
freak  
gleak  
Greek  
leak  
leek  
meek  
peak  
pique  
reek  
scream  
seek  
shriek  
sleek  
sneak  
speak

squeak  
steak  
streak  
weak  
week  
wreak  
bespeak  
oblique

deal  
eel  
feel  
heal  
heel  
keel  
kneel  
meal  
peal  
peel  
real  
reel  
leal  
steal  
steel  
squeal  
teal  
veal  
weal  
wheel  
zeal

anneal  
appeal  
conceal  
congeal  
repeal  
reveal

EALM, *see* ELM.

EALTH  
health

stealth  
wealth  
commonwealth

EAM  
beam  
bream  
cream  
deem  
dream  
fleam  
gleam  
phlegm  
ream  
scheme  
scream  
seam  
seem  
steam  
stream  
team  
teem  
theme  
beseem  
blaspheme  
esteem  
extreme  
foredeem  
misdeem  
redeem  
supreme  
disesteem

EAN  
bean  
been  
clean  
dean  
glean  
green  
keen

lean	perch	release
mean	search	frontispiece
mien	smirch	EASH, <i>see</i> ESH.
queen	research	EAST
screen		
seen	EARL	beast
spleen	churl	east
wean	curl	feast
yea	earl	least
between	furl	lest
careen	girl	priest
convene	hurl	yeast
demesne	pearl	and the participles
foreseen	purl	of the verbs in
machine	twirl	EASE.
obscene	whirl	
serene		EAT
terrene	EARN <i>see</i> ERN.	beat
unclean	EARSE ,, ERSE.	bleat
intervene	EART ,, ART.	cheat
magazine		eat
EANS, <i>see</i> ENSE.	EARTH	feat
EANT ,, ENT.	birth	feet
EAP <i>see</i> EEP	dearth	fleet
<i>and</i> EP.	earth	gleet
EAK, <i>see</i> EER.	hearth	greet
	mirth	heat
	EASE	meat
EARD	cease	meet
beard	fleece	mete
rhymes with the	geese	neat
participles of the	grease	peat
verbs in EER.	lease	pleat
	niece	seat
EARCH	peace	sheet
birch	piece	sleet
church	decease	street
lurch	increase	sweet
		treat
		teat
		wheat

complete  
conceit  
concrete  
deceit  
defeat  
discreet  
escheat  
estreat  
intreat  
replete  
retreat  
counterfeit  
obsolete

## EATH

breath  
death

## EATHE

breathe  
seethe  
sheath  
wreath  
bequeath  
enwreath

## EAVE

cleave  
eve  
grieve  
heave  
leave  
lieve  
reve  
sleeve  
thieve  
weave  
achieve  
aggrieve  
believe

conceive  
deceive  
perceive  
receive  
relieve  
reprieve  
retrieve  
disbelieve

## EB

bleb  
ebb  
neb  
web

## EBE

glebe

## ECK

beck  
check  
deck  
fleck  
neck  
peck  
reck  
speck  
wreck

rebeck  
redeck

## ECT

sect  
abject  
affect  
aspect  
collect  
confect  
conject  
correct  
deflect

deject  
detect  
direct  
dissect  
effect  
eject  
elect  
erect  
expect  
inject  
insect  
inspect  
neglect  
object  
perfect  
prefect  
project  
prospect  
protect  
reflect  
reflect  
reject  
respect  
select  
subject  
suspect  
traject

architect  
circumspect  
dialect  
disaffect  
disrespect  
imperfect  
incorrect  
indirect  
intellect  
intersect  
recollect  
retrospect

and the participles

of the verbs in	rhymes, and it is	see
ECK.	not necessary to	she
ED	insert them; for	thee
bed	a specimen, take	three
bled	<i>pickled</i> with im-	tree
bread	<i>bred.</i>	we
bred	EDE, <i>see</i> EED.	wee
dead	EDGE	agree
dread	dredge	alee
fed	edge	decree
fled	fledge	degree
head	hedge	foresee
lead	ledge	fusee
led	pledge	grantee
read	sedge	settee
red	sledge	trustee
said	wedge	absentee
shed	allege	appellee
shred	knowledge	assignee
slead	privilege	devotee
sled	sacrilege	jubilee
sped	sortilege	mortgagee
spread	EE	obligee
stead	be	oversee
thread	bee	patentee
tread	fee	pedigree
wed	flea	referee
abed	flee	refugee
ahead	free	EECE, <i>see</i> EASE.
behead	glee	EECH „ EACH.
imbred	he	EED
instead	key	bead
misled	knee	bleed
maidenhead	lea	breed
overspread	Walker gives a lee	creed
Walker gives a lee	large number of me	deed
large number of me	words as rhymes	feed
words as rhymes	ending in “ <i>ed</i> ,”	freed
ending in “ <i>ed</i> ,”	plea	
but they are not	quay	

greed	heap	smear
heed	keep	spear
knead	leap	sphere
lead	neap	shear
mead	peep	steer
meed	reap	tear
need	sheep	tier
plead	sleep	tweir
read	steep	veir
reed	sweep	year
seed	weep	
speed	asleep	adhere
steed	insteepr	appear
weed		arrear
agreed		austere
concede	beer	besmear
exceed	bier	career
impede	blear	cashier
implead	cheer	cohere
indeed	clear	compeer
misdeed	dear	endear
mislead	deer	revere
precede	drear	severe
proceed	ear	sincere
succeed	fear	uprear
supersede	gear	veneer
EEF, <i>see</i> IFE.	hear	auctioneer
EEK ,, EAK.	here	bombardier
EEL ,, EAL.	jeer	cavalier
EEM ,, EAM.	lear	chandelier
EEN ,, EAN.	leer	chanticleer
	meer	charioteer
	mere	chevalier
	near	disappear
	peer	domineer
	pier	engineer
	queer	garreteer
EEP	rear	gazeteer
cheap	sear	grenadier
creep	seer	halberdier
deep	slear	hemisphere



interfere	wheeze	EIR	<i>see</i> ARR.
mountaineer	appease	EIT	„ ATE.
muleteer	disease	EIVE	„ EAVE.
musketeer	displease	EIZE	„ EEZE.
mutineer	and the plurals of	ELL	
overseer	the nouns and 3rd		
pamphleteer	person present of		
persevere	the verbs in EE.		
pioneer		bell	
privateer	EF	cell	
scrutineer	deaf	dell	
volunteer		dwell	
		ell	
EESE, <i>see</i> EEZE.		fell	
EET „ EAT	EFT	hell	
EETH	cleft	knell	
heath	deft	quell	
sheath	heft	sell	
smeeth	left	shell	
teeth	reft	smell	
wreath	theft	spell	
	weft	swell	
beneath	bereft	tell	
underneath		well	
EEVE, <i>see</i> EAVE.	EG	yell	
EEZE	beg	befell	
breeze	dreg	compel	
ease	egg	dispel	
freeze	keg	excel	
frieze	leg	expel	
grease	peg	foretell	
lease		impel	
pease	EIGH, <i>see</i> AY.	rebel	
please	EIGHT „ AIT <i>and</i>	repel	
seize	ATE.	resell	
sneeze	EIGN „ AIN.	citadel	
squeeze	EIL „ AIL.	infidel	
tease	EIN „ AIN.	parallel	
these	EINT „ AINT.	sentinel	
		ELD	
		eld	

geld		pelt		den
held		smelt		fen
weld		swelt		glen
beheld		welt		hen
upheld			ELVE	ken
withheld		delve		men
and the participles		helve		pen
of the verbs in EL.		twelve		ten
				then
	ELF		ELVES	wen
elf		elves		when
delf		themselves		wren
pelf		and the plurals of		again
self		the nouns in ELF,		denizen
shelf		and 3rd person pre-		ENCE
herself		sent of the verbs in		dense
himself		ELVE.		fence
				hence
	ELK		EM	sense
elk		gem		thence
whelk		hem		whence
	ELM	stem		commence
elm		them		condense
helm		diadem		defence
realm		stratagem		dispense
whelm				expense
overwhelm		EME, <i>see</i> EAM.		immense
				incense
	ELP		EMN	intense
help		condemn		offence
whelp		contemn		prepenſe
yelp				pretence
			EMPTY	propenſe
	ELT	tempt		suspense
belt		attempt		conference
Celt		contempt		confidence
dealt		exempt		consequence
felt				continence
knelt			EN	difference
melt		Ben		diffidence

diligence  
eloquence  
eminence  
evidence  
excellence  
frankincense  
impotence  
impudence  
indigence  
indolence  
inference  
innocence  
negligence  
penitence  
preference  
providence  
recompense  
reference  
residence  
reverence  
vehemence  
violence  
benevolence  
circumference  
concupiscence  
impenitence  
impertinence  
improvidence  
incontinence  
indifference  
intelligence  
magnificence  
omnipotence  
and the plurals of  
the nouns and 3rd  
person present of  
the verbs in EN.

## ENCH

bench  
clench

drench  
French  
quench  
stench  
tench  
trench  
wench  
wrench  
intrench  
retrench

## END

bend  
blend  
end  
fend  
friend  
lend  
mend  
rend  
send  
spend  
tend  
trend  
vend  
wend  
amend  
ascend  
attend  
befriend  
commend  
compend  
contend  
depend  
descend  
distend  
expend  
extend  
foresend  
impend  
intend

misspend  
obtend  
offend  
portend  
pretend  
suspend  
transcend  
unbend  
apprehend  
comprehend  
condescend  
discommend  
dividend  
recommend  
reprehend  
reverend  
and the participles  
of the verbs in EN.

ENE, *see* EAN.

## ENGE

avenge  
revenge

## ENGTH

length  
strength

ENSE, *see* ENCE.

## ENT

bent  
blent  
cent  
dent  
gent  
Kent  
lent  
meant  
pent

rent	aliment	nourishment
scent	argument	nutriment
sent	banishment	occident
spent	battlement	opulent
sprent	blandishment	parliament
tent	circumvent	penitent
vent	chastisement	permanent
went	competent	pertinent
	compliment	president
absent	confident	prevalent
accent	continent	provident
anent	corpulent	punishment
ascent	detriment	ravishment
assent	different	redolent
attent	diffident	regiment
cement	diligent	represent
consent	discontent	resident
content	document	rudiment
descent	eloquent	sacrament
dissent	eminent	sediment
event	evident	sentiment
extent	excellent	subsequent
ferment	excrement	supplement
foment	exigent	tenement
frequent	firmament	testament
indent	fraudulent	turbulent
intent	government	underwent
invent	imminent	vehement
lament	implement	violent
misspent	impotent	virulent
ostent	impudent	accomplishment
outwent	incident	acknowledgment
o'erspent	indigent	admonishment
present	innocent	arbitrament
prevent	insolent	armipotent
relent	instrument	astonishment
repent	languishment	bellipotent
resent	ligament	benevolent
unbent	malcontent	disparagement
abstinent	management	embellishment
accident	monument	equivalent

establishment  
experiment  
impenitent  
impertinent  
imprisonment  
improvident  
incompetent  
incontinent  
indifferent  
intelligent  
lineament  
magnificent  
omnipotent  
temperament

## EP

nep  
skep  
step  
footstep  
instep  
parsnep

## EPT

wept  
accept  
except  
intercept  
and the participles  
of the verbs in EP  
and some of the  
verbs in EEP.

## ER

blur  
bur  
cur  
err  
fir  
fur  
her  
sir

slur  
spur  
stir  
aver  
bestir  
concur  
confer  
defer  
demur  
deter  
incur  
infer  
inter  
prefer  
refer  
transfer

arbiter  
canister  
character  
chorister  
cottager  
dowager  
flatterer  
forager  
foreigner  
gardener  
grasshopper  
harbinger  
islander  
lavender  
lawgiver  
loiterer  
mariner  
massacre  
messenger  
minister  
murderer  
officer  
passenger  
pillager

presbyter  
provender  
register  
sepulchre  
slanderer  
sophister  
sorcerer  
theatre  
thunderer  
traveller  
usurer  
villager  
voyager  
waggoner  
administer  
astrologer  
astronomer  
idolater  
interpreter  
philosopher  
amphitheatre

ERB, *see* URB.

ERCH „ EARCH.

ERCE „ ERSE.

## ERD

bird  
curd  
gird  
herd  
sward  
third  
word  
absurd  
begird  
engird  
goatherd  
jailbird

neatherd  
shepherd  
swineherd

ERE, *see* EER.

### ERGE

dirge  
gurge  
purge  
scourge  
serge  
sperge  
surge  
urge  
verge  
virge  
absterge  
converge  
deterge  
diverge  
emerge  
immerge

### ERN

burn  
churn  
dern  
earn  
fern  
hern (heron)  
kern  
learn  
spurn  
stern  
turn  
urn  
yearn  
adjourn  
concern  
discern

excern  
inurn  
nocturn  
return  
sojourn  
overturn

ERM, *see* IRM.

### ERSE

burse  
curse  
hearse  
nurse  
terse  
verse  
worse  
absterse  
accurse  
adverse  
amerce  
asperse  
averse  
coerce  
commerce  
converse  
disburse  
disperse  
diverse  
imburse  
immerse  
obverse  
perverse  
precurse  
rehearse  
reverse  
subverse  
transverse  
traverse  
universe  
intersperse

### ERT

birt  
blurt  
curt  
dirt  
flirt  
girt  
hurt  
pert  
shirt  
skirt  
spurt  
squirt  
vert  
wart  
wert  
advert  
alert  
assert  
astert  
avert  
concert  
convert  
desert  
dessert  
divert  
expert  
insert  
invert  
obvert  
overt  
revert  
subvert  
pervert  
ungirt  
unhurt  
contravert  
intervert

### ERVE

curve

nerve  
serve  
swerve  
asserve  
conserve  
deserve  
disserve  
observe  
preserve  
reserve  
subserve

## ESS

Bess  
bless  
cess  
chess  
cress  
dress  
guess  
jess  
less  
mess  
ness  
press  
sess  
stress  
yes  
abscess  
access  
address  
aggress  
assess  
caress  
compress  
confess  
depress  
digress  
distress  
excess  
express

profess  
redress  
repress  
success  
transgress  
unless  
acquiesce  
adulteress  
bashfulness  
bitterness  
cheerfulness  
comeliness  
comfortless  
diocess  
dispossess  
dizziness  
drowsiness  
drunkenness  
eagerness  
easiness  
emptiness  
evenness  
fatherless  
filthiness  
foolishness  
forwardness  
frowardness  
fruitfulness  
fulsomeness  
gentleness  
giddiness  
godliness  
goodliness  
governess  
greediness  
happiness  
haughtiness  
heaviness  
heinousness  
hoariness  
holiness

hollowness  
idleness  
lawfulness  
laziness  
littleness  
liveliness  
loftiness  
loveliness  
lowliness  
manliness  
masterless  
mightiness  
motherless  
motionless  
nakedness  
neediness  
ne'ertheless  
noisomeness  
numberless  
patroness  
peevishness  
pitiless  
poetess  
prophetess  
ransomless  
readiness  
righteousness  
shepherdess  
sorceress  
sordidness  
spiritless  
sprightliness  
steadiness  
sturdiness  
surliness  
tenderness  
thoughtfulness  
ugliness  
usefulness  
votaress  
wakefulness

wantonness  
 weaponless  
 weariness  
 wickedness  
 wilderness  
 willingness  
 wretchedness  
 embassadress  
 forgetfulness  
 uneasiness  
 unhappiness  
 lasciviousness  
 perfidiousness

ESE, *see* EEZE.

### ESH

flesh  
 fresh  
 mesh  
 nesh  
 plesh  
 thresh  
 afresh  
 refresh

### ESK

desk  
 burlesque  
 grotesque  
 picturesque

### EST

best  
 breast  
 chest  
 crest  
 drest  
 gest  
 guest  
 hest  
 jest

lest  
 nest  
 pest  
 quest  
 rest  
 test  
 vest  
 west  
 zest  
 abreast  
 acquest  
 arrest  
 attest  
 behest

bequest  
 congest  
 confest  
 contest  
 detest  
 digest  
 divest  
 imprest  
 incest  
 infest  
 inquest  
 invest  
 molest  
 obtest  
 protest  
 request  
 revest  
 suggest  
 unrest  
 interest  
 manifest

and the participles  
 of the verbs in  
 ESS.

### ET

ate

bet  
 debt  
 fret  
 get  
 jet  
 let  
 met  
 net  
 pet  
 set  
 spet  
 sweat  
 threat

wet  
 whet  
 yet  
 abet  
 arret  
 beget  
 beset  
 cadet  
 coquet  
 forget  
 piquet  
 regret  
 alphabet  
 amulet  
 anchoret  
 cabinet  
 coronet  
 epithet  
 parapet  
 rivulet  
 violet

### ETCH

fetch  
 sketch  
 stretch  
 wretch

ETE, *see* EAT.



EVE, <i>see</i> EAVE.	spew	interview
	strew	residue
EUM „ UME.	sue	EX
	threw	sex
	through	vex
EW	too	annex
blew	true	complex
blue	view	convex
brew	yew	perplex
chew	you	circumflex
clew	who	and the plurals of
clue	woo	the nouns and 3rd
coo	accrue	person present of
crew	adieu	the verbs in ECK.
cue	ado	EXT
do	alloo	next
drew	anew	pretext
due	askew	and the participles
ew	bamboo	of the verbs in EX.
ewe	bedew	EY, <i>see</i> AY.
few	besbrew	IB
flew	curfew	bib
glue	curlew	crib
grew	emmew	drib
hew	enchew	fib
hue	endue	gib
Jew	ensue	glib
Kew	eschew	nib
knew	halloo	quib
loo	imbrue	rib
mew	imbue	squib
new	indue	IBE
pew	perdue	bribe
screw	purlien	gibe
scrue	pursue	kibe
sew	renew	scribe
shew	review	tribe
shoe	subdue	
shoo	tattoo	
shrew	undo	
so	withdrew	

ascribe  
describe  
imbibe  
inscribe  
prescribe  
proscribe  
rescribe  
subscribe  
transcribe  
circumscribe  
interscribe  
superscribe

## ICE

bice  
dice  
ice  
grice  
lice  
mice  
nice  
price  
rice  
slice  
spice  
thrice  
trice  
twice  
vice  
advice  
concise  
device  
entice  
suffice  
artifice  
avarice  
benefice  
cicatrice  
cockatrice  
edifice  
orifice

paradise  
precipice  
prejudice  
sacrifice

ICH, *see* ITCH.

## ICK

brick  
chick  
click  
crick  
kick  
lick  
nick  
pick  
prick  
quick  
sick  
slick  
stick  
thick  
tick  
trick  
wick  
asthmatic  
catholic  
choleric  
heretic  
politic  
rhetoric  
schismatic  
arithmetic

## ICT

strict  
addict  
afflict  
convict  
inflict  
contradict

interdict  
and the participles  
of the verbs in  
ICK.

## ID

bid  
chid  
hid  
kid  
lid  
'mid  
quid  
rid  
forbid  
pyramid

## IDE

bide  
bride  
chide  
died  
dyed  
glide  
guide  
hide  
nide  
pied  
pride  
ride  
side  
slide  
stride  
tide  
wide  
abide  
aside  
astride  
beside  
bestride  
betide

confide  
decide  
deride  
divide  
inside  
misguide  
preside  
provide  
subside  
coincide  
fratricide  
homicide  
matricide  
parricide  
regicide  
suicide  
infanticide

IDES

ides  
besides  
which rhyme to the  
plurals of the nouns  
and 3rd person pre-  
sent of the verbs in  
IDE.

IDGE

bridge  
midge  
ridge  
abridge

IDST

didst  
midst  
amidst

IE or Y

buy  
by

bye  
cry  
die  
dry  
dye  
eye  
fie  
fly  
fry  
hie  
high  
lie  
lye  
my  
nigh  
pie  
ply  
pry  
rye  
shie  
shy  
sigh  
sky  
sly  
spy  
sty  
thigh

tie  
try  
vie  
why  
ally  
awry  
belie  
comply  
decry  
defy  
deny  
descry  
espy  
imply

outfly  
outvie  
rely  
reply  
supply  
untie  
agony  
amplify  
anarchy  
apathy  
armoury  
artery  
augury  
battery  
beautify  
beggary  
bigamy  
blasphemy  
bravery  
brevity  
bribery  
calumny  
canopy  
cavalry  
certainty  
certify  
charity  
chastity  
chemistry  
chivalry  
clemency  
colony  
comedy  
company  
constancy  
contrary  
courtesy  
crucify  
cruelty  
custody  
decency

deify	industry	piety
deity	infamy	pillory
destiny	infancy	piracy
diary	infantry	pleurisy
dignify	injury	policy
dignity	jollity	poesy
drapery	justify	poetry
drollery	knavery	poverty
drudgery	laity	privacy
ecstasy	legacy	privity
edify	lenity	probity
elegy	leprosy	prodigy
embassy	lethargy	progeny
enemy	liberty	property
energy	library	prophecy
enmity	livery	purify
equity	lottery	putrify
factory	loyalty	qualify
faculty	lunacy	quality
fallacy	luxury	quantity
falsify	magnify	raillery
falsity	majesty	rarity
family	malady	ratify
fealty	melody	rectify
finery	memory	regency
flattery	misery	remedy
fortify	modesty	ribaldry
gaiety	modify	robbery
galaxy	mollify	rosemary
gallantry	monarchy	salary
gallery	mortify	sanctify
glorify	mutiny	sanctity
gluttony	nicety	satisfy
granary	novelty	scarcity
gratify	nursery	scarify
gravity	pacify	scrutiny
harmony	perfidy	secrecy
heresy	perjury	signify
history	penalty	simony
honesty	penury	slavery
husbandry	petrify	sorcery

specify	antipathy	fatality
stupefy	antiquity	felicity
subsidy	anxiety	fertility
symmetry	apology	fidelity
sympathy	apostasy	formality
symphony	artillery	frugality
tapestry	astronomy	futurity
terrify	austerity	geography
testify	authority	geometry
tragedy	avidity	gratuity
treachery	calamity	hostility
treasury	capacity	humanity
trinity	captivity	humidity
trumpery	casualty	humility
tyranny	civility	hypocrisy
unity	community	idolatry
urgency	concavity	imagery
usury	confederacy	immensity
vacancy	conformity	immodesty
vanity	congruity	immunity
verify	conspiracy	impiety
versify	cosmography	improbity
victory	credulity	impunity
vilify	curiosity	impurity
villany	declivity	inanity
vitrify	deformity	incendiary
vivify	delivery	inclemency
votary	democracy	inconstancy
ability	dexterity	indemnify
absurdity	discovery	indemnity
academy	dishonesty	infinity
acclivity	disloyalty	infirmity
accompany	disparity	infirmity
activity	diversity	iniquity
adultery	divinity	integrity
adversity	emergency	majority
affinity	enormity	malignity
agility	equality	maturity
alacrity	eternity	minority
allegory	extremity	morality
anatomy	facility	mortality

mystery  
 nativity  
 necessity  
 neutrality  
 nobility  
 obscurity  
 perplexity  
 perversity  
 philosophy  
 polygamy  
 posterity  
 priority  
 propensity  
 prosperity  
 rapidity  
 recovery  
 sagacity  
 sanctuary  
 satiety  
 security  
 severity  
 simplicity  
 sincerity  
 sobriety  
 society  
 solemnity  
 solidity  
 soliloquy  
 sovereignty  
 sterility  
 stupidity  
 supremacy  
 temerity  
 timidity  
 tranquillity  
 vacuity  
 validity  
 variety  
 virginity  
 vivacity  
 affability

ambiguity  
 animosity  
 assiduity  
 auxiliary  
 consanguinity  
 equanimity  
 etymology  
 genealogy  
 generosity  
 immaturity  
 immorality  
 importunity  
 inability  
 inactivity  
 incapacity  
 incivility  
 incongruity  
 incredulity  
 inequality  
 infidelity  
 instability  
 invalidity  
 liberality  
 magnanimity  
 mediocrity  
 mutability  
 opportunity  
 partiality  
 perpetuity  
 perspicuity  
 probability  
 prodigality  
 sensibility  
 sensuality  
 unanimity  
 university  
 visibility  
 familiarity  
 immutability  
 impartiality  
 impetuosity

impossibility  
 inflexibility  
 uniformity

IECE, *see* EASE.

IEF

beef  
 brief  
 chief  
 fief  
 grief  
 leaf  
 lief  
 sheaf  
 thief  
 belief  
 relief

IEGE

liege  
 siege  
 assiege  
 besiege

IELD

field  
 shield  
 wield  
 yield  
 afield

and the participles  
 of some of the verbs  
 in EAL.

IEN, *see* EEN.

IEND „ END.

IERCE

fierce

pierce  
tierce

IEST *see* EAST.

IEVE „ EAVE.

IFE

fife  
knife  
life  
rife  
strife  
wife

IFF

cliff  
if  
skiff  
sniff  
stiff  
tiff  
whiff

IFT

clift  
drift  
gift  
lift  
rift  
shift  
sift  
thrift  
adrift

IG

big  
dig  
fig  
gig  
grig

jig  
lig  
pig  
prig  
rig  
sprig  
swig  
twig  
Whig  
wig

IGE

oblige  
disoblige

IGH, *see* IE.

IGHT „ ITE.

ING „ INE.

IGUE „ EAGUE.

IKE

dike  
like  
Mike  
pike  
spike  
strike  
alike  
dislike

ILL

bill  
brill  
chill  
dill  
drill  
fill  
frill

gill  
grill  
hill  
ill  
kill  
mill  
nil  
pill  
quill  
rill  
shrill

sill  
skill  
skrill  
spill  
still  
swill  
thill  
thrill  
till  
trill  
will

distil  
fulfil  
instil  
codicil  
daffodil  
utensil

The participles of  
some of the verbs  
in this termination  
will rhyme.

ILD

child  
mild  
smiled  
styled  
wild  
beguiled  
reviled

and the other par- milk  
ticiples of the verbs silk  
in **ILE**.

**ILE**

aisle  
bile  
chyle  
file  
guile  
isle  
mile  
Nile  
pile  
rile  
smile  
stile  
style  
tile  
vile  
while  
wile  
awhile  
compile  
defile  
e'erwhile  
exile  
profile  
revile  
senile  
somewhile  
camomile  
crocodile  
domicile  
imbecile  
inhabile  
juvenile  
reconcile  
volatile

**ILK**

bilk

built  
gilt  
guilt  
hilt  
jilt  
lilt  
quilt  
spilt  
stilt  
tilt

filth  
tilth

brim  
dim  
grim  
him  
hymn  
limb  
limn  
rim  
skim  
slim  
swim  
trim

chime  
climb  
clime  
crime  
dime  
grime  
lime

**ILT****ILTH****IM****IME**

mime  
prime  
rhyme  
rime  
slime  
thyme  
time  
begrime  
mistime  
pastime  
sublime  
maritime  
pantomime

**IMP**

imp  
gimp  
limp  
pimp

**IMPSE**

glimpse  
rhymes to the plu-  
rals of the nouns  
and 3rd person pre-  
sent of the verbs in  
**IMP**.

**IN**

bin  
chin  
din  
fin  
gin  
glyn  
grin  
in  
inn  
kin  
lin  
pin



shin  
sin  
skin  
spin  
thin  
tin  
twin  
win

begin  
chagrin  
heroine  
unpin  
within  
assassin  
bombasin  
capuchin  
javelin  
mandarin  
metheglin  
origin  
violin

## INCE

mince  
prince  
quince  
rinse  
since  
wince  
convince  
evince

## INCH

clinch  
flinch  
inch  
pinch  
winch

## INCT

distinct  
extinct

instinct  
precinct  
succinct  
and the participles  
of some of the  
verbs in INK.

## IND

bind  
blind  
find  
hind  
kind  
grind  
mind  
rind  
wind  
behind  
remind  
unkind  
unwind

and the participles  
of the verbs in  
INE.

## INE

bine  
brine  
chine  
dine  
fine  
kine  
line  
mine  
nine  
pine  
Rhine  
shine  
shrine  
sign  
sine

spine  
swine  
thine  
tine  
trine  
twine  
vine  
whine  
wine

assign  
calcine  
canine  
combine  
confine  
consign  
decline  
define  
design  
divine  
entwine  
fascine  
incline  
inshrine  
opine  
outshine  
recline  
repine  
resign  
saline  
supine  
untwine

adventine  
alkaline  
aquiline  
concubine  
coralline  
crystalline  
countermine  
discipline  
disencline

feminine  
interline  
intertwine  
libertine  
masculine  
metalline  
palatine  
porcupine  
quarantine  
serpentine  
superfine  
turpentine  
underline  
undermine  
undersign  
valentine  
elephantine

## ING

bring  
cling  
fling  
king  
ling  
ring  
sing  
sling  
sting  
string  
swing  
thing  
wing  
wring

## INGE

cringe  
fringe  
hinge  
singe  
springe  
swinge  
twinge

infringe  
unhinge

## INK

blink  
brink  
chink  
clink  
drink  
ink  
link  
pink  
prink  
shrink  
sink  
slink  
stink  
swink  
think  
tink  
wink  
bethink  
forethink  
hoodwink

## INT

dint  
flint  
hint  
lint  
mint  
print  
squint  
tint

asquint  
imprint

## IP

chip  
clip  
dip

drip  
flip  
grip  
hip  
lip  
nip  
pip  
rip  
scrip  
ship  
sip  
skip  
slip  
snip  
strip  
tip  
trip  
whip

atrip  
equip  
unship  
eldership  
fellowship  
partnership  
rivalship  
scholarship  
workmanship  
and many other  
words ending in  
"ship."

## IPE

gripe  
pipe  
ripe  
snipe  
stripe  
tripe  
type  
wipe  
bagpipe

hornpipe  
unripe  
windpipe  
archetype  
prototype

## IPSE

eclipse

rhymes to the plu-  
rals of the nouns  
and 3rd person of  
the verbs in IP.

IR, *see* UR.

IRCH „ URCH.

IRD „ ERD.

## IRE

brier  
choir  
dire  
fire  
friar  
gire  
hire  
ire  
lyre  
mire  
quire  
shire  
sire  
spire  
squire  
tire  
wire  
acquire  
admire  
aspire

attire  
conspire  
desire  
entire  
esquire  
expire  
higher  
inspire  
nigher  
retire  
satire  
transpire

IRGE, *see* ERGE.

IRL „ EARL.

## IRM

firm  
sperm  
term  
worm  
affirm  
confirm  
glowworm  
infirm

IRST, *see* URST.

IRT „ ERT.

IRTH „ EARTH.

IS *and* ISS

bliss  
his  
hiss  
is  
kiss  
miss  
this

whiz  
abyss  
amiss  
dismiss  
remiss  
submit

ISE, *see* ICE *and*  
IZE.

## ISH

cuish  
dish  
fish  
pish  
wish

## ISK

brisk  
disk  
frisk  
risk  
whisk  
basilisk  
tamarisk

## ISP

crisp  
lisp  
wisp

## IST

fist  
hist  
list  
mist  
trist  
twist  
whist  
wist  
wrist

assist	nit	twitch
consist	pit	which
desist	quit	witch
exist	sit	bewitch
insist	slit	
persist	smitt	ITE
resist	spit	bight
subsist	split	bite
alchymist	sprit	blight
amethyst	tit	blite
anatomist	twit	bright
antagonist	whit	cite
coexist	wit	fight
dramatist	writ	flight
eucharist	acquit	fright
evangelist	admit	height
exorcist	commit	hight
herbalist	emit	kite
humorist	omit	knight
journalist	outwit	light
oculist	permit	might
organist	refit	mite
satirist	remit	night
and many other	submit	plight
nouns of a similar	transmit	quite
character ending	benefit	right
in "ist."	intermit	rite
IT	perquisite	sight
bit	ITCH	site
brit	bitch	slight
chit	ditch	spight
cit	flitch	spite
fit	hitch	smite
flit	itch	sprite
frit	niche	tight
grit	nitch	trite
hit	pitch	white
kit	rich	wight
knit	stitch	wright
lit	switch	write
		affright

alight  
 aright  
 bedight  
 benight  
 contrite  
 delight  
 despite  
 excite  
 foresight  
 incite  
 indict  
 insight  
 invite  
 polite  
 recite  
 requite  
 unite  
 unsight  
 upright  
 aconite  
 appetite  
 apposite  
 bedlamite  
 Carmelite  
 chrysolite  
 cosmopolite  
 disunite  
 expedite  
 exquisite  
 favourite  
 hypocrite  
 infinite  
 impolite  
 opposite  
 oversight  
 parasite  
 perquisite  
 proselyte  
 recondite  
 requisite  
 reunite

satellite  
 underwrite  
 unpolite  
 theodolite

## ITH

frith  
 pith  
 smith  
 with  
 forthwith

## ITHE

blithe  
 hithe  
 lithe  
 scythe  
 tithe  
 writhe

## IVE

dive  
 drive  
 gyve  
 hive  
 rive  
 strive  
 swive  
 thrive  
 wive  
 alive  
 arrive  
 connive  
 deprive  
 revive  
 survive

## IV

give  
 live  
 sieve  
 forgive

furtive  
 outlive  
 deceptive  
 donative  
 laxative  
 linitive  
 lucrative  
 narrative  
 negative  
 perspective  
 positive  
 primitive  
 purgative  
 sensitive  
 vegetive  
 affirmative  
 alternative  
 contemplative  
 demonstrative  
 diminutive  
 distributive  
 inquisitive  
 preparative  
 prerogative  
 provocative  
 restorative

## IX

fix  
 flix  
 mix  
 six  
 affix  
 infix  
 prefix  
 transfix  
 crucifix  
 intermix  
 and the plurals of  
 the nouns and 3rd

person present of	moralize	OAL <i>see</i> OLE.
the verbs in ICK.	partialize	
	realize	OAM „ OME.
IXT	scandalize	
betwixt	signalize	OAN „ ONE.
rhymes with the	solemnize	
participles of the	syllogize	OAP „ OPE.
verbs in IX.	sympathize	
	tyrannize	OAR „ ORE.
IZE	tantalize	
guise	vocalize	OARD „ ORD.
prize	apologize	
rise	apostrophize	OAST „ OST.
size	immortalize	
thighs	naturalize	OAT „ OTE.
wise	philosophize	OATH „ OTH.
advise	and numerous other	
assize	words ending in	OB
baptize	IZE, also the plu-	
chastise	rals of the nouns	bob
comprise	and 3rd person pre-	cob
despise	sent of the verbs	fob
devise	in IE and Y. ( <i>See</i>	job
disguise	<i>also</i> ICE.)	knob
excise		lob
premise	O, <i>see</i> OO <i>and</i> OW.	mob
revise		nob
surmise	OACH	rob
surprise	broach	sob
aggrandize	coach	throb
authorize	poach	
canonize	roach	
civilize	abroach	OBE
criticise	approach	globe
enterprise	encroach	lobe
exercise	reproach	probe
formalize		robe
gormandize	OAD, <i>see</i> ODE.	conglobe
harmonize	OAF „ OFF.	disrobe
idolize		enrobe
legalize	OAK „ OKE.	OCE, <i>see</i> OSE.

OCK	load	log
block	mode	mog
clock	ode	agog
cock	road	prologue
crock	rode	catalogue
dock	strode	dialogue
flock	toad	epilogue
frock	abode	pedagogue
knock	corrode	synagogue
lock	explode	
mock	forebode	ODGE
rock	episode	dodge
shock	incommode	lodge
slock		
smock	OE, <i>see</i> OW.	OGUE
sock	OFF	rogue
stock	cough	vogue
	off	collogue
OCT	scoff	disembogue
concoct	trough	prorogue
rhymes with the		
participles of the	OFT	OICE
verbs in OCK.	croft	choice
	loft	voice
OD	oft	rejoice
clod	soft	
God	toft	OID
hod	aloft	void
nod		avoid
odd	and the participles	and the participles
plod	of the verbs in	of the verbs in OY.
pod	OFF.	
quod		OIL
rod	OG	boil
shod	bog	broil
sod	clog	coil
tod	cog	foil
trod	dog	moil
	fog	oil
ODE	grog	soil
bode	hog	spoil
goad	jog	toil

accoil  
bemoil  
cinquefoil  
despoil  
embroil  
recoil  
trefoil  
turmoil  
disembroil

## OIN

coin  
groin  
join  
loin  
adjoin  
conjoin  
disjoin  
enjoin  
purloin  
rejoin  
subjoin

## OINT

joint  
oint  
point  
anoint  
appoint  
disjoint  
disappoint  
counterpoint

## OISE

noise  
poise  
counterpoise

and the plurals of  
the nouns and the  
3rd person of the  
verbs in OY.

foist  
hoist  
joist  
moist  
rejoic'd

## OIST

coit  
exploit

## OIT

## OKE

broke  
choak  
choke  
cloak  
coke  
croak  
joke  
oak  
poke  
smoke  
soak  
spoke  
stoke  
stroke  
woke  
yoke  
awoke  
bespoke  
invoke  
provoke  
revoke  
unyoke

## OLD

bold  
cold  
doled  
foaled  
fold  
gold

hold  
mold  
mould  
old  
scold  
sold  
told  
wold

behold  
enfold  
foretold  
unfold  
untold  
uphold  
withhold  
manifold  
marigold

and the partici-  
ples of the verbs in  
OLE.

## OLE

bole  
bowl  
coal  
cole  
dole  
droll  
foal  
goal  
hole  
jole  
mole  
pole  
role  
roll  
scroll  
shoal  
sole  
soul  
stole



toll  
troll  
troul  
whole  
cajole  
condole  
control  
enrol  
patrol

## OLN

stoll'n  
swoll'n

## OLT

bolt  
colt  
dolt  
holt  
jolt  
molt  
moult  
revolt  
thunderbolt

## OLVE

solve  
absolve  
convolve  
devolve  
dissolve  
exolve  
involve  
revolve

OM, *see* UM.

## OME

comb  
dome  
foam  
home

loam  
roam  
tome

## ON

con  
don  
swan  
ton  
anon  
upon  
amazon  
cinnamon  
garrison  
skeleton  
comparison

## OND

bond  
conn'd  
fond  
pond  
beyond  
despond  
correspond  
diamond  
vagabond

## ONE

blown  
bone  
cone  
crone  
drone  
flown  
groan  
grown  
hone  
known  
loan  
lone  
moan

own  
prone  
shone  
shown  
sown  
stone  
strown  
throne  
thrown  
tone  
zone  
alone  
attone  
disown  
disthrowe  
enthrowe  
o'erthrowe

## ONG

gong  
long  
prong  
song  
strong  
thong  
throng  
wrong  
along  
belong  
dingdong  
erelong  
oblong  
prolong

ONCE *see* UNCE.

ONGUE „ UNG.

ONK „ UNK.

## ONCE

sconce  
ensconce

	ONT	brook	room
font		cook	spoom
front		crook	tomb
want		hook	whom
OO, <i>see</i> EW.		look	womb
		rook	entomb
	OOD	shook	
brood		took	OON
could		betook	boon
food		forsook	June
good		mistook	loon
hood		overlook	moon
mood		undertook	noon
rood			prune
should		OOL	soon
stood		cool	spoon
wood		fool	swoon
would		mule	tune
withstood		pool	attune
brotherhood		pull	buffoon
likelihood		rule	jejune
livelihood		school	lampoon
neighbourhood		stool	poltroon
understood		tool	untune
widowhood		wool	importune
and the participles		yule	
of the verbs in OO.		befool	OOP
		misrule	coop
	OOF	ridicule	droop
hoof		overrule	dupe
proof		vestibule	hoop
roof			loop
woof		OOM	poop
aloof		bloom	scoop
behoof		boom	sloop
disproof		broom	soup
disroof		doom	stoop
		gloom	swoop
	OOK	groom	troop
book		loom	whoop

## OOR

boor  
moor  
poor  
tour  
your  
amour  
paramour

OOSE, *see* USE.

## OOT

boot  
bruit  
brute  
coot  
foot  
flute  
fruit  
hoot  
loot  
lute  
moot  
mute  
root  
route  
shoot  
soot  
suit

acute  
commute  
compute  
confute  
cornute  
depute  
dilute  
dispute  
hirsute  
impute  
minute  
permute

pollute  
pursuit  
recruit  
refute  
repute  
salute  
suppute  
absolute  
constitute  
dissolute  
institute  
prosecute  
prostitute  
resolute  
irresolute

## OOTH

booth  
smooth  
sooth

## OOZE

choose  
lose  
mews  
news  
noose  
ooze  
use  
whose  
abuse  
amuse

## OP

chop  
crop  
dop  
drop  
fop  
hop  
lop

mop  
pop  
prop  
shop  
sop  
stop  
swop  
top  
wop  
unstop

## OPE

cope  
grope  
hope  
mope  
pope  
rope  
scope  
slope  
soap  
tope  
trope  
aslope  
elope  
antelope  
interlope  
horoscope  
telescope  
heliotrope

## OPT

adopt  
rhymes with the  
participles of the  
verbs in OP.

## OR

abhor  
ancestor  
confessor

conqueror  
counsellor  
creditor  
emperor  
governor  
metaphor  
orator  
senator  
successor  
ambassador  
competitor  
conspirator  
progenitor

## ORCH

porch  
scorch  
torch

## ORCE

coarse  
corse  
course  
force  
hoarse  
horse  
source  
discourse  
divorce  
endorse  
enforce  
perforce  
recourse  
remorse  
resource  
unhorse  
intercourse

## ORD

board  
cord

ford  
gourd  
hoard  
lord  
sword  
ward  
abhorr'd  
aboard  
accord  
afford  
award  
record  
reward

and the participle a  
of the verbs in ORE

## ORE

boar  
bore  
core  
door  
floor  
fore  
four  
goar  
gore  
hoar  
lore  
more  
oar  
ore  
o'er  
pore  
pour  
roar  
score  
shore  
snore  
soar  
sore  
store

swore  
tore  
whore  
wore  
adore  
afore  
ashore  
before  
deplore  
explore  
forlore  
forswore  
implore  
restore

evermore  
heretofore  
hellebore  
nevermore  
sycamore

## ORGE

forge  
George  
gorge  
disgorge  
regorge

## ORK

cork  
fork  
pork  
stork  
work

## ORLD

world  
rhymes with the  
participles of the  
verbs in URL.

## ORM

form

storm  
swarm  
warm  
conform  
deform  
inform  
perform  
reform  
transform  
multiform  
uniform

## ORN

born  
corn  
dawn  
horn  
lawn  
scorn  
shorn  
sworn  
thorn  
torn  
warn  
worn

adorn  
forborne  
forlorn  
forsworn  
suborn  
capricorn  
overborne  
unicorn

ORST, *see* URST.

## ORT

court  
fort  
port  
quart

mort  
short  
snort  
sort  
sport  
consort  
disport  
distort  
exhort  
export  
extort  
import  
report  
resort  
retort  
support  
transport

## ORTH

forth  
fourth  
north  
worth

## OSE

close  
dose  
gross  
engross  
jocose  
morose  
(*See* OZE.)

## OSS

boss  
cross  
dross  
foss  
loss  
moss

toss  
across  
emboss

## OST

cost  
frost  
lost  
tost  
accost  
emboss'd  
exhaust

## OST (OAST)

boast  
coast  
ghost  
host  
most  
post  
roast  
toast

## OT

blot  
clot  
cot  
dot  
got  
grot  
hot  
jot  
knot  
lot  
not  
plot  
pot  
rot  
Scot  
shot

slot  
sot  
spot  
squat  
what  
yacht  
allot  
begot  
besot  
complot  
forgot  
counterplot

## OTCH

botch  
crotch  
notch  
watch

## OTE

bloat  
boat  
coat  
cote  
doat  
float  
gloat  
goat  
groat  
lote  
moat  
mote  
note  
oat  
quote  
rote  
smote  
stoat  
throat  
vote  
wrote

afloat  
denote  
devote  
promote  
remote  
anecdote  
antidote

## OTH

broth  
cloth  
froth  
moth  
troth  
wroth  
betroth

## OTH (OATH)

both  
clothe  
growth  
loth  
oath  
sloth

## OUCH

couch  
crouch  
pouch  
slouch  
vouch  
avouch

## OUD

cloud  
crowd  
loud  
proud  
shroud  
aloud

overcloud  
and the participles  
of some of the  
verbs in OW.

## OVE

clove  
drove  
grove  
rove  
stove  
throve  
wove  
alcove  
devoove  
inwove  
interwove

## OVE (as UV)

dove  
glove  
love  
shove  
above

## OVE (as UVE)

move  
prove  
approve  
disprove  
improve  
remove  
reprove

## OUGHT

bought  
brought  
caught  
drought  
fought

fraught  
nought  
ought  
sought  
taught  
thought  
wrought

besought  
bethought  
forethought  
methought

## OUNCE

bounce  
flounce  
ounce  
pounce  
denounce  
pronounce  
renounce

## OUND

bound  
found  
ground  
hound  
mound  
pound  
round  
sound  
wound  
abound  
aground  
around  
compound  
confound  
expound  
profound  
redound  
renowned

resound  
surround  
and the participles  
of the verbs in  
OWN.

OUNG, *see* UNG.

## OUNT

count  
fount  
mount  
account  
discount  
dismount  
miscount  
remount  
surmount

OUP, *see* OOP.

## OUR

bower  
cower  
dower  
flour  
flower  
hour  
lower  
our  
power  
shower  
sour  
tower  
devour  
deflower  
empower  
overpower

## OURS

ours

rhymes to the plu-  
ral of the nouns  
and 3rd person  
present of verbs  
in OUR and  
yours

with same in OOR.

## OUSE

chouse  
house  
louse  
mouse  
souse

## OUT

bout  
clout  
doubt  
drought  
flout  
gout  
grout  
lout  
pout  
rout  
scout  
shout  
snout  
spout  
sprout  
stout  
trout  
about  
devout  
redoubt  
misdoubt  
throughout  
without

## OUTH

mouth  
south

OW  
 bow  
 blow  
 crow  
 doe  
 dough  
 flow  
 foe  
 glow  
 go  
 grow  
 ho!  
 hoe  
 know  
 lo!  
 low  
 mow  
 no  
 oh!  
 roe  
 row  
 sew  
 shew  
 show  
 sloe  
 slow  
 snow  
 so  
 sow  
 stow  
 though  
 throw  
 toe  
 tow  
 trow  
 woe  
 ago  
 below  
 bestow  
 forego  
 foreknow

foreshow  
 overflow  
 overgrow  
 overthrow  
 reflow

## OW (OUGH)

bough  
 bow  
 brow  
 cow  
 how  
 mow  
 now  
 plough  
 prow  
 row  
 slough  
 sow  
 thou  
 vow  
 allow  
 avow  
 endow  
 disallow  
 disavow

## OWL

cowl  
 foul  
 fowl  
 growl  
 howl  
 owl  
 prowl  
 scowl

## OWN

brown

clown  
 crown  
 down  
 drown  
 frown  
 gown  
 town  
 adown  
 imbrown  
 renown

## OWZE

blouse  
 blowze  
 browze  
 rouse  
 spouse  
 carouse  
 espouse

## OX

box  
 fox  
 locks  
 ox  
 equinox  
 orthodox  
 heterodox

and the plurals of  
 the nouns and 3rd  
 person present of  
 the verbs in OCK.

## OY

boy  
 buoy  
 cloy  
 coy  
 joy  
 toy  
 troy



alloy  
annoy  
convoy  
decoy  
destroy  
employ  
enjoy  
viceroi

## OZE

chose  
close  
doze  
gloze  
froze  
hose  
knows  
lows  
nose  
owes  
pose  
prose  
rose  
those  
toes  
woes  
arose  
appose  
compose  
depose  
disclose  
dispose  
enclose  
expose  
foreclose  
impose  
oppose  
propose  
repose  
suppose  
discompose

interpose  
presuppose  
recompose  
and the plurals of  
the nouns and 3rd  
person present of  
the verbs in OW.

## UB

bub  
chub  
club  
cub  
dub  
drub  
grub  
rub  
scrub  
shrub  
snub  
sub  
tub  
sillabub

## UBE

cube  
tube

## UCE

deuce  
juice  
luce  
pruce  
puce  
sluice  
spruce  
truce  
use  
abstruse  
abuse  
conduce

deduce  
disuse  
excuse  
induce  
misuse  
obtusē  
produce  
profuse  
recluse  
reduce  
seduce  
traduce  
introduce

## UCH

clutch  
crutch  
Dutch  
grutch  
hutch  
much  
such  
touch  
retouch  
insomuch  
overmuch

## UCK

buck  
chuck  
duck  
luck  
muck  
pluck  
Puck  
ruck  
struck  
stuck  
suck  
truck  
tuck

## UCT

duct  
conduct  
construct  
deduct  
extract  
induct  
instruct  
obstruct  
product  
subduct  
aqueduct  
circumduct  
ventiduct

and the participles  
of the verbs in  
UCK.

## UD

blood  
bud  
cud  
flood  
mud  
scud  
stud

## UDE

brood  
crude  
feud  
lewd  
nude  
prude  
rude  
shrewd  
allude  
conclude  
delude  
elude

exclude  
extrude  
exude  
include  
intrude  
obtrude  
preclude  
prelude  
protrude  
seclude

aptitude  
attitude  
finitude  
fortitude  
gratitude  
habitude  
interlude  
lassitude  
latitude  
longitude  
magnitude  
multitude  
plenitude  
promptitude  
quietude  
rectitude  
sanctitude  
servitude  
solitude  
turpitude

beatitude  
decrepitude  
ineptitude  
infinite  
ingratitude  
inquietude  
necessitude  
similitude  
solicitude  
vicissitude

and the participles  
of the termination  
EW.

## UDGE

budge  
drudge  
fudge  
grudge  
judge  
sludge  
trudge  
adjudge  
forejudge  
misjudge  
prejudge  
rejudge

UE, *see* EW

## UFF

bluff  
buff  
chuff  
cuff  
huff  
gruff  
luff  
muff  
puff  
ruff  
rough  
scruff  
snuff  
stuff  
tough  
enough  
rebuff  
counterbuff

## UFT

tuft

and the participles  
of the verbs in  
UFF.

## UG

bug  
drug  
dug  
hug  
jug  
lug  
mug  
pug  
rug  
shrug  
slug  
snug

UICE, *see* USE.

UIDE „ IDE.

UILD „ ILD.

UILE „ ILE.

UILT „ ILT.

UINT „ INT.

UISE „ ISE

*and* USE.

UIE, *see* IE.

## UKE

duke  
puke  
peruke  
rebuke

## UL

cull  
dull  
gull  
hull  
lull  
mull  
null  
scull  
skull  
trull  
annul  
disannul

## ULL

bull  
full  
pull  
wool

bountiful  
dutiful  
fanciful  
merciful  
sorrowful  
wonderful  
worshipful

ULE, *see* OOL.

## ULGE

bulge  
divulge  
indulge

## ULK

bulk  
hulk  
sculk

## ULSE

pulse

convulse  
expulse  
impulse  
repulse

## ULT

adult  
consult  
exult  
indult  
insult  
occult  
penult  
result  
tumult  
difficult

UM *and* UMB

bomb  
chum  
come  
crum  
crumb  
drum  
dumb  
gum  
glum  
grum  
hum  
mum  
numb  
rum  
plum  
plumb  
scum  
some  
stum  
sum  
swum  
thumb

thrum  
become  
benumb  
succumb  
burthensome  
Christendom  
cumbersome  
frolicsome  
hecatomb  
humorsome  
laudanum  
martyrdom  
medium  
minium  
odium  
opium  
overcome  
pendulum  
premium  
quarrelsome  
speculum  
troublesome  
delirium  
effluvium  
elysium  
emporium  
encomium  
exordium  
millennium  
postulatum  
sensorium  
ultimatum  
equilibrium  
pericranium  
epithalamium

## UME

fume  
plume  
rheum

assume  
consume  
deplume  
inhume  
perfume  
relume  
resume

## UMP

bump  
chump  
clump  
crump  
dump  
hump  
jump  
lump  
mump  
plump  
pump  
rump  
stump  
thump  
thrump  
trump

## UN

done  
dun  
fun  
gun  
Hun  
none  
nun  
one  
pun  
run  
shun  
son  
spun  
stun  
sun

ton  
tun  
won  
begun  
forerun  
outrun  
overrun  
undone

## UNCE

dunce  
once

## UNCH

bunch  
crunch  
hunch  
lunch  
munch  
punch

## UND

fund  
rhymes with the  
participles of the  
verbs in UN.

UNE, *see* OON.

## UNG

bung  
clung  
dung  
flung  
hung  
lung  
'mong  
rung  
slung  
sprung  
strung

stung  
sung  
swung  
tongue  
wrung  
young  
among  
unsung

## UNGE

plunge  
lunge  
sponge  
expunge

## UNK

drunk  
funk  
junk  
monk  
punk  
shrunk  
slunk  
sponk  
spunk  
stunk  
sunk  
trunk

## UNT

blunt  
brunt  
front  
grunt  
hunt  
lunt  
runt  
wont

## UP

cup

sup  
up

## UPT

abrupt  
corrupt  
interrupt  
and the partici-  
ples of the verbs  
in UP.

UR, *see* ER.

## URB

curb  
herb  
verb  
adverb  
disturb  
reverb  
superb

URCH, *see*  
EARCH.

URD, *see* ERD.

## URE

cure  
dure  
lure  
mure  
pure  
sure  
ure  
your  
abjure  
adjure  
allure  
assure  
conjure

demure  
depure  
endure  
immure  
insure  
inure  
manure  
mature  
unsure  
obdure  
obscure  
procure  
secure  
embrasure  
epicure  
insecure  
immature  
reassure  
sinecure

## URF

scurf  
turf

URGE, *see* ERGE.

## URK

birk  
clerk  
dirk  
firk  
irk  
jerk  
kirk  
lurk  
mirk  
murk  
perk  
smirk  
stirk  
Turk  
work

URL, *see* EARL.

URN „ ERN.

URST

burst  
 curst  
 durst  
 erst  
 first  
 hurst  
 thirst  
 worst

URT, *see* ERT.

URSE „ ERSE.

URVE „ ERVE.

US

buss  
 fuss  
 muss  
 plus  
 thus  
 truss  
 us

discuss  
 percuss  
 rebus

amorous  
 blasphemous  
 boisterous  
 clamorous  
 credulous  
 dangerous  
 dolorous  
 emulous

fabulous  
 frivolous  
 generous  
 gluttonous  
 harquebuss  
 hazardous  
 incubus  
 infamous  
 lecherous  
 mischievous  
 mountainous  
 mutinous  
 numerous  
 ominous

overplus  
 perilous  
 poisonous  
 ponderous  
 populous  
 prosperous  
 ravenous  
 rigorous  
 riotous  
 slanderous  
 sonorous  
 timorous  
 tyrannous  
 valorous  
 venomous  
 villanous

adventurous  
 adulterous  
 ambiguous  
 calamitous  
 degenerous  
 fortuitous  
 gratuitous  
 idolatrous  
 incredulous  
 libidinous  
 magnanimous

miraculous  
 necessitous  
 obstreperous  
 ridiculous  
 solicitous  
 unanimous  
 odoriferous

There are numerous other words ending in "OUS" which are not accented on the last syllable.

USE

deuce  
 goose  
 loose  
 ruse  
 truce  
 use  
 abuse  
 excuse  
 intuse  
 obtuse  
 profuse  
 recluse  
 refuse

USH

blush  
 brush  
 bush  
 crush  
 flush  
 gush  
 hush  
 lush  
 plush  
 push  
 rush

thrush		august		abut	
tush		combust		englut	
ambush		disgust		UTCH, <i>see</i> UCH.	
		distrust		UTE „ OOT.	
	USK	incrust		UTH	
busk		intrust		Ruth	
dusk		mistrust		sooth	
husk		robust		tooth	
lusk				truth	
musk			UT	youth	
rusk		but		forsooth	
tusk		butt		uncouth	
		cut		UVE, <i>see</i> OVE.	
	UST	glut		UX	
bust		gut		flux	
crust		hut		lux	
dust		jut		yux	
gust		nut		conflux	
just		put		efflux	
lust		rut		influx	
must		scut		reflux	
rust		shut		superflux	
thrust		slut			
trust		smut			
adjust		strut			
adust					

# A LIST OF DOUBLE RHYMES USEFUL IN POETRY.

---

ACHING, awaking, breaking, forsaking, making, quaking,  
raking, taking.

ACRE, baker, quaker, raker.

AFTER, hereafter, laughter, rafter, wafter.

AIDING. (*See* TRADING.)

AILING, bailing, bewailing, detailing, sailing, failing,  
nailing, paling, quailing, railing, wailing, whaling.

ALLEY, galley, sally, valley.

ALTER, altar, falter, halter, palter, psalter.

AMBLE, bramble, ramble, scramble.

AMBLER, clambler, Rambler, scrambler.

AMBLING, rambling, scrambling.

ANGLE, dangle, mangle, spangle, strangle, tangle.

ANGUISH, languish.

BABBLE, dabble, grabble, rabble.

BADNESS, gladness, madness, sadness.

BAILING, ailing, failing, hailing, nailing, paling, quailing,  
railing, sailing, wailing, whaling.

BAKER, acre, breaker, maker, quaker, raker, shaker, staker,  
taker.

BANDED, branded, handed, landed, stranded.

BANDING, handing, landing, standing.

BANDY, handy, sandy.

BANKER, blanker, canker, danker, franker, hanker, lanker,  
ranker, thanker.

BANTER, canter, chanter, panter, planter, ranter.

BARELY, fairly, rarely, sparely.



- BARLEY, parley.  
 BASTED, hasted, pasted, tasted, wasted.  
 BATTLE, cattle, chattle, prattle, rattle, tattle.  
 BEAKER, bleaker, meeker, seeker, sneaker, speaker, squeaker, weaker.  
 BEAMING, deeming, dreaming, gleaming, seeming, streaming, teeming.  
 BEARER, carer, darer, fairer, rarer, scarer, sharer, snarer, swearer, wearer.  
 BEAREST. (*See* WEAREST.)  
 BEARING, airing, blaring, caring, daring, fairing, glaring, pairing, paring, scaring, sparing, squaring, swearing, tearing, wearing.  
 BEAUTY, duty.  
 BEING, seeing.  
 BELLOW, fellow, mellow.  
 BENDER, fender, lender, render, sender, slender, tender, vendor.  
 BENDING, blending, ending, lending, mending, pending, rending, sending, spending, tending, vending, wending.  
 BERRY, bury, cherry, derry, ferry, merry, perry, very, wherry.  
 BETTER, fetter, letter, netter, setter, wetter.  
 BIDDING, chiding, dividing, gliding, guiding, hiding, riding, sliding, striding.  
 BIGGER, digger, figure, nigger, rigger.  
 BILLOW, pillow, willow.  
 BITTER, fitter, fritter, twitter, glitter, hitter, litter, sitter.  
 BLAMEFUL, shameful.  
 BLEATING, beating, cheating, eating, greeting, meeting, seating, sheeting, sleeting, treating.  
 BLEEDING, beading, breeding, feeding, heeding, leading, needing, pleading, reading, speeding, weeding.  
 BLESSING, caressing, dressing, guessing, pressing, tressing.  
 BLIGHTED, benighted, cited, delighted, invited, lighted, plighted, requited, righted, slighted, spited, united.  
 BLINDEST, kindest.  
 BLINDNESS, kindness.  
 BLISSES, hisses, kisses, misses.  
 BLOOMY, gloomy, loomy, ploomy, roomy.

BLOWING, flowing, going, growing, mowing, rowing, showing, snowing, stowing, strowing, throwing.

BLUNDER, plunder, sunder, thunder, under, wonder.

BOASTER, coaster, roaster, toaster.

BOLDNESS, coldness, oldness.

BORROW, morrow, sorrow.

BOTTLE, mottle, pottle, throttle.

BOUNDED, founded, hounded, pounded, rounded, sounded.

BOUNDETH, astoundeth, soundeth, surroundeth.

BOUNDING, founding, grounding, resounding, rounding, sounding.

\*BOWING, allowing, ploughing, vowing.

BRAINLESS, chainless, gainless, painless, rainless, stainless.

BRAMBLE, amble, gamble, ramble, scramble.

BRAWLER, bawler, caller, crawler, drawler, maunder, smaller, sprawler, taller.

BREAKING, aching, baking, forsaking, laking, making, quaking, shaking, staking, taking, waking.

BRIAR, crier, friar, nigher.

BRIGHTEN, frighten, heighten, lighten, tighten, whiten.

BRIGHTER, biter, citer, fighter, inviter, lighter, mitre, nitre, sligher, smiter, triter, whiter, writer.

BRIGHTLY, knightly, lightly, nightly, politely, rightly, sightly, slightly, spritely, tritely, whitely.

BRINDLE, dwindle, kindle, spindle.

BRINGER, clinger, flinger, ringer, singer, springer, stinger, swinger, wringer.

BRINGING, clinging, flinging, ringing, singing, slinging, springing, stinging, stringing, swinging, winging.

BRITTLE, little, quittal, spittal, tittle, whittle.

BROKEN, spoken, token.

BROTHER, another, mother, other, smother.

BUMPER, flumper, jumper, lumper, plumper, trumper.

BURLY, surly.

BURNING, spurning, turning, earning.

BURNISH, furnish.

BUTLER, cutler, sutler.

CALLING, appalling, falling, galling, stalling, walling.

CALLOW, fallow, mallow, shallow, yellow.

CANKER, banker, hanker, lanker, spanker, thanker.

- CANTER, banter, ranter, panter.  
CAPERS, papers, vapours.  
CARER, bearer, darer, fairer, pairer, rarer, swearer, wearer  
CAREST, barest, dares, fairest, rarest, sharest, squarest,  
wearest.  
CARRIAGE, disparage, marriage.  
CHALICE, malice, palace.  
CHARMER, alarmer, farmer, harmer.  
CHARMING, alarming, arming, farming, harming.  
CHEERFUL, fearful, tearful.  
CHEERLESS, fearless, peerless, tearless.  
CHERISH, perish.  
CHERRY, berry, bury, derry, ferry, jerry, merry, sherry,  
very, wherry.  
CHIDED, divided, glided, sided, tided.  
CHILDHOOD, wildwood.  
CHOOSER, loser, user.  
CHORAL, floral, oral.  
CHORUS, o'er us, porous.  
CITY, ditty, pity, witty.  
CLAMBLER, ambler, Rambler, scrambler.  
CLEARER, dearer, hearer, nearer, severer, sincerer, steerer.  
CLENCHER, bencher, drencher, trencher, wrencher.  
CLIENT, defiant, pliant.  
CLINGING, bringing, flinging, ringing, singing, swinging,  
winging.  
CLIPPER, chipper, dipper, nipper, shipper, skipper, sipper,  
whipper.  
CLOVER, drover, over, rover.  
COASTER, boaster, roaster, toaster.  
COFFER, offer, proffer, scoffer.  
COINER, joiner, purloiner.  
COLLEGE, knowledge.  
COURTED, sorted, sported.  
COVER, glover, hover, lover, shover.  
CRAGGY, baggy, jaggy, shaggy.  
CRAVEN, graven, haven, raven, shaven.  
CRAWLER, bawler, brawler, drawler, foiler, spoiler, sprawler.  
CRAZY, daisy, hazy, lazy.  
CREEPING, keeping, peeping, sleeping, steeping, sweeping,  
weeping.

CRIPPLE, dipple, nipple, ripple, tipple.

CROSSES, drosses, losses, mosses.

CRUEL, duel, fuel, gruel.

CRUMBLE, fumble, grumble, humble, jumble, mumble,  
rumble, stumble, tumble.

CRUPPER, upper, cupper, supper.

DAISY, crazy, hazy, lazy, mazy.

DANCING, advancing, chancing, entrancing, glancing,  
prancing.

DANDLE, candle, handle, sandal, scandal.

DANDY, bandy, candy, handy, pandy, sandy.

DANGER, manger, ranger, stranger.

DANGLE, jangle, mangle, spangle, strangle, tangle, wrangle.

DAPPER, flapper, snapper, wrapper.

DARER, bearer, carer, fairer, swearer, wearer.

DARING, bearing, caring, faring, paring, pairing, sparing,  
swearing, tearing, wearing.

DARKEN, hearken.

DARKLING, sparkling.

DAUGHTER, mortar, porter, slaughter, water.

DAWNING, adorning, fawning, morning, scorning, warning.

DEALING, ceiling, feeling, healing, pealing, reeling, reveal-  
ing, stealing.

DEARER, clearer, fearer, hearer, nearer, queerer.

DEAREST, fearest, hearest, nearest, queerest.

DECENT, recent.

DEEPNESS, steepness.

DIGGER, bigger, figure, jigger, nigger, rigger, snigger.

DIMPLE, pimple, simple, wimple.

DINGLE, inge, jingle, mingle, shingle, single.

DINNER, grinner, sinner, skinner, thinner, winner.

DISTANCE, assistance, resistance.

DITCHER, hitcher, pitcher.

DOCTOR, proctor.

DOUBLE, bubble, nubble, rubble, stubble, trouble.

DOUBTER, outer, pouter, touter.

DRAINING, raining, straining, training.

DRAWLER, bawler, brawler, crawler, hawler.

DREAMING, beaming, creaming, gleaming, seeming,  
scheming, streaming.

DRENCHER, bencher, clencher, quencher, trencher,  
wrencher.

DRINKER, shrinker, thinker.

DRINKING, inkling, linking, sprinkling, tinkling, twink-  
ling.

DRIVEN, given, riven, striven.

DUMBLY, humbly.

DUMBNESS, numbness.

DWELLING, belling, foretelling, quelling, selling, spelling,  
swelling, telling, welling.

DWINDLE, brindle, kindle.

ENDING, bending, defending, lending, mending, pending,  
rending, sending, tending, wending.

EVER, endeavour, never, sever.

FACES, chases, laces, traces, braces.

FAILING, ailing, bailing, railing, sailing, wailing, whaling.

FAINTING, painting, tainting.

FAINTLY, saintly.

FAIRER, bearer, carer, darer, pairer, rarer, swearer, wearer.

FAIREST, bearest, carest, darest, rarest, sharest, wearest.

FALLING, bawling, calling, hawling.

FALLOW, callow, mallow, shallow, tallow, yellow.

FASTNESS, vastness.

FEAREST, dearest, hearest, nearest, queerest, steerest.

FEARFUL, cheerful, tearful.

FEARLESS, cheerless, peerless.

FEATHER, leather, tether, together, weather, whether.

FEELING, dealing, healing, pealing, reeling, revealing,  
squealing, stealing.

FELLOW, mellow.

FERRY, berry, cherry, derry, merry, perry, very, wherry.

FETTER, better, letter, setter, wetter.

FICKLE, pickle, prickle, sickle, tickle.

FIDDLE, twiddle, middle, riddle.

FIGURE, vigour.

FLEETNESS, sweetness.

FLINGING, bringing, clinging, singing, winging.

FLOATED, boated, doated, moated, quoted.

FLORAL, choral, oral.

FLYING, buying, dying, hieing, lying, prying, sighing, trying, vieing.

FOLLOW, hollow.

FONDER, wander, yonder.

FOUNTAIN, mountain.

FUEL, cruel, duel.

FUNNEL, gunnel, runnel, tunnel.

GAINER, drainer, stainer, strainer, trainer.

GHASTLY, fastly, lastly, vastly.

GIVEN, driven, riven, striven, thriven.

GIVER, liver, quiver, river, shiver.

GLADNESS, badness, madness, sadness.

GLANCING, advancing, dancing, entrancing, lancing, prancing.

GLEAMING, beaming, deeming, dreaming, seeming, streaming.

GLIDED, bided, chided, divided, sided.

GLISTEN, listen.

GLITTER, bitter, fritter, hitter, litter, twitter.

GLORY, gory, hoary, story, tory.

GOING, blowing, flowing, glowing, knowing, mowing, rowing, stowing, throwing.

GRAVEN, craven, haven, raven, shaven.

GREEDY, needy, seedy, speedy, weedy.

GREETING, beating, heating, meeting, repeating, seating, treating.

GRIPER, piper, ripper, viper.

GROANERS, moaners, owners.

GUNNEL, funnel, tunnel, runnel.

GUNNER, dunner, runner, stunner.

HACKLE, cackle, tackle.

HANDED, banded, candid, landed, sanded, stranded.

HANDLE, candle, dandle, sandal, Vandal.

HANDY, bandy, candy, dandy, sandy.

HANGING, banging, clanging.

HANKER, banker, canker, danker, lanker, spanker, thanker.

HARMING, alarming, charming, farming.

HAVEN, craven, graven, raven, shaven.

HEADY, neddy, ready, steady.

HEALING, dealing, feeling, pealing, reeling, revealing,  
stealing.

HEARER, clearer, dearer, fearer, nearer, queerer, steerer.

HEAREST, clearest, dearest, fearest, merest, nearest,  
peerest, queerest.

HEAVEN, leaven, leven.

HEAVING, deceiving, grieving, leaving, thieving, weaving.

HEEDED, needed, speeded, unheeded, weeded.

HEEDFUL, needful.

HIDING, biding, chiding, gliding, riding, striding, tiding.

HITHER, thither, wither.

HOLLOW, follow.

HONEY, funny, money.

HUMBLY, dumbly.

HUMOUR, rumour.

IDLE, bridle, sidle, tidal.

INGLE, dingle, mingle, shingle, single, tingle.

JAGGY, baggy, craggy, shaggy.

JAVELIN, ravelin.

JOBBER, fobber, robber.

JOKER, poker, provoker, smoker, soaker, stoker.

JUMBLE, crumble, fumble, grumble, humble, mumble,  
rumble, stumble, tumble.

JUNCTURE, puncture.

KEEPING, heaping, leaping, peeping, reaping, sleeping,  
weeping.

KINDLE, dwindle, spindle.

KINDNESS, blindness.

LADING, aiding, fading, trading, wading.

LANDING, banding, handing, sanding, standing.

LASTLY, fastly, ghastly, vastly.

LATENT, patent.

LAUGHTER, after, hereafter, rafter.

LAVING, braving, craving, raving, slaving, staving, waving.

LEADING, breeding, feeding, heeding, needing, pleading,  
reading, weeding.

LEATHER, feather, heather, nether, tether, together  
weather.

LEAVING, grieving, heaving, weaving.

LEDGY, sedgey.

LENDING, bending, ending, rending, sending, tending,  
wending.

LENGTHEN, strengthen.

LETTER, better, debtor, fetter, setter.

LIGHTED, blighted, delighted, plighted, righted, slighted,  
united.

LIGHTEN, brighten, frighten, heighten.

LIGHTER, brighter, mitre, nitre, slighter, tighter, whiter,  
writer.

LIGHTEST, brightest, slightest, whitest.

LIGHTLY, brightly, nightly, slightly, spritely, tightly.

LIQUOR, bicker, flicker, picker, quicker, sticker, thicker,  
wicker.

LISTEN, glisten.

LITTER, bitter, fitter, glitter, hitter, pitter, quitter, titter,  
twitter.

LITTLE, brittle, tittle.

LIVER, giver, quiver, river, shiver.

LIZARD, dizzard, gizzard, wizard.

LONELY, only.

LONGING, thronging, wronging.

LOUDLY, proudly.

MAKER, acre, baker, quaker, raker, shaker, staker, taker.

MAKING, aching, awaking, breaking, forsaking, quaking,  
raking, taking, waking.

MALLOW, callow, fallow, shallow, tallow, yellow.

MANGLE, angle, dangle, jangle, strangle, tangle, wrangle.

MARRY, carry, harry, tarry.

MATCHER, latcher, thatcher, watcher.

MATIN, latin, satin.

MATRON, patron.

MEASURE, pleasure, treasure.

MERRY, berry, bury, cherry, derry, ferry, sherry, very,  
wherry.

METTLE, fettle, kettle, metal, nettle, settle.



MIDDLE, diddle, fiddle, riddle, twiddle.  
MILLER, driller, filler, killer, siller, tiller.  
MINGLE, dingle, inge, jingle, shingle, single.  
MINION, opinion, pinion.  
MONEY, funny, honey.  
MORNING, adorning, dawning, scorning, warning.  
MORROW, borrow, sorrow.  
MOTHER, another, brother, smother.  
MOTION, emotion, notion, ocean, potion.  
MOTTO, grotto.  
MOUNTAIN, fountain.  
MUDDY, ruddy, study.  
MUMBLE, crumble, fumble, grumble, humble, jumble,  
rumble, stumble, tumble.

NATION, creation, legation, obligation, ration, station.  
NEARER, clearer, dearer, hearer, rearer, steerer.  
NEAREST, clearest, dearest, fearest, hearest, queerest.  
NEEDFUL, heedful.  
NEEDING, breeding, feeding, leading, pleading, reading,  
weeding.  
NEEDLE, beadle, tweedle, wheedle.  
NEEDY, greedy, seedy, speedy, weedy.  
NETHER, feather, leather, tether, together, weather.  
NETTLE, fettle, kettle, mettle, settle.  
NEVER, endeavour, ever, sever.  
NEWNESS, fewness, trueness.  
NIBBLE, dribble, fribble, scribble.  
NOTION, emotion, motion, ocean, potion.  
NUMBER, encumber, lumber, slumber.

OCEAN, emotion, motion, notion.  
OFFER, coffer, proffer, scoffer.  
ONLY, lonely.  
ORAL, choral, floral.  
OTHER, another, brother, mother, smother.  
OUTER, doubter, pouter, touter.  
OVER, clover, drover, rover, trover.

PAINTING, fainting, tainting.  
 PALING, ailing, bailing, failing, hailing, railing, sailing,  
 wailing, whaling.  
 PATENT, latent.  
 PATTERN, slattern.  
 PEALING, dealing, feeling, healing, reeling, revealing,  
 stealing.  
 PEDLER, medler.  
 PEEPER, keeper, leaper, sleeper, weeper.  
 PENSION, mention, tension.  
 PERISH, cherish.  
 PILLAGE, tillage, village.  
 PILLOW, billow, willow.  
 PIMPLE, dimple, simple, wimple.  
 PINING, divining, lining, mining, reclining, shining,  
 twining, whining.  
 PINION, minion, opinion.  
 PIPER, griper, viper.  
 PITCHER, ditcher, hitcher.  
 PITTANCE, quittance.  
 PLANTED, enchanted, granted.  
 PLATTER, batter, fatter, hatter, matter.  
 PLAYER, prayer, slayer, stayer.  
 PLAYING, delaying, laying, maying, neighing, obeying,  
 staying, straying, weighing.  
 PLEADING, breeding, feeding, heeding, leading, needing,  
 reading, weeding.  
 PLEASURE, measure, treasure.  
 PLOOMY, bloomy, gloomy, roomy.  
 POKER, joker, provoker, smoker.  
 PONDER, fonder, yonder.  
 PORTAL, mortal.  
 POSIES, discloses, roses.  
 POTTLE, bottle, mottle, throttle.  
 PRATTLE, battle, cattle, rattle, tattle.  
 PROCTOR, doctor.  
 PROFFER, coffer, offer, scoffer.  
 PURELY, demurely, surely.

QUAKER, acre, baker, breaker, maker, raker, shaker, staker.

QUAKING, aching, awaking, baking, breaking, forsaking,  
making, raking, shaking.

QUICKER, bicker. (*See LIQUOR.*)

QUITTANCE, pittance.

RAFTER, after, hereafter, laughter, wafter.

RAGING, waging.

RAILING, bailing, failing, hailing, nailing, paling, quailing,  
railing, sailing, tailing, veiling, wailing, whaling.

RAKER, baker, laker, maker, quaker, staker, taker.

RAKING, aching, awaking, baking, breaking, forsaking,  
laking, making, quaking, taking, waking.

RAMBLE, amble, bramble, gamble, scramble.

RANGER, danger, manger, stranger.

RANTER, banter, canter, panter.

RARELY, barely, sparely.

RARER, bearer, carer, darer, fairer, pairer, starer, wearer.

RAREST, bearest, carest, darest, fairest, wearest.

RATION, creation, legation, nation, obligation.

RAVEN, craven, graven, haven, shaven.

READING, breeding, feeding, heeding, leading, needing,  
weeding.

READY, heady, steady.

REASON, season, treason.

RECKONS, beckons.

REELING, dealing, feeling, healing, kneeling, stealing.

RENDER, bender, fender, gender, lender, mender, slender,  
splendour, sender, tender.

RENDING, bending, ending, lending, mending, sending,  
tending, wending.

RIDDLE, fiddle, middle, twiddle.

RIDER, bider, cider, divider, hider, sider, wider.

RIDING, biding, guiding, hiding, tiding.

RIGHTED, blighted, delighted, lighted, plighted, quited,  
united.

RINGER, bringer, clinger, singer, flinger.

RINGING, bringing, clinging, flinging, singing, slinging,  
stinging, swinging, winging.

RIPER, griper, piper, viper.

RIPPLE, cripple, dipple, nipple, tippie.

RIVEN, driven, given, striven.

RIVER, giver, liver, quiver, shiver.

ROASTER, boaster, coaster.

ROLLING, bowling, strolling, tolling.

ROOMY, bloomy, gloomy, ploomy.

ROSES, closes, discloses, Moses, noses, posies.

ROSTRUM, nostrum.

ROUNDED, bounded, founded, hounded, pounded, sounded.

ROVER, clover, over.

ROWING, blowing, flowing, going, hoeing, knowing, lowing,  
mowing, showing, towing.

RUMBLE, grumble, humble, jumble, mumble, stumble,  
tumble.

RUNNEL, funnel, gunnel, tunnel.

SADNESS, gladness, madness.

SAILING, ailing, bailing, failing, paling, wailing. (*See*  
AILING.)

SAILOR, bailer, nailer, railer, tailor.

SAINTLY, faintly, quaintly.

SANDY, bandy, candy, dandy, handy.

SATIN, latin, matin.

SAWYER, lawyer.

SCARLET, varlet.

SCOFFER, coffer, offer, proffer.

SCORNING, adorning, dawning, fawning, morning, warning.

SCRAMBLER, ambler, clambler, gambler, Rambler.

SCRAPER, draper, paper, taper.

SCRIBBLER, nibbler.

SEASON, reason, treason.

SEDGY, ledgy.

SEEMING, beaming, dreaming, gleaming, streaming, teem-  
ing.

SELLER, cellar, dweller, feller.

SEMBLE, resemble, tremble,

SENDER, bender, fender, gender, lender, mender, render,  
tender, vendor.

SENDING, bending, ending, lending, rending. (*See* BENDING.)

SENTRY, entry, gentry.

- SETTLE, fettle, kettle, mettle, nettle.  
 SEVER, endeavour, ever, never.  
 SHACKLE, hackle, tackle.  
 SHALLOW, callow, fallow, mallow, yellow.  
 SHAMEFUL, blameful.  
 SHAVEN, craven, graven, haven, raven.  
 SHINING, dining, fining, lining, mining, pining, twining,  
 whining.  
 SHIVER, giver, liver, quiver, river.  
 SHOWERY, flowery, lowery.  
 SICKLE, fickle, pickle, prickle, tickle.  
 SIDLE, bridle, idle.  
 SIGHING, buying, dying, flying, hieing, lying, prying,  
 trying, vieing.  
 SIMPLE, dimple, pimple, wimple.  
 SINGER, bringer, flinger, ringer.  
 SINGING, bringing, clinging, ringing, winging. (*See*  
 BRINGING.)  
 SINGLE, dingle, ingle, mingle, shingle.  
 SINKING, drinking, stinking, thinking, winking.  
 SINNER, dinner, pinner, thinner, winner.  
 SKIPPER, clipper, nipper, shipper, snipper.  
 SLAUGHTER, daughter, water.  
 SLEEPER, deeper, keeper, leaper, peeper, reaper, steeper,  
 weeper.  
 SLEEPING, creeping, heaping, keeping, leaping, peeping,  
 reaping, steeping, weeping.  
 SLENDER, defender, render, sender, splendour, tender.  
 SLIGHTED, blighted, delighted, lighted, plighted, righted,  
 united. (*See* BLIGHTED.)  
 SLIGHTER, brighter, fighter, lighter, mitre, nitre, whiter.  
 SLUMBER, encumber, lumber, number.  
 SMITER, biter, brighter, fighter, inviter, plighter, reciter,  
 writer.  
 SMOKER, joker, poker, provoker.  
 SMOTHER, brother, mother, other.  
 SNEAKER, beaker, meeker, seeker, speaker, squeaker, weaker.  
 SORROW, borrow, morrow.  
 SOUNDING, bounding, founding, grounding, resounding,  
 rounding.

- SPANKER, banker, canker, hanker, lanker, thanker.  
SPARELY, barely, fairly, rarely.  
SPARING, airing, bearing, caring, daring, faring, pairing,  
paring, sharing, swearing, tearing, wearing.  
SPEAKING, ekeing, reeking, sneaking, tweaking.  
SPECKLE, freckle.  
SPEEDED, heeded, needed, unheeded, weeded.  
SPEEDY, greedy, needy, reedy, seedy, weedy.  
SPOKEN, broken, token.  
SPORTED, courted, sorted.  
SPRAWLER, brawler, crawler, drawler.  
SPRINKLE, tinkle, winkle, wrinkle.  
SPRINKLING, inkling, tinkling, twinkling, wrinkling.  
STAINER, drainer, feigner, gainer, plainer, strainer,  
trainer.  
STANDING, banding, handing, landing.  
STATION (*See* NATION.)  
STAYER, player, prayer, slayer, weigher.  
STEADY, heady, ready.  
STEALING, dealing, feeling, healing, pealing, reeling, re-  
vealing.  
STIFLE, rifle, trifle.  
STRANGER, danger, ranger.  
STRANGLE, angle, dangle, jankle, mangle, tangle,  
wrangle.  
STRAYING, braying, delaying, flaying, laying, maying,  
neighing, obeying, playing, praying, weighing.  
STRENGTHEN, lengthen.  
STRIDING, bidding, chiding, hiding, riding.  
STRIVEN, driven, given, riven.  
STROLLER, controller, roller.  
STRONGER, longer.  
STUMBLE, rumble, tumble.  
SUNDER, blunder, plunder, thunder, under, wonder.  
SURELY, demurely, purely.  
SUTLER, butler, cutler.  
SWEARER, bearer, carer, darer, fairer, pairer, rarer, starer,  
wearer.  
SWEETNESS, fleetness, neatness.  
SWELLING, dwelling, telling, welling. (*See* DWELLING.)  
SWIMMER, simmer, skimmer.

- TACKLE, cackle, hackle.  
 TAILOR, bailor, nailer, railer, sailor, whaler.  
 TAKEN, forsaken, shaken, waken.  
 TALKER, baulker, stalker, walker.  
 TAKING, aching, awaking, breaking, forsaking, making,  
 quaking, raking.  
 TALKING. (*See* WALKING.)  
 TAMELY, gamely, lamely, samely.  
 TANGLE, angle, dangle, mangle, strangle, tangle.  
 TAPER, draper, paper, scraper.  
 TARNISH, garnish, varnish.  
 TARRIED, carried, married, parried.  
 TASKER, asker.  
 TASTED, basted, hasted, wasted.  
 TATTLE, battle, cattle, prattle, rattle.  
 TEARFUL, cheerful, fearful.  
 TEASING, leasing, pleasing, sneezing.  
 TENDER, fender, lender, render, sender, slender, splendour,  
 vendor.  
 TENDING, bending, blending, ending, lending, mending,  
 rending, sending, spending, tending, vending, wend-  
 ing.  
 TETHER, feather, leather, nether, together, weather.  
 THATCHER, latcher, matcher, patcher.  
 THIEVING, leaving, weaving.  
 THISTLE, bristle, epistle, whistle.  
 THITHER, hither, wither.  
 THRESHER, rasher.  
 THRONGING, longing.  
 THROWING, blowing, crowing, flowing, glowing, going,  
 knowing, lowing, mowing, owing, rowing, showing,  
 snowing, stowing.  
 THUNDER, blunder, plunder, sunder, under, wonder.  
 TILLAGE, pillage, village.  
 TILLER, driller, miller, siller.  
 TIPPLE, cripple, nipple, ripple, stipple.  
 TITTLE, brittle, little.  
 TOASTER, boaster, coaster, roaster.  
 TOKEN, broken, spoken.  
 TOURNAY, journey.

TRADING, aiding, braiding, degrading, evading, fading,  
jading, lading, shading, wading, &c.\*

TRAINER, drainer, gainer, plainer, strainer, stainer.

TRAITOR, crater, debater, hater, later, mater, prætor,  
prater, stater, waiter.

TRAVELLER, raveller.

TREASON, reason, season.

TREASURE, measure, pleasure.

TREATING, beating, greeting, meeting, seating, sheeting.

TREMBLE, assemble, resemble.

TRENCHER, bencher, clencher, drencher, quencher,  
wrencher.

TRIFLER, rifler.

TRUENESS, fewness, newness.

TUMBLE, crumble, fumble, grumble, humble, jumble,  
mumble, rumble, stumble.

TUMBLER, grumbler, rumbler.

TWEEDLE, beadle, needle, wheedle.

TWINING, dining, divining, fining, lining, mining, pining,  
reclining, repining, shining, whining.†

TWINKLE, inkle, sprinkle, tinkle, wrinkle.

TWISTER, blister, hiss'd her, kiss'd her, miss'd her, sister,

TWITTER, bitter, fitter, fritter, glitter, hitter, litter, sitter

VARNISH, garnish, tarnish.

VENTER, centre, renter.

VERY, berry, bury, cherry, Derry, ferry, merry, perry,  
wherry.

VICTOR, lictor.

VILLAGE, pillage, tillage.

VINEYARD, inn-yard, skin-yard.

VINTAGE, mintage.

VINTRY, wintry.

VIPER, griper, piper, riper.

VOTER, quoter.

VOWING, bowing, cowing, ploughing.

\* See ADE, in Dictionary of Rhymes.

† See INE, *ibid.*



- WADING, aiding, fading, lading, trading.  
 WAITING, ailing, bailing, failing, hailing, nailing, paling,  
 quailing, railing, sailing, tailing, veiling, whaling.  
 WAKEN, forsaken, taken.  
 WAKING, aching, breaking, forsaking, making, quaking,  
 raking, taking.  
 WALKING, baulking, caulking, stalking, talking.  
 WARNING, adorning, dawning, morning, scorning. (*See*  
 DAWNING.)  
 WASTED, basted, hasted, pasted, tasted.  
 WEARER, bearer, carer, darer, fairer, pairer, rarer, starer,  
 swearer.  
 WEAREST, bearest, carest, darest, fairest, rarest.  
 WEARING, bearing, caring, daring, faring, paring, staring,  
 swearing.  
 WEATHER, feather, leather, tether, together, whether.  
 WEAVING, cleaving, deceiving, grieving, heaving, leaving,  
 thieving.  
 WEEDING, breeding, feeding, heeding, leading, needing,  
 reading.  
 WEEPER, keeper, peeper, sleeper.  
 WEEPING, creeping, heaping, keeping, peeping, sleeping,  
 steeping, sweeping.  
 WELLING, belling, dwelling, felling, foretelling, quelling,  
 selling, spelling, swelling, telling.  
 WENDING, bending, intending, lending, mending, offend-  
 ing, pending, rending, sending, tending. (*See* BENDING.)  
 WHEEDLE, beadle, needle, tweedle.  
 WHERRY, berry, cherry, ferry, merry, sherry, very.  
 WHINING, pining, shining, twining.  
 WHISTLE, bristle, epistle, thistle.  
 WHITEN, brighten, lighten. (*See* BRIGHTEN.)  
 WHITER, biter, brighter, lighter, nitre, slighter, writer.  
 (*See* BRIGHTER.)  
 WIDER, bider, cider, divider, hider, sider.  
 WILD-WOOD, childhood.  
 WILLOW, billow, pillow.  
 WIMPLE, dimple, pimple, simple.  
 WINGING, bringing, clinging, flinging, singing, springing,  
 stinging, swinging.

WINKING, drinking, sinking, stinking, thinking.

WINNING, beginning, dinning, grinning, pinning, sinning,  
thinning.

WITHER, hither, thither.

WRANGLE, dangle, mangle, spangle, tangle.

WRINKLE, inkle, sprinkle, tinkle, twinkle.

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The foregoing list contains all the Double Rhymes likely to be required, and they are arranged so as to be seen at a glance. Should others be wanted, they can be easily found by consulting the Dictionary of Single Rhymes, and adding the termination of the rhyme in question to the examples contained therein.



# WORDS OF THREE SYLLABLES,

## ACCENTED ON THE FIRST.

(Commonly called TREBLE RHYMES.)

---

AMBLINGLY, ramblingly,	CHEERRY-CHEEKED, merry-
scramblingly.	cheeked.
ARTICLE, particle.	CHORALLY, florally, orally.
ATTITUDE, gratitude, plati-	CLARION, carrion.
tude, latitude.	CLARITY, charity, disparity.
AWFULNESS, lawfulness.	COOKERY, rookery.
	COPPERY, foppery.
BATTERY, flattery.	COPULATE, populate.
BEAMINGLY, seemingly, teem-	COTERIE, notary, rotary,
ingly.	votary.
BEAUTEOUS, duteous.	CRAZILY, hazily, lazily.
BEAUTIFUL, dutiful.	CREDITOR, editor.
BLAMEFULLY, shamefully.	CRUSTILY, dustily, fustily,
BORROWER, sorrower.	gustily, lustily, mustily.
BOWERY, flowery, lowery,	CULMINATE, fulminate.
showery.	CURABLE, durable.
BOUNDINGLY, soundingly.	DARINGLY, sparingly.
BRAVERY, knavery, slavery.	DEANERY, greenery, scenery.
BREVITY, levity.	DECENCY, recency.
BRITTLINESS, littleness.	DECENTLY, recently.
BROTHERLY, motherly, south-	DEVILRY, revelry.
erly.	DISBELIEF, misbelief.
BURLINESS, surliness.	DOGGISHLY, hoggishly.
	DOMINATE, abominate, nomi-
CALF-WITTED, half-witted.	nate.
CAREFULLY, darefully.	DRAPERY, tapery, vapoury.
CHEERFULNESS, fearfulness.	DURABLE, curable.
CHEERILY, merrily, verily.	DURITY, futurity, maturity,
CHEERLESSLY, fearlessly,	purity.
peerlessly, tearlessly.	DUTEOUS, beauteous.

DUTIFUL, beautiful.	LAZILY, crazily, hazily.
EDITOR, creditor.	LECHERY, treachery.
EVERMORE, nevermore.	LEGALLY, regally.
	LEVITY, brevity.
FEARFULNESS, cheerfulness,	LITTLENESS, brittleness.
tearfulness.	LIVERY, shivery.
FLATTERER, scatterer, smat-	LOCALLY, vocally.
terer.	LOTTERY, pottery, tottery.
FLATTERY, battery.	LOYALIST, royalist.
FLOWINGLY, knowingly.	LOYALLY, royally.
FLUMMERY, mummery.	LOWLINESS, holiness.
FOPPERY, coppery.	LUSTILY, crustily, dustily,
FULMINATE, culminate.	mustily.
	LUSTINESS, fustiness, musti-
	ness, trustiness.
GRANARY, planary.	
GRATIFY, ratify.	MASSIVENESS, passiveness.
GRATITUDE, attitude, latitude,	MASTER-HAND, faster hand.
platitude.	MASTER-STROKE, faster stroke.
GREEDILY, needily, speedily.	MERRILY, cheerily, verily.
GUNNERY, nunnery.	MERRY-CHEEKED, cherry-
	cheeked.
HALF-WITTED, calf-witted.	MISBELIEF, disbelief.
HEEDFULLY, needfully.	MOTHERLY, brotherly, south-
HISTORY, mystery.	erly.
HOGGISHLY, doggishly.	MOTIONLESS, notionless,
HOLINESS, lowliness.	oceanless.
HUMANLY, womanly.	MOVABLE, provable.
HUMANKIND, womankind.	MUMMERY, flummery.
	MUSTILY, crustily, dustily,
JEALOUSLY, zealously.	lustily.
	MUSTINESS, fustiness, lusti-
KILLINGLY, willingly.	ness, trustiness.
KNAVERY, bravery, slavery.	MUTINEER, scrutineer.
KNOWINGLY, flowingly.	MYSTERY, history, his story.
LATITUDE, attitude, grati-	NEEDFULLY, heedfully.
tude, platitude.	NEEDILY, greedily, speedily,
LAUGHABLE, quaffable.	seedily.
LAWFULLY, awfully.	NOMINATE, abominate, domi-
LAWFULNESS, awfulness.	nate.

NOTARY, votary, rotary.	SENSIBLE, fencible, reprehensible, tensible.
NOTIONLESS, motionless, oceanless.	SERPENTINE, turpentine.
NUNNERY, gunnery.	SHAMEFULLY, blamefully.
	SHIVERY, livery.
PARTICLE, article.	SHOWERY, bowery, flowery.
PASSIVENESS, massiveness.	SILVERY, still very.
PITIFUL, city full.	SLAVERY, bravery, knavery.
PLATITUDE, attitude, gratitude, latitude.	SLENDERLY, tenderly.
POPULATE, copulate.	SMATTERER, flatterer.
POPERY, ropery.	SORROWER, borrower.
PROVABLE, movable.	SOUNDINGLY, boundingly.
PURITY, durity, futurity, maturity, security.	SOUTHERLY, brotherly, motherly.
	SPARINGLY, daringly.
QUAFFABLE, laughable, chaffable.	SPEEDILY, greedily, needily.
	SPECTACLE, receptacle.
RATIFY, gratify.	STEADILY, readily.
READILY, steadily.	STEALINGLY, feelingly.
READINESS, steadiness.	STIMULATE, simulate.
RECENCY, decency.	STEADINESS, headiness, readiness.
RECENTLY, decently.	SURLINESS, burliness.
REGALLY, legally.	SWINGINGLY, clingingly, ringingly.
REVELRY, devilry.	
REVEREND, never end.	TAPERY, drapery.
RISIBLE, visible.	TELLINGLY, swellingly.
ROOKERY, cookery.	TENDERLY, slenderly.
ROPERY, popery.	TERRIFY, verify.
ROTARY, coterie, notary, votary.	TENSIBLE, fencible, sensible.
ROYALIST, loyalist.	TOTTERY, lottery, pottery.
ROYALLY, loyally.	TREACHERY, lechery.
RUTHFULLY, truthfully, youthfully.	TRUSTINESS, fustiness, lustiness, mustiness.
	TRUTHFULLY, ruthfully, youthfully.
SANITY, urbanity, vanity.	TURPENTINE, serpentine.
SCENERY, deanery, greenery.	
SCRUTINEER, mutineer.	VANITY, sanity, urbanity.
SEEMINGLY, beamingly.	VERIFY, terrify.

VERILY, cheerily, merrily.	WILLINGLY, killingly.
VERITY, dexterity, temerity.	WOMANKIND, humankind.
VISIBLE, risible.	
VOCALLY, locally.	YESTERDAYS, best o' days,
VOTARY, coterie, notary,	pest o' days, quest o' days.
rotary.	YOUTHFULLY, ruthfully,
	truthfully.
WIDGEON, pigeon.	ZEALOUSLY, jealousy.



TERMS USED IN POETRY

AND

POETICAL CRITICISM.





# TERMS USED IN POETRY

## AND POETICAL CRITICISM.

---

ACCENT. The part of a word or sentence on which the stress is laid.

ACCENTUATION. Making the accents.

ACCIDENCE. The arrangement of words according to their sense.

ACROSTIC. A poem, the lines of which are so arranged that the first letter of each forms a word or name.

ADONIC. A short verse in which the death of Adonis is bewailed.

AFFLATUS. The influence which conveys the power of the poem to the mind of the reader. Tully attributes all great actions to the divine *afflatus*.

ALEXANDRINE. A line of verse consisting of twelve syllables, or twelve and thirteen syllables alternately, the pause being on the sixth syllable.

ALLEGORY [*See page 70.*]

ALLITERATION. A repetition of the same consonants or syllables of the same sound in one sentence.

AMPHIBRACH. A foot of three syllables, the middle one long, the first and last short.

ANADIPLOSIS. A figure in poetry, when the last word or words of a sentence are repeated at the beginning of the next.

ANAGRAM. A transposition of the letters of a word by which another word is formed.

ANALECTA. A collection of extracts.

ANAPEST. A foot consisting of three syllables, the first two short, the last long.

ANAPESTIC. The anapestic measure.

- ANAPHORA.** A repetition of the same word or phrase at the commencement of successive phrases.
- ANASTROPHE.** An inversion of the natural order of words.
- ANGLICISM.** The idiom of speech peculiar to the English.
- ANNOTATION.** A brief commentary on a book or poem.
- ANTEPENULT.** The last syllable but two of a word.
- ANTEPENULTIMATE.** Pertaining to the last syllable but two.
- ANTEPOSITION.** The placing of one word before another.
- ANTHOLOGY.** A collection of beautiful passages from various authors; a collection of poems.
- ANTITHESIS.** [See page 69.]
- ANTITHETIC.** Abounding with antitheses.
- APHORISM.** A precept or sentiment briefly expressed.
- APOCOPATE.** To cut off or drop the last letter or syllable of a word.
- APOCOPATED.** Shortened by the omission of the last letter or syllable.
- APOLOGUE.** A poetical fiction; a moral fable.
- APOSTROPHE.** A figure, in which the poet turns from his subject to address his reader or some absent person.
- ARGUMENT.** The heads of a poem divided into books or parts, giving their subject-matter.
- ATTIC.** Applied to style. An Attic style—pure, classical, and elegant.
- AURIGRAPHY.** The art of writing with liquid gold.
- AUSCULTATORY.** Pertaining to hearing or listening.
- BALLAD.** Originally, a lyric composition, or tale in verse; now applied to a short poem set to music.
- BARD.** Originally, a semi-barbarous poet; now applied to any professor of verse.
- BATHOS.** Ludicrous, unmeaning writing.
- BOMBAST.** An inflated style of composition.
- BOUTS-RIMES.** Rhymes disposed in order, and given to a versifier to fill up.
- BUCOLIC.** A poem relating to rural affairs, chiefly in ancient poetry.
- BURDEN.** The part of a song which is repeated at the end of each verse.
- CADENCE.** The flow or periods of verses.

CANTATA. A composition consisting of recitatives, stanzas, and different movements intended to be sung.

CANTO. The part or division of a poem.

CAP. *To cap verses*; to name alternately verses beginning with a particular letter; to quote verses in opposition or emulation.

CATASTASIS. The third part of the ancient drama, where the plot is heightened before coming to the close.

CATASTROPHE. The close of a drama, in which the plot is cleared up.

CHORUS. In ancient dramatic poetry, the person placed on the stage to explain the progress of the drama, where not sufficiently indicated by the action.

COPY. The manuscript prepared for the press.

CRITIC. A person who ought to be able to judge of a literary composition according to the rules of art.

CRUDITY. A subject not sufficiently thought out.

CULMINATION. Used metaphorically to express the end or most brilliant part of a composition.

DACTYL. A poetical foot consisting of three syllables, the first long, the others short.

DACTYLIC. A line consisting wholly of dactyls.

DACTYLIST. One who writes flowing verse.

DIDACTIC. Poetry intended to instruct, or full of moral axioms.

DIMINUTIVE. A word which lessens an original word, as river, rivulet.

DIRGE. A song of sorrow or mourning.

DOUBLE ENTENDRE. A French term, which implies a covert as well as an obvious meaning.

DOXOLOGY. A hymn of praise of the Almighty.

DRAMA. All compositions adapted for the stage.

ECHO. In poetry, the last syllable of a verse repeated in a new sense.

ECLOGUE. A pastoral poem; any short, simple, and natural poem.

ELEGANCE. In literature, any composition in which the sense is expressed in a happy, correct, and appropriate manner.

**ELEGIAC.** Belonging to elegy; plaintive; expressing sorrow or lamentation.

**ELEGY.** A plaintive and mournful poem addressed to some person or place, as Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

**ELISION.** The suppressing a vowel at the end of a word to shorten the sound or measure.

**ENCLITIC.** A word so closely united to another as to seem a part of it.

**ENCLITICAL.** Throwing back the accent on the former syllable.

**EPIC.** A poem narrating a story, generally heroic; now used to express any long poem written in a grave or elevated style.

**EPIGRAM.** A short satirical poem, generally of a personal nature.

**EPIPOECE.** A figure of speech by which one striking circumstance is added to another.

**EPISODE.** A separate incident or story introduced within another.

**EPISTROPHE.** A figure in which several interrogations are put, and answered in the affirmative one after the other.

**EPITAPH.** Lines inscribed on a monument.

**EPITHALAMIUM.** A nuptial song.

**EPODE.** The third or last part of an ode.

**EPOPEE.** The subject of an epic poem.

**EQUIVOQUE.** A word or sentence susceptible of different meanings.

**ESSAY.** A composition illustrative of any particular subject.

**EUPHONY.** An easy and smooth manner.

**EXORDIUM.** The commencement of a speech or subject.

**FABLE.** A fictitious narrative from which a moral is drawn.

**FEELING.** In poetry, the pathos with which a poem is imbued.

**FIGURATIVE.** Applied to poetry in which metaphors are employed to express the literal meaning.

FOOT. A certain number of syllables forming part of a line of verse.

FUSTIAN. An inflated style of writing, high-sounding, but with little meaning.

GENIUS. The power of inventing new and original forms; a true poet as distinguished from a mere versifier.

GROTESQUE. Whimsical extravagant writing.

HARMONY. The agreement between the several parts of a poem.

HERO. The principal person in a poem.

HEXAMETER. In classical poetry, a verse of six feet, the first four of which must be dactyls or spondees, and the sixth always a spondee.

HOMERIC. In the manner of Homer, or the poetry of ancient Greece.

HUMOUR. Comic verse less brilliant than wit, but more genial.

HYPERBOLE. An exaggerated description of anything—a fault very common to young authors.

HYPERCATALECTIC. In classical verse, a line which has a syllable or two beyond the proper measure.

HYPERCRITIC. One who finds fault without reason, and frequently without knowledge—a being not unknown in periodical literature.

HYPERMETRE. More than the ordinary measure.

HYPOBOLE. A figure in which several things are mentioned going against the argument, but which are each refuted in order.

HYPOTHESIS. Something assumed, but not proved; an imagined theory.

IAMBIC. Pertaining to the Iambus.

IAMBUS. A foot of two syllables, the first short, the last long, as “declare.”

IDEA. The thing which is conceived by the mind; the subject matter of a poem.

IDEAL. The imaginary model of perfection, as the *ideal of beauty*. There are also ideals of the hateful or horrid.

IDEOGRAPHIC. Writing which expresses the ideas and not the sound.

IDIOM. A word peculiar to a language that cannot be literally translated. Translators must find out a corresponding *idiom* in the language into which they are translating.

IDYL. A short poem, generally pastoral, but sometimes applied to heroic poems, such as Tennyson's "Idyls of the King."

IMAGE. In poetry, a description of anything which conveys a picture to the mind.

IMPROVISATORI. One who composes or recites verses extemporaneously.

INTUITION. The act of the mind in instantly perceiving an idea.

INVENTION. What the poet adds to the facts of his subject.

JARGON. Confused unintelligible language.

JEU DE MOTS. A play upon words; a pun.

JEU D'ESPRIT. A witticism; a play of wit.

JOHNSONISM. A peculiar word or manner of Dr. Johnson.

KEEPING—"in keeping." Denoting the just proportion and relation of several parts.

LAUREATE. "An officer of the Royal household, whose business is to compose an ode annually for the Sovereign's birthday."—WEBSTER.

LICENSE. *Poetic licence*—where the poet goes out of the way to express an idea, or gives a word a meaning other than its literal one.

LYRE. An imaginary instrument attributed by poets to Apollo and the Muses.

LYRIC. An ode suited to be sung; a short poem.

MANUSCRIPT. Writing of any kind; in literature, the "copy" prepared for the printer.

MEASURE. A certain number of syllables metrically measured.

METAPHOR. [See page 68.]

METAPHRASIS. A literal translation.

**METATHESIS.** A figure by which the letters or syllables of a word are transposed.

**METRE.** The system of feet composing a line of verse.

**MORALITY.** An ancient allegorical play, extinct after the reign of Henry VIII.

**MUSE.** The deity or power of poetry.

**MUSES.** In mythology, the nine sister goddesses supposed to preside over the liberal arts.

**MUSICAL.** Applied to verse when smooth and flowing.

**NEOLOGY.** The introduction of new words.

**NUMBERS.** In poetry, the harmony, order, and quantity of the syllables forming the feet.

**OCTAVO.** A sheet folded into eight leaves or sixteen pages.

**ODE.** A short poem; formerly, a poetical composition proper to be set to music.

**OPERA.** A dramatic composition of which music is the essential part.

**PALÆOGRAPHY.** A description of ancient writings, &c.

**PARAGRAM.** A play upon words.

**PARAGRAPH.** A section or portion of a writing.

**PARALOGISM.** A false reasoning.

**PARAPHRASE.** The turning of the language of an author by another into his own.

**PARODY.** A serious work burlesqued. In a close parody the rhymes, words, and cadences of the original are observed, while the thoughts are diverted to another object.

**PASQUINADE.** A lampoon; satirical writing.

**PASSAGE.** A single clause, place, or part of a poem.

**PASTORAL.** A poem descriptive of country life.

**PATAVINITY.** The use of local words.

**PENTAMETER.** A line consisting of five feet. The first two may be dactyls or spondees, the third must be a spondee, and the last two anapests.

**PENULTIMATE.** The last but one; the last syllable but one of a word, the antepenultimate being the last but two.

**PERORATION.** The conclusion of an oration.

**PINDARIC.** An ode in imitation of the style of Pindar.

**POEM.** A composition in blank verse or rhyme; applied to other compositions of a highly imaginative character.



POESY. A motto engraved on a ring; poetry.

POET. One who has a genius for metrical composition, as distinct from a mere versifier.

POETASTER. A petty poet; a mere rhymester.

POETICAL. Suitable to poetry.

POETICAL JUSTICE. The distribution of the rewards and punishments of the characters introduced into a play or poem.

POETICS. The doctrine of poetry.

POETIZE. To write as a poet.

POET-MUSICIAN. An appellation given to a bard of former times; one who composes both the words and music of his songs, as Charles Dibdin, and Samuel Lover.

POSTHUMOUS. Published after the death of the author.

PROLOGUE. An address delivered to the audience previous to the commencement of a play.

PUNCTUATION. The marks used to distinguish the construction of a sentence.

PYRRHIC. A foot of two short syllables.

QUANTITY. Poetic measure.

QUARTO. A sheet folded twice, to make four leaves; a book thus folded so called.

QUATRAIN. A verse of four lines rhyming alternately.

RADIX. A primitive word from which other words spring.

REALISM. The opposite of Idealism.

RECITATIVE. Poetry written to be chanted, by which the action of an opera is carried on; sometimes used as a short introduction to a song, as in "The Death of Nelson."

REPLICATION. Using the same term twice in one proposition.

REQUIEM. A prayer written to be sung.

RHYME. [See page 7.]

RHYTHM. [See page 23.]

ROMANCE. A tale or fictitious history.

RONDEAU. An old-fashioned species of poetry, consisting of thirteen verses, of which eight are in one kind of rhyme and five in another, with the same word at the beginning and the end. Called also *ROUNDEL* and *ROUNDELAY*.



SAPPHIC. Pertaining to Sappho, a Grecian poetess. The Sapphic verse consists of five feet, of which the first two are trochees, the second a spondee, and the third a dactyl.

SCAN. To examine a verse by counting the feet.

SENTIMENT. In poetry, the thoughts which the several persons express; the general feeling and tone of the poem.

SEXTAIN. A poem of six verses.

SIBYLS. In antiquity, certain women supposed to be endowed with power to prophesy. Their oracles were written in verse on leaves, which were called "Sibylline verses:" the term is sometimes applied to modern verse of a prophetic character.

SIMILE. A comparison of two things which, though differing in name, are made to agree.

SONG. A short poem written to be sung, and embodying a sentiment; the poetry of the people.

SONNET. [See page 47.]

SPONDEE. A foot of two long syllables.

SPENSERIAN STANZA. [See page 29.]

STANZA. A number of lines or verses connected with each other. Some authors persist in calling every verse a stanza.

STROPHE. In ancient lyric poetry, the first of two stanzas, the *antistrophe* being the second.

STYLE. Mode or peculiar method of an author.

SYLLABICATION. The act of forming syllables or dividing words.

SYLLABUS. The heads of a poem.

SYLLEPSIS. A figure by which we conceive the sense of the words otherwise than the words' import, and construe them according to the intention of the author.

SYLLOGISM. Reasoning reduced to form and method.

TERCET. A triplet; a verse of three lines rhyming together.

TERSE. Clearly written.

TERSENESS. Closeness of style; smoothness of language.

TERZA RIMA. A system of versification borrowed by the early Italian poets from the Troubadours.

THESIS. A position or proposition; a theme.

TRAGEDY. A serious drama.

TRANSITION. The sudden leaving of one subject for another.

TRIBRACH. A foot of three short syllables.

TROCHEE. A foot of two syllables, the first long, the second short.

TROPE. An expression used in a figurative sense.

UNITY. The consistency of one part of a play or poem to another.

VERSICULAR. Pertaining to verse.

VERSE. Poetry generally; a division of a poem consisting of a certain number of lines, generally four, eight, or twelve.

VERSIFICATION. The practice of composing verse.

VERSIFIED. Formed into verse.

VERSIFIER. One who writes in rhyme, but who is destitute of ideas.

VERSIFY. To turn into verse; to make verses.

VERSION. The particular rendering of a subject.

WIT. The intellect; the understanding or mental powers; the association of ideas in a manner natural, but unusual and striking, so as to produce surprise joined with pleasure.—WEBSTER.

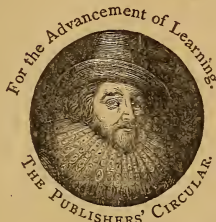
YARN. A seaman's story.

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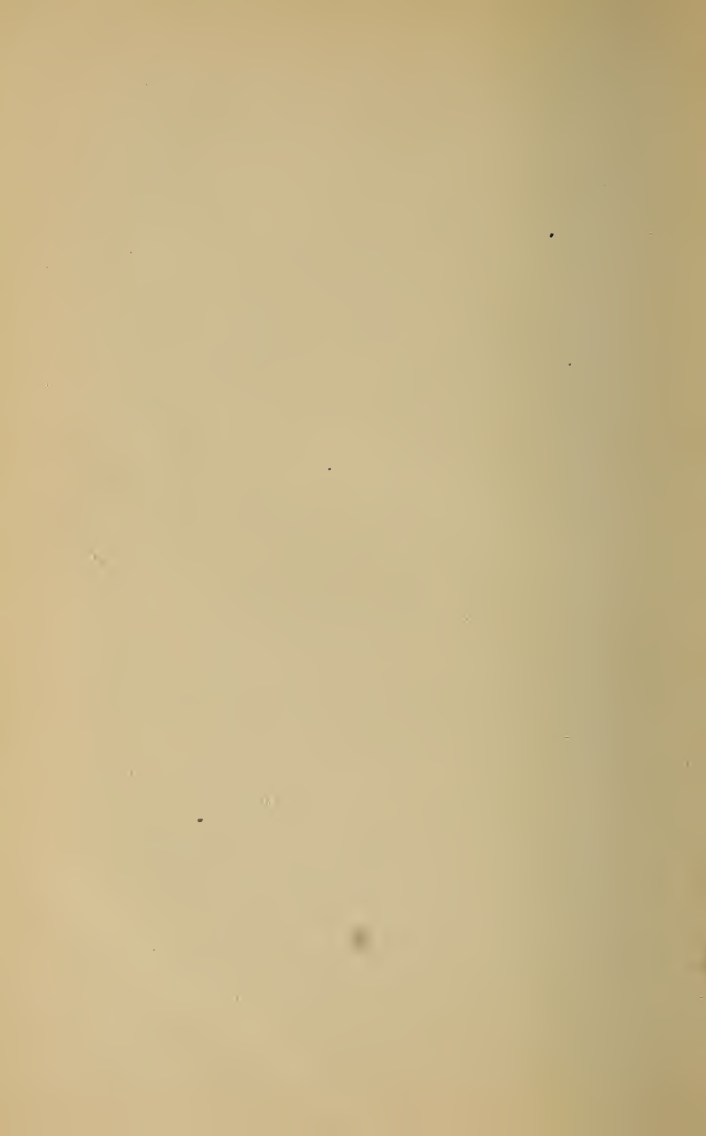
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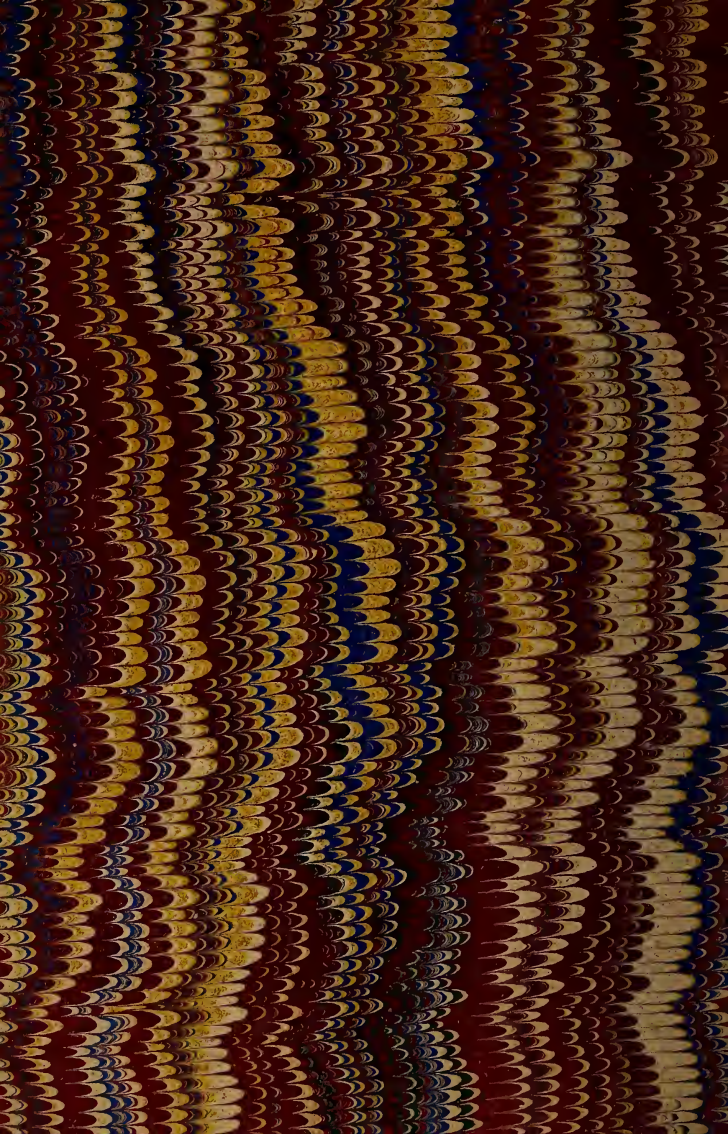




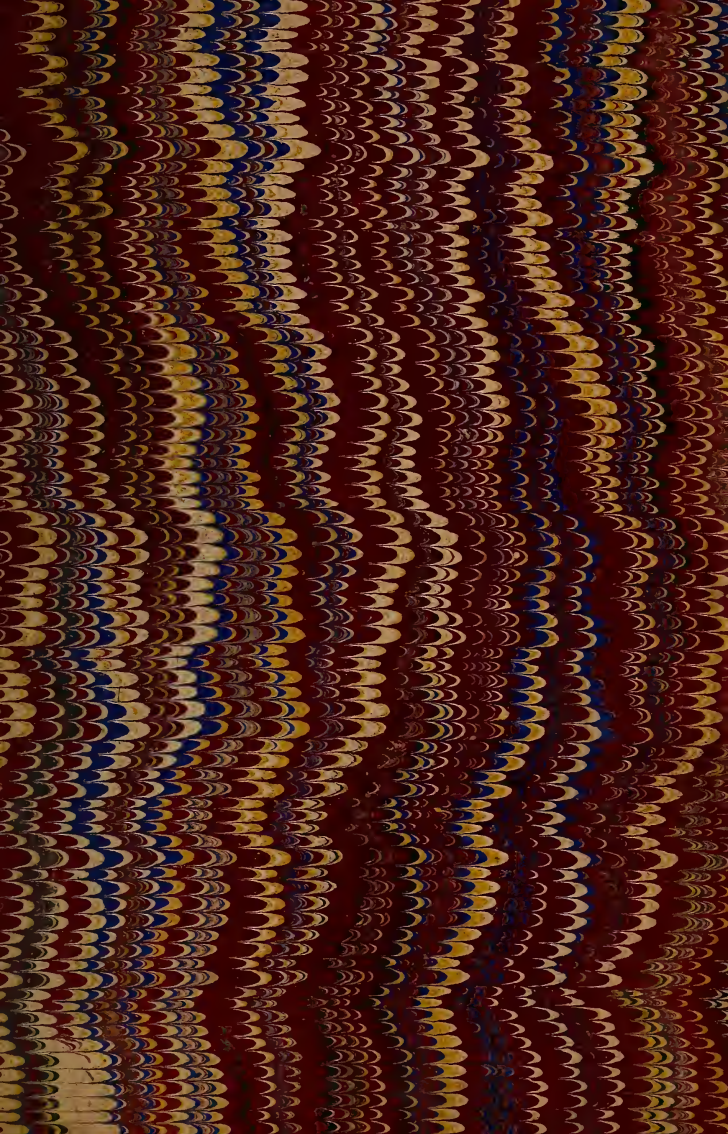












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